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TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE  
EDWARD GEOFFREY SMITH STANLEY, K.G., P.C., &c., &c.  
XIV<sup>TH</sup> EARL OF DERBY,  
IN THE HIGHEST ADMIRATION OF THOSE TALENTS  
WHICH HAVE RENDERED HIM  
CONSPICUOUS AMONGST THE PREMIERS OF HIS COUNTRY,  
THE FOLLOWING PAGES ARE  
(BY PERMISSION)  
DEDICATED BY HIS  
MOST HUMBLE AND OBEDIENT SERVANT,  
THE AUTHOR.



## P R E F A C E .

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**I**N a family the very name of which will ever be associated with greatness, to assign to an individual the title of "*The Great*," must indicate that there is something especially remarkable in his character, conduct, or position.

That JAMES, the Seventh Earl of Derby, deserved such a title was the verdict of his contemporaries, and posterity has never attempted to reverse it.

Though the Stanleys had been Kings and Lords of Man for more than two hundred years when JAMES, the Seventh Earl of that noble house, came into the

Lordship of the Island, and though more than one of the Stanley family had been "truly great and an honor to his country," yet to none excepting this Seventh Earl did the Manx attach the name of "Y Stanlagh Mooar," or the *Great Stanley*. In *their* eyes at least he exhibited himself as one maintaining more truly than any other the proper characteristics of a Sovereign in his Land of Man.

*How* he maintained his authority and managed the affairs of his little kingdom it is the object of the following Narrative of Events in the XVIIth Century to exhibit. It is compiled from documents existing in the Rolls Office at Castletown and in the Parochial and Episcopal Registers of the Isle of Man, from the Earl of Derby's letter to his son in Peck's *Desiderata Curiosa*, from the Manx Statute Book, from the State Papers pertaining to the Island recently edited by the Manx Society, and from private family records.

Though appearing in the *form* of fiction in order to interest general readers who may feel little concern in Manx affairs, I may state that the characters, with only one or two exceptions, are historical, and the incidents, however romantic they may appear, are such



as will be recognized by any natives of the Isle as consonant with their traditions, and agreeable to the manners and customs of the XVIIIth Century.

At the same time an endeavour is made to elucidate the Manx popular feeling existing at that period of history, in connection with their ancient and dearly-cherished "Tenure of the Straw," their struggles for the maintenance of which against the Great Stanley, led to disaffection towards the Government, the betrayal of his Countess to the Parliament, the execution, as a traitor, of the celebrated William Christian, and ultimately to the Act of Settlement of 1703—the Manx Magna Charta, procured from James the Tenth Earl of Derby, through the exertions of the Apostolic Bishop Thomas Wilson.

The Descendants of many of the persons mentioned in this narrative are now living in the Isle of Man. To those of them who have kindly favored me with documents connected with their family history, I tender my best thanks. I have to acknowledge also the great kindness of the Cambrian Archæological Association, in allowing me to reproduce from their blocks some of the illustrations by Mr. J. T. BLIGHT, of Penzance,

which have accompanied memoirs of mine pertaining to the Antiquities of the Isle of Man, and which are printed in the *Archæologia Cambrensis*. From the ample portfolio of Mr. LEMON, who was long resident on the Island, I have been privileged to select the views of Manx Scenery which most forcibly illustrate my Narrative of Events of the XVIIth Century.

J. G. CUMMING.

ST. JOHN'S PARSONAGE,  
VICTORIA PARK SQUARE,  
*September, 1867.*



FISTARD HEAD AND THE CHASMS  
FROM SPANISH HEAD, ISLE OF MAN.

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## The Great Stanley.

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### CHAPTER I.

**I**N the close of a tempestuous day in the autumn of 1630, a vessel bound from Liverpool, and bearing a party of adventurers to the newly-formed colony of Massachusetts Bay, was struggling through the Kitterland Strait, which separates the Calf of Man from the main Island.

It had been the purpose of the Captain to have passed to the south of the Calf, and then to have borne up on the western side of it towards the Mull of Gallo-

way and the North Channel ; but having lost his course in the height of the gale, and being baffled by the driving fog, he suddenly found himself, as night was setting in, beneath the towering precipices of Spanish Head, and in the strong current which, as the tide had turned after high-water, was then making westward through the Sound of the Calf.

The Captain sprang to the helm, and with wonderful daring, by keeping the vessel in mid-stream, cleared the southern passage between the Kitterland Islet and the Calf, emerging into the more open channel and calmer water of the Sound to the westward.

The group of emigrants—men, women, and children—gathering together, lifted up their voices in hearty thanksgivings for their providential rescue ; and a slow and measured hymn-tune, set to a metrical version of the ninety-first Psalm, swelled forth into the darkness of the oncoming night, and was echoed back from the deep caves which stud that rock-bound coast.

They had reached the verse—

“Thou with Thine eyes shalt surely see  
Th’ ungodly’s dreadful doom,”

when, with a terrific crash, amidst the wreck of falling masts, spars, and fragments of rigging, they were dashed one over the other, and their fearful screams, mingled with the loud shoutings of the seamen, rent the air. The vessel had struck upon the Thousla, a rock almost in mid-channel, which, left partly dry at low water, is completely covered at half-tide ; and on this the current rushes at the rate of from eight to nine knots an hour.

The starboard bow was completely stove in, and the surge at once poured with resistless fury into the

doomed vessel. Hanging for a few minutes on the sharp edge of the Thousla, she swung round, heeled over, and then foundered rapidly in the deeper sea to leeward.

We must spread a veil over the last agonizing moments of the crushed and drowning beings, sinking down, 'midst storm and darkness, into the raging sea. What they said, what they did, is known only to Him from whom no secrets are hid ; and the secrets of all hearts shall only be known to others, when the sea itself shall give up its dead.

At the time of this fearful shipwreck, there was residing in the Calf of Man, and leading a recluse life, a somewhat singular person, who has left us a short statement of his reasons for retiring to that isolated and solitary spot.

Thomas Bushel had been a favourite of, and attendant on, the Lord Chancellor Bacon, and had spent a dissolute life about Court. Bushel, it is said, gloried in a coat splendidly buttoned all over ; whence arose the common jest on the disgrace of the Chancellor, that he made buttons, and his man Bushel wore them.

After the fall and death of his patron, Bushel betook himself to mining speculations, which though for a time successful, ended at length in great loss. In his melancholy, he determined to retire for a season from the world, and condemned himself "to a three years' unsociable solitude in the desolate island called the Calf of Man."

Here, in obedience to his dead Lord's philosophical advice, he resolved "to make an experiment upon himself for obtaining a long and healthy life, by observing,

as if obliged by a religious vow, a parsimonious diet of herbs, oil, mustard, and honey, with water sufficient."

He built for himself a hut on the very summit of the island, at a height of four hundred and seventy feet above the sea, and on the verge of an almost perpendicular precipice. The ruins of this hut exist at the present day. It consists of a single room, with a narrow entrance to it, and at one side a recess of about three feet wide and six feet deep, probably intended to contain his bed.

But he was not quite alone on the islet. A poor woman had also taken refuge there, and occasionally waited on him; and it is even said, that in return for her services, he instructed her in some of the deeper mysteries of necromancy.

Margaret Cubbon, or Madge Dhoo (Black Madge), had for some time been dwelling in a lonely hovel close by the Eye of the Calf, a rock standing out into the sea at the southern end of the Isle, and singularly drilled through by the constant beating of the waves.

It was not exactly known how she contrived to drag out her existence, though there were shrewd suspicions that she profited by the wrecks which she had contrived through her exercise of the black art.

Yet, in a country where superstitious feelings had an absolute sway, and the belief in demons and fairies influenced the minds of the great mass of the population, it is easy to conceive, that by pandering to these feelings and working on the credulity of the people, a clever woman, without having recourse to the practices of wreckers, might readily extort a livelihood from the fears or the wishes of those who visited her in her solitude.

That Madge Dhoo was clever there is no doubt. Though but of humble origin, she had spent her early days amongst those who moved in the higher walks of Manx Society.

Disappointed affection, and the loss of her honor, had forced her from her family, and driven her to the verge of madness. She went forth a wreck, and reckless, vowing vengeance on society. Her wandering habits, and the acuteness of her observation, soon rendered her well acquainted with the secrets of most families on the Island. At the same time her eccentricities, with a partly-feigned derangement of mind, led people to regard her at first as an innocent lunatic; and when at length, her child having grown up, she retired to her lonely hut on the Calf Islet, her cunning revelations, added to the mysteriousness of her life, and the peculiar awe about her manners, stamped upon her the repute of a practiser of the black art.

It may have been owing to some similarity in their circumstances, that on Thomas Bushel's arrival on the Calf in his disappointed and melancholy mood, he thought fit to admit the woman to a certain share of intercourse, and encouraged the character she had assumed, by enlightening her on some of those secrets of science, which he himself had acquired under the teaching of his patron the learned and philosophic Lord Chancellor Bacon.

Thomas Bushel, in his elevated abode, had heard swelling up from the depth below him, that solemn Psalm-tune, and then the last wild shrieks from the sinking vessel. Amidst all the dismal noises of that fearful night raging about him, he could not mistake

the cry of suffering humanity. Snatching up his lantern, he sallied forth into the darkness, and hurrying down the narrow well-known path, which wound round the precipice, he ere long gained the Cow Harbour, a recess in the Calf Island just opposite the Thousla.

But there was no further sound to greet his attentive ear, save the roar of the wind in the crags above, and the dash of the billows on the shore.

He was beginning to think that, after all, he might have been deceived as to the psalmody and the cry, which he before had heard, and some superstitious fears were creeping around his heart, when he was suddenly startled by the piteous howl of a dog close at hand. Cautiously picking his way, in the direction of the sound, over the slippery mass of tangled seaweed, which the storms had driven ashore, he came upon a narrow chasm in the precipice, and stooping downwards with his lantern before him, spied on a narrow ledge, from which the tide was fast receding, the object whence the sound proceeded.

A large greyish-black dog lay panting and exhausted on the rocky shelf, and the apparently lifeless body of a child was lashed by a scarf upon its back.

Cautiously letting himself down to the spot, he seized hold of, untied, and unwound the scarf; the dog (as if by natural instinct) offering no resistance to the friendly hand.

Picking up the body in his arms, and encouraging the animal, now lightened of its burden, he made his way out of the chasm; and hearing no sound of other living beings, turned his steps upwards again to his elevated home.



Here replenishing his fire, he set to work to restore suspended animation, in which operation his scientific knowledge greatly aided him.

His perseverance was rewarded with success. A faint sigh was heard, the lips moved, and the eyes opened. The child was saved. He became then struck with the fact, at first overlooked, that the dress was something above the common sort, and a coral necklace with a gold clasp, drew his mind to the sex of the object of his care. This at once determined him. He must see Madge.

He then started forth into the night, leaving the restored girl and her dog as the sole occupants of his hut; and ere long he reached the witch's dwelling. She had not retired to rest; and the light which gleamed through the hole in the roof, doing duty for a chimney, showed that she was not without expectation of reaping some profit by the storm of the day.

At the time of which we are writing, the Manx were living in a very primitive state, and their manners were almost as uncultivated as their native mountains.

Being a mixture of the Celtic and Norse races, they manifested in times of urgency the hardihood and daring of the one with the warmth of temperament and ready wit of the other. But, without such necessity, they were extremely indolent, and could with difficulty be moved out of their usual course. Their saying always was, "Time enough." And so wedded were they to old ways, that whenever any one strove to alter them, they would utter their favorite proverb, "If custom be not indulged with custom, custom will weep."

Their *spoken* language was entirely *Celtic*. And this seems the more remarkable, inasmuch as for more than four hundred years, they had been under Scandinavian rule and colonization, and had adopted Scandinavian names for many, if not most, of their mountains, bays, promontories, rivers, farms, and estates, and also had used the same language in the inscriptions upon their sepulchral monuments. When their laws were first committed to writing, the Norse had become quite extinct and unknown to the common people ; and the writing of them was in English, but translated into Manx for proclamation to the natives on the Tynwald Day.

The habitations of the peasants were of the rudest kind. The walls were built mostly of sods, though sometimes of rough unhewn stones, without mortar ; the roof consisted of a few slim and crooked poles covered with large turves, and these again occasionally overspread with a scanty layer of straw, where it could be afforded. In the latter case, on account of the high winds, the thatch was protected with a network of straw-rope (*suggane*) fastened to stones (*"bwhid-suggane," the stones of the rope*), either built into and projecting from the walls of the hut, or suspended at the sides.

The floor was the naked earth trampled down hard ; fire place or chimney there was not ; instead of the former there was a *"Chiollagh,"* or floor-hearth of a few stones, and the smoke found its way as it best could through a hole in the roof.

Instead of coal or wood they used turf, or sometimes dried seaweed ; from the latter they obtained kelp for washing ; and when the luxury of a wooden door could

not be afforded (and this was generally the case, owing to the scarcity of wood in the island), a bundle of gorse or ling did service in its stead. On either side of the doorway was a hole answering the purpose of a window.

The dress, too, of the people, was of a very rude character; the men wore trousers, and a short coat, of *kialter*, or untucked wool of a mouse-brown colour, the produce of the native *loaghtyn* sheep; on their head was a bayrn, or cap, something like the Scotch bonnet. Generally speaking they went without shoes and stockings; sometimes instead of stockings they wore "Oashyryn Slobbagh," *stockings without soles*, but strapped under the feet—or, "Oashyryn Voynee," *stockings without feet*, and these they often used without shoes.

For shoes they had "Carranes," *i.e.*, sandals, formed by placing the foot on a raw hide, and cutting out a piece round about it, then lacing up the sides about the instep, and allowing it to dry on. Pitched sheepskin was sometimes placed inside to keep out the wet.

The women wore a petticoat of linsey woolsey, dyed of a dark reddish colour with "Scriss ny greg," a moss which grows upon the rocks; and wrapped themselves in a blanket or plaid, which served for bonnet and shawl.

It was in such a hovel as this, and in such a dress, that Bushel found Madge Dhoo, excepting that she had on, instead of the plaid, her "Cloagey-Druaight," or *Druid's cloak*, which was supposed to confer on those who wore it, the power of healing, prophesying, and becoming invisible.

Bushel knew her habits well, and uttered a preconcerted signal before venturing in through the doorway, and then he spoke:

"Madge, I have work for thee."

"Who are they?" she replied.

"Nothing to profit," said he; "merely a dog and a girl." And he told in few words the story of his night's adventure.

For a time she sat moody, sad, and speechless, quietly rocking herself to and fro. Then, in a malignant tone, she delivered herself of her mind: "Better all have gone as food for fishes. What should the paitchey dhoo (the dark child) do here? Madge wants not company."

Bushel saw that, in her present mood, it would be useless to appeal to any kindly feelings; but he might take advantage of her love of greed, and by making a pecuniary agreement with her, might secure her attention to the child, till such season as he could make better provision for it. And so a bargain for the child was made.

On second thoughts he deemed it best that she should rest where she was that night, as the appearance of the witch at his hut might alarm the girl, and her feeble frame had experienced a shock, from which it would require perfect rest to recover. Bidding Madge, therefore, come to him at early morn, he returned to his dwelling.

The child had sunk into a deep sleep; and so Bushel quietly took her up and laid her upon his bed, and the dog again lay down beside her.

The hermit of the Calf wrapped himself in his buttoned cloak, and throwing himself into his chair, he too, ere long, fell asleep.



ALDRICK CREEK, NEAR PORT ERIN.

## CHAPTER II.

**T**HERE were others besides Bushel who had heard the singing, and then the wild shrieks which rose from the doomed vessel as she passed through the sound of the Calf, but their superstition led them to attribute the sounds to a very different source than the reality.

Two fishermen, Juan Gorrym and Dick Quinney, with their boy, who had been pursuing their occupation in Aldrick Creek, an indentation in the precipitous western side of the Mull, which was sheltered from the south-eastern wind, were returning with laden creels

up the steep path which led to their homes in the hamlet of Craigneese.

They had just reached a bend in their path whence a depression in the mountain side leads down southwards to the Sound of the Calf, when their ears caught the music of the slow and solemn Psalm which was being sung on board the ship. But mixed with the roar of the wind amongst the crags and the echoes which were sent back from the Calf Islet, it came upon them only at fitful intervals, and with no distinctness.

To their terrified imaginations those were no human voices, for they were but too familiar with the darker superstitions of their country.

To them the "Glashtin," or *water-horse*, and the "Tarroo Ushtey," or *water-bull*, were objects of unmitigated dread, and undoubted realities; the "Phynnoderee," or wild *hairly-legged Satyr*, and the "Dooiney-oie," or *man of the night*, were beings whom they would gladly propitiate with more than the produce of their day's labour. Many a time at the close of the day, had they piled together the few remaining turves on the cabin fire, and set by it a bowl of warm milk, in order that the fairies on the dark and stormy nights might come in, when their families had retired to rest, and warm and refresh themselves.

Often had they visited the hut of Madge Dhoo, to purchase from her with the best of their fish, a fair wind, or to learn from her the secret of who had "overlooked their cattle."

"Whist," said Juan, "do ye hear the phynnoderee? Mischief is he brewing, sure; the water is boiling, let us away."

"Nay, nay, Juan, 'tis no phynnodderee," replied Dick, "'tis the Tarroo Ushtey on the Kitter. I mind as how Illiam Dhoo was tending his loaghtyn on the Kitter last *Parlane*, (St. Bartholomew's day,) when he spied the goblin rushing down the glion of the Calf, and tearing up the ground with his feet afore he plunged into the Sound, and—ugh! don't you hear his bellow now."

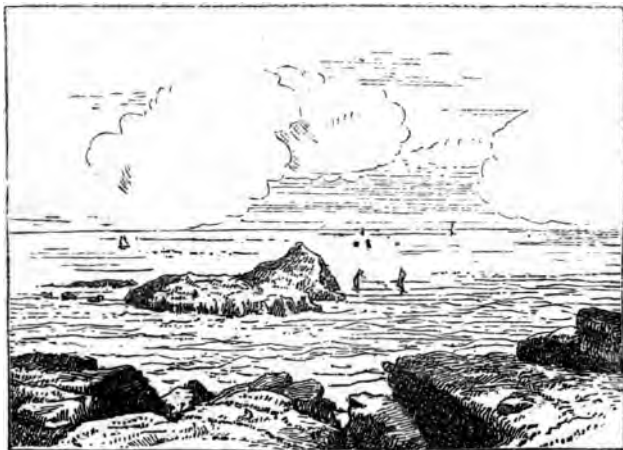
The men started in horror, as the loud piercing wail arose from the wrecked vessel. "'Tis the dooiny oie," cried the boy, "mother heard his *howlān* last e'en as she gathered in her peat, by the Claghyn Ny Druaight." At this dread name they paused no longer, but dropping their creels, started off as if each had the "three legs of man" under him, nor looked behind them till they reached the cluster of cabins in the hollow, which lies at the north eastern slope of the Mull Hills.

Here they quickly gathered round them a knot of listeners, whilst they related their *experience*, which, if not of a very spiritual and religious character, had as much to do with spirits and superstition as many of the experiences of the, so-called, *religious* gatherings of our own day have.

Whether any retired to rest that night invoking blessings on the head of Madge Dhoo, the witch of the Calf, or whether they bethought them of the poor hermit exposed to all the fury of these nocturnal visitants, has not been handed down to our knowledge.

At length the night passed away, and with it the equinoctial gale of the day before, and the sun sprang up bright from the western sea, as Bushel stepped

forth from his hut, leaving the other human occupant of it still sweetly slumbering with her faithful companion beside her.



THE CALF ISLET,  
AND SOUND OF THE CALF.

'Twas no common prospect which presented itself to his eyes.

Perhaps there is no spot on which he could have fixed his habitation presenting grander views of earth and sea than this does.

The panorama is one which at all times and seasons must fill with intense feelings of admiration, the soul of any one who has a soul to comprehend the beautiful and grand in nature.

Southwards the Calf Islet falls, with a tolerably easy slope, towards the bay, lying between the Eye and Burrow Rocks and the Caigher, off which is the Reef of the Chickens, always dangerous ; beyond these on all



sides spread out the waters of the Irish Sea, bearing our commerce from Liverpool to every quarter of the globe.

On a clear day the Paris Mountain, in Anglesea, is seen rising up in the far horizon, then more to the eastward, the Snowdonian Range, with Carnedd Llewellyn, Pen-Maen-Mawr, and Great Ormes Head. A further sweep round to the north-eastward, gives us the Inglebro' and Wernside Fells, in Lancashire, and then the Cumbrian mountains; the Scotch are hidden by the nearer intervening mountains of Mona, though the Mull of Galloway is seen opposite the extremity of the north-western shore of the Isle of Man.

From the same point also we can oftentimes catch a glimpse of the Emerald Isle, with the mountains of Mourne and Arklow, and the coast along Carlingford Bay, and Lough Strangford.

Then again looking north-eastward, and taking in the nearer view, we have the whole of the southern portion of the Isle of Man, spread out as on a map. Almost beneath our feet are Pool-Vaash Bay and Castletown Bay, with Rushen Castle and the capital of the Isle of Man, the Stack of Scarlet, and the Peninsula of Langness, and the country (the garden of the Island) spreading up with an easy slope into the interior, dotted all over with villages and farms.

Looking directly north, we have in front of us the Mull Hills, and beyond them, as if each were lifted upon the shoulders of the nearer to us, Brada, Ennyn Mooar, the Carranes, Cronk-na-Irey-Lhaa, and the majestic South Barule, reaching to a height of more than one thousand eight hundred feet above the level of the sea.

The first four of these mountains present, on their western sides, precipices sinking down with scarcely a break from one thousand to six hundred feet into the deep water, except where they cradle within them the lovely and picturesque bays of Fleswick and Port Erin.

Fleswick is hidden from the Calf by Brada-head, but we get a good peep into Port Erin, though we see not the fishing hamlet at the head of it.

Looking further upwards along the western shores, we catch sight of the Niarbyl, and the opening of Glen Rushen, where the waterfall of Glenmeay pours its lovely waters into the sea.

Then beyond is Contrary Head, and Corrans Folly mounted on the Horse Hill, and we may perhaps descry Peel Castle and Cathedral.

Under our feet at the Calf, we have Jubdale Creek to the north-west, and looking direct down the precipice on the west, underneath Bushel's house, the eye rests upon the grand pyramid of rock, rising to a height of one hundred feet, called the stack, separated from the Calf by a distance of about fifty feet, with the sea rushing and roaring between them.

It was a sight which Bushel had often gazed upon with intense delight, for though his contact with court-life had sadly crushed down the nobler feelings of his earliest days, and he had been but as a heartless debauchee in scenes of wantonness, yet was not the good altogether effaced from his heart.

The philosophy of Bacon had found some resting place there ; and God-sent disappointment had stayed him, as it has many a sinner, on the road to destruction, and sent him broken-hearted from the giddy round of

worldly folly, to commune with his own heart, and exercise himself in quieter contemplation midst the solitudes of nature,

There might not be, perhaps there was not, what some would call a really religious intention within him in retiring to that seclusion on the Calf. Yet if we are to believe his own account, and there is no reason why we should disbelieve it, he did retire thither with the hope of becoming a better and a happier man.

It proved a breathing time to him in the battle of life, and it answered his purpose. He came forth again stronger for the conflict, and as a repentant man pursued a better course thereafter, and reached a hale old age.

That morning he looked forth upon the glorious scene before him with a more chastened pleasure than was his wont.

The most tender feelings of his heart had been drawn forth by the occurrences of the previous night.

He had been recalled to the time when he too was but a child ; when a mother's voice was the sweetest music and a mother's smile his greatest joy ; when crime was known only by name and only named to be abhorred ; and a tear, like that upon which the Peri in Lalla Rookh gazed, had dewed his cheek as he stooped down to look upon the sleeping girl, ere he went forth to meet Madge. And now that his eye dwelt upon the waters which were still swelling up and tumbling about in the Sound of the Calf, as the residue of the previous day's storm, he bethought him again of the lost, and of the charge which had devolved upon him, to be both mother and father to the saved one. She should be as

his daughter, and none should know that she was not his, save only Madge, and her he hoped to bribe to silence.

And Madge was at hand. She had come toiling up the ascent from her hut, half repentant of the engagement of the night before, yet unwilling to lose her prospect of increased gains.

Her only half-resolved look did not please Bushel, but he concealed his doubts, and his greeting was cordial. "And where is the paitchey?" (the *child*) she said, somewhat pettishly, as if wishing to get over the introduction, but, in reality, seeking the gratification of that laudable spirit of investigation so characteristic of her sex.

Bushel put his finger on his lip as a token of silence, and then quietly led the way into his hut.

But not so quiet was the moddey dhoo (the *black dog*.) He uttered a low growl, exhibiting every intention to defend his charge to the last.

The child, too, thus suddenly aroused, set up a fearful scream, not recognizing at first her deliverer, and then the further appearance of the witch upon the scene increased her terror.

Here was a dilemma, and Bushel for a moment felt unresolved how to act; then beckoning Madge to go aside, he went forward by himself, and with coaxing words managed to appease the animal, and afterwards to soothe the fears, and stay the sobs of the child, as she kept calling for her mother and looking towards the door as if expecting to be taken up into her arms and kissed, as had been her wont each morning on awaking.

But it was no easy task. With various untruthful promises which he felt sorely grieved at heart to make, he at length gained her confidence, and then taking her up in his arms, he went forth to Madge.

The fright was overcome, and the child allowed herself to be coaxed, and began to smile and to seem reconciled to her strange appearance, and to submit to be handled by Madge.

But how is this? Madge starts, trembles, turns pale, and then weeps; then she takes the child to her again, and puts back its dark hair, and looks into its dark eyes and strokes its face, and examines the necklace and the clothing, and then she muses awhile as if half in doubt, half satisfied.

Bushel was touched by the performance.

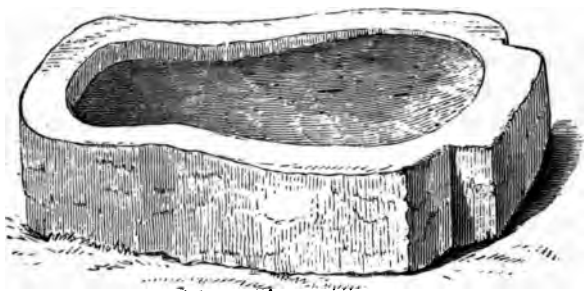
Had the woman then a heart? Could *she*, too, feel for the lonely one as *he* did? Could she pity the orphan? Was she picturing to herself the doubt and agony of the mother, who had committed her child in such a strange way to the mere chance of deliverance by the dog? Would she herself, as a mother, have done such an act? would she not rather have hugged it closer to her bosom, that they might perish together. But then the hurry, the confusion, of the last few moments of despair, when men do they hardly know *what*, and scarcely know *why* they do it!

We will not say that such feelings and thoughts passed through Madge's mind, but Bushel fancied they did, and here appeared his opportunity.

At any rate there were *some* tender emotions evidently at work within Madge, and seizing the occasion he said, "Well Madge, what say you now to


nursing the child for me?" "I will be its mother, it is my own," she replied with some eagerness, and then checking herself as if conscious that her feelings had betrayed her into too ready an acquiescence, she added, "But you will keep your promise."

And so the matter was arranged, and the girl became the third inhabitant of the lonely island of the Calf.



ANCIENT FONT IN BALLINGHAN TREEN CHAPEL,  
ISLE OF MAN.

## CHAPTER III.

 At the period when the events related in the last chapters occurred, Bushel had entered upon the third year of his self-inflicted banishment and mortified life. It was wonderful what an effect the presence of the child whom he had rescued had upon the bitter current of his feelings. The more tender emotions of his nature were stirred up when he watched her playful fondling of her canine favourite, and as he listened to her imperfect prattle while she sat upon his knee.

He began to think that he had yet something to live for, that the misanthrope who shuts himself up in a selfish and inactive solitude, misses the great end for which he was sent into the world, that the man who nurses his pleasures in isolation from his fellow men, is but the fly in the heart of an apple, confined in sweetness, and dying in singularity. Hence he turned himself more and more towards the outer world, and began to long for the expiration of the time for which he had bound himself by a religious vow to a hermit's life, in that out of the way abode.

And the child won her way into his heart more and more each succeeding day; for there was a natural

sweetness in her disposition, and a kind of clinging to him in her manner, and such a perfect trust in him in all things, as to confirm him in the resolution he had at the first adopted, of bringing her up as his own.

And this led him on to think whether he had done well in confiding her to Madge's care ; for though she appeared devoted to the child beyond what he could possibly have expected, and manifested a tenderness of feeling towards this waif of humanity quite foreign to her usual manner ; he yet felt that the reputed witch's constant association with her charge, could not but be detrimental to the girl's future happiness, and that early impressions might be made upon her mind which it might hereafter be difficult to efface.

Hence he was desirous of removing her, as early as was consistent with the fulfilment of the engagement which he had religiously imposed upon himself, from the retirement of the Calf Islet.

It was on one lovely eve toward the close of summer, in the year subsequent to that in which he had rescued the child, that he was sitting by the door of his elevated hermit's cell. Across the sea in the far west, the sun was gilding with its setting rays the Mourne Mountains, whilst the Mull Hills and the Calf itself, with the Eye and Burrow Rocks, were casting deeper patches of shadow into the water at the entrance of Poolvash Bay.

A delicious calmness had settled on all around, broken only by the wild cry of the curlew echoing amongst the crags beneath him. The purple tints of the heather, mingled with the golden flowers of the gorse and rich green of the giant-flowering fern, had spread themselves over the immediate landscape, and



a sweet fragrance was cast around. The fallow deer, to which the older red deer of the Norwegian huntsman, and the still more ancient Irish elk, had given way, were roaming about on the eastern slope of the Islet, cropping the short sweet herbage ; a few goats, which supplied him with milk, were perched on the craggy pinnacles ; the rabbits were stealing out and disputing with the puffins, who were seeking for themselves a lodgment in the burrows the rabbits had vacated.\*

The dog and child had, as usual, been rolling about the green sward together, and Bushel was sunk in a deep reverie, whilst gazing on the setting sun. All at once he was startled by piercing screams from Madge, who was busy gathering medicinal herbs amongst the



DOORWAY IN A TREEN CHAPEL, BALLAQUINNEY, ISLE OF MAN.

tombstones of the little graveyard around the Treent Chapel in the hollow below, and turning round, his eyes, which were dazzled by the light, could at first see

\* See Note (1.)

† See Note (2.)

nothing ; presently he caught sight of the fluttering dress of the child, as she disappeared over the brow of the hill.

She had approached too near, attracted by the white flowers of some sea campions, and the light shingle giving way, she slid forward, and rolled over the rocky ledge to which the slope led down. Horror-struck, Bushel rushed forward, expecting to see the child dashed from crag to crag, through more than four hundred feet of the precipice, into the foaming waters beneath.

No child was seen, though he gazed hard and long. Then a faint cry came to his ears from the rocks below, and Bushel, laying himself down at full length, and peering over the ledge, then noticed that the child had fallen into a mass of sea-tree-mallow (*Lavatera*),\* which, growing abundantly on the Calf, had found a lodgment for some of its seeds on a narrow shelf of the rock. There the plants had shot up, with their thick woody stems, to a height of from three to five feet, and into the midst of them the child had dropped.

Above her was a perpendicular cliff from eight to ten feet high, below her broken precipices, plunging down more than four hundred and forty feet into the depths of the sea. Sick, sick at heart, and utterly bewildered was Bushel ; should the child move, or the light soil on the rock, tied down only by the fibres of the mallows, give way, she would be utterly lost ; and night was coming on, and little time remained for devising means of rescue before the darkness should set in. Madge had struggled up from the old Chapel as fast

\* See Note (3.)

as her strength would allow, and stood by his side, wringing her hands in despair; the dog was howling piteously, as if aware that some great calamity had befallen his playmate.

And what means could they devise? they had no cordage which would support the weight of either of them; and if they could lower down a rope, they would not be able to instruct the child how to fasten it to her body.

It has often been said that a special Providence seems to watch over helpless children. Certainly we are told for ourselves that the very hairs of our head are all numbered, and that not a sparrow falleth to the ground without the knowledge of our Father in Heaven; but of the little ones it is said, that in heaven their angels, their guardian spirits, do always behold the face of the Father.

Was it so that the same guardian angel which had been sent forth to watch over this child at the hour of shipwreck, was sent again to deliver her from a still more cruel death? Better is it to entertain such feelings, than to set down every event in life to mere blind chance.

Two samphire gatherers, father and son, had that day been visiting the Calf Islet. They had well filled their creels, the contents of which they were hoping the next day to sell at the grand castle of the Stanleys in Castletown. They were clambering up the pathway which led from Jubdale Creek over towards the Cow Harbour at the north of the Islet, where they had left their boat. Attracted by the howling of the dog they looked upward, and noticed Bushel and Madge waving their

arms violently, and making frantic gestures. Practised climbers as they were, it did not take long for them to reach the spot where Bushel's hut stood. They at once saw how matters were, and took immediate steps for the rescue of the girl.

It was no new thing for them to descend such precipices as these. Whenever they were out collecting samphire, they took with them a tough rope, made from a hide, and a bar of iron.

With such apparatus the father was accustomed to let down his son from above to the ledges of rock on which the samphire grew. Unravelling immediately the rope, which he kept twisted round his body, the father fastened one end of it to a short piece of wood, on which his son sat astride.

Then he drove the bar of iron upright into the ground, and took a turn or two of the rope about it. He then carefully let down the boy over the cliff, so as to avoid as much as possible any chafing of the rope upon the edge of the rock. The child was soon reached, and the boy made it fast to himself. Availing himself of the presence and aid of Bushel and Madge, the father proceeded at once to haul in the rope, and ere long both his son and the girl were placed in security.

With tears of joy, and by a sudden impulse, Madge seized upon the child, and started off with it as fast as she could from the scene of danger. Bushel offered some pieces of silver to the child's deliverers, which, with an energy characteristic of their race, they indignantly refused, but hurried off to reach their boat before the night should have quite closed in.

When they were gone, Bushel, too, set off towards

Madge's cabin, and overtook her before she reached it, still carrying the child.

That night he made known to the old woman his determination to remove his little Edith, as he called her, from the Calf, using as an argument for her removal the danger to which she would be continually subject should she continue on it.

There was a stronger opposition on Madge's part than he had ever anticipated; she seemed as if disposed to lay claim to the child as her own property; and it could only be overborne by his laying before her what great things he was intending to do for Edith in the matter of her education and training, and her future prospects in life.

The great difficulty, then, was to prevail on Madge to stay behind; for she even threatened, if he took the child away, to follow him wherever he might be. It was astonishing what power the old woman had gained over Bushel, that she dared attempt to thwart his will in this matter; but she was no ordinary character, and was accustomed to exhibit a determination and spirit which overawed those who came in contact with her.

It was only by a promise on his part that the separation should not be permanent, that he was enabled at length to prevail, and that he found himself in a position to make arrangements for his early departure with Edith from that desolate spot.

An opportunity of removal occurred not long after. A vessel bound from Belfast to Liverpool, had been forced, through stress of weather and strong easterly winds, to put into Port Erin. From his lofty dwelling Bushel could see her anchored in the Bay, at the

distance of hardly more than two miles from the Cal  
And communicating with a fishing boat which ha  
come from Port Erin to take up lobster pots in th  
Sound, he got himself conveyed to the vessel, and ther  
made arrangements with the Captain for a passage t  
Liverpool for himself and adopted daughter. Thenc  
he proceeded to Chester, and Madge was left alone.



PORT ERIN, WITH BRADA HEAD.

## CHAPTER IV.

**I**T was on the Feast of John the Baptist and Midsummer Day, June 24th, 1637, old style (corresponding to our July 6th), that there was a grand meeting at the Tynwald Hill, near St. John's Church, in the midst of the Isle of Man.

The gatherings of the people of Man to their Thing Mount, the Thingavöllr or Tynwald Hill, to hear the laws and transact affairs of State, had been a constitution of olden time, handed down to them through many a generation from their Scandinavian rulers, and it is still most religiously observed at the present day.

It was also the Fair-day at St. John's; and it so happened, that on this particular occasion of the Tynwald Meeting, certain laws and ordinances relating to merchandize of the Isle of Man, had to be proclaimed. The Insular Government, the Lords' Council, the Barons of the Isle and the Twenty-four Keys, had agreed to add a fresh Act to the Manx Statute Book, and James Lord Strange, the seventh Earl of Derby, the Sovereign Liege Lord of Man, had confirmed the same.

The Statute had to do with fore-stalling and regrating, with weights and measures, with permits for provision exports; and enacted, moreover, that none

should sell wine or *Manx jough* (Anglice *ale*), without licence. Hence the concourse of the Commons of Man on this day was somewhat larger than usual. And the questions which were discussed by the different groups of travellers from every part of the country to the Hill of Justice were of a very diversified character.

The times were unsettled, and religious fanaticism had found its way across the water, more especially from Scotland; and some of the more active spirits were stirred up in Man, to talk of grievances, and reform in Church and State.

It was no light matter which could stir up the *Manx-man* from his natural love of ease, and his desire to walk in the good old ways of his ancestors, and keep things as they were.

They were not a people given to change, and they had a special respect for the higher powers. But rumours had come to them of some intended changes in their ancient tenures, and they began to fear for their *garths* and *garreys*. They could not even feel secure of their *purrs* (*pigs*) and *loaghtyns* (*sheep*). Ten years before this their private mills had been suppressed, and mulcture and toll had been levied for the grinding of corn only in the Lord's mills, and that was in the first year in which James Lord Strange had received from his father William, sixth Earl of Derby, the gift of the Isle of Man; and now that he had himself come into full possession of the Earldom, he was evidently seeking to exact to the utmost the prerogatives of the Lord of Man. They had gained little, too, in temporal matters from the Reformation, and the suppression of the Abbey of Rushen.



It is true the old monks rigidly took their tithes and their dues, but their farms were let at easy rents, and they were the almoners of the poor, and they supplied priests to the parishes belonging to them. *Now* the rents of the Abbey lands went off the island, and the Manx-men got nothing in return for them, and the Abbey Vicarages were woefully reduced.\*

Hence the clergy had to make the most of their little glebes, and to be exacting in the matter of corpse-presents, and in their demands of tithes for milk, butter, cheese, wool, and fish.

Here was sufficient tinder to catch the sparks of rebellion, which a little breath might blow into a flame.

The conversation of those who, on this great day of 1637, were gathering at the Tynwald Hill, was thus of a varied and often animated character.

The Earl of Derby had set out early on that morning in Royal array, from his strong Castle of Rushen, founded by King Guttred in 947, at the western margin of Castletown Bay, where the waters of the Silverburn, flowing past Rushen Abbey, fall into the sea.



RUSHEN CASTLE IN 1560, FROM THE SOUTH.

\* A Letter from Governor Sacheverell to the Archbishop of Canterbury in 1696, states, that three of the most hopeful Academic Students had deserted, lest three such livings, valued only at three pounds per annum each, should be imposed on them.

His escort consisted of a goodly body of troops, chiefly the stout Lancashire men, retainers on his princely demesnes at Knowsley and Lathom, many of whom afterwards did such good service against the Roundheads at Lancaster, Wigan, Preston, and Bolton, and some of them, with his noble Countess, Charlotte de-la-Tremouille, in the defence of Lathom House for two years against the rascally Rigby and the whole power of the Parliamentarians.

It was his policy to overawe the natives by this display of his military resources. These were his vanguard on his march of nine miles to the Tynwald Hill.

His body guard consisted of some of his most trustworthy officers. Sir Charles Gerrard, his Lieutenant-Governor, and John Sharples his Deputy; Sir Thomas Tyldesley, afterwards a Major-General in the Royal Army, and slain at Wigan Lane, August 25th, 1651; Molineux Radcliffe, Chippenhall of Chippenhall, and Carnock of Carnock, noted in the defence of Lathom House; his Deemster, Ewan Christian,\* of Milntown (the father of Illiam Dhone), was also present with his eldest son John, who became Deputy Deemster in 1643. Captain Edward† (or Edmund) Christian, of Ballakillee, in Kirk Maughold, who had been Lieutenant-Governor in 1628, was now in disgrace, and was in consequence absent from the procession.

He had never recovered from his downfall; grief on account of which brought on a sickness in 1633, from which he had hardly recovered at the end of two years. And now he was nursing his malice against his former patron, and secretly plotting with the most disaffected

\* See Note (4).

† See Note (5).

of the natives to withstand the exercise of the lord's prerogative.

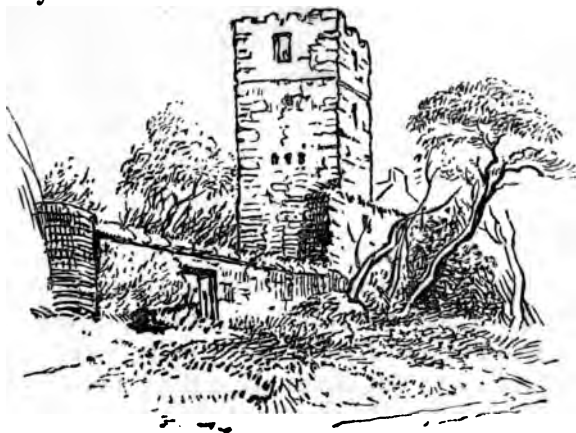
The Clerk of the Rolls, the Attorney-General, and the Receiver-General, were the other members of the Council who accompanied the Earl on the way from Rushen Castle.

In the rear of the Earl's cortége followed several members of the House of Keys, who resided in the southern part of the island, with the Chaplains of the Parishes of Arbory, Rushen, and Malew, and the Moars\* of the Sheading of Rushen. These were all on horseback.

Carriages there were none; Manx roads and Manx bridges in those days being hardly passable by vehicles.

Mixed up with these were a goodly number of the Commons of Man, some on horseback and some on foot.

The procession, starting from the gates of Rushen Castle, took the road northward along the western bank of the Silverburn, passing by the venerable Abbey of Rushen.



TOWER OF RUSHEN ABBEY.

\* See Note (6).

D

This Abbey, though not finally dissolved till 1553, (some time after the dissolution of the English Monasteries,) was already in a state of great decay. The lead, timber, and slates, had been sold off piecemeal in 1541, and it had otherwise suffered at the time of the all-devouring Reformation, when the Abbot, Henry Jackson, had been pensioned off with £10, and the three remaining Monks, John Allowe, James Moore, and Richard Nowell, with £2. 13s. 4d. each per annum.

It was here that Sir Robert Parr, Vicar of Malew (all the parsons of Parishes, excepting Rectors, in those days, having the prefix of "Sir" to their names), fell in with his old friend Sir John Cosnahan, Vicar of Santon, who had ridden a couple of miles across the country to meet the procession.



WINDOW IN RUSHEN ABBEY.

Sir John was already getting into years, having seen many days in the time of Queen Elizabeth, when the Reformation was new, and he had conversed with many who had seen Rushen Abbey in its splendour.

He was a man full of the olden time, and attached to a Parish with which his family had long been connected. There are six parsons of his name lying

buried under one broad stone in the church-yard of Santon, of whom four had been Vicars of the Parish.

Though the family had come originally from Scotland under the name of Quislahan, at the beginning of the sixteenth century, they had become thoroughly Manx in habits, feelings, and ideas, and Sir John was not one of those given to change. Hence, on his meeting with his friend Sir Robert Parr, of the next parish, their converse fell naturally upon the anticipated changes to be brought about by the New Act of Tynwald that day to be promulgated; and then slid into a retrospective view of the orders and directions concerning the Isle of Man, issued by the Lord of the Isle on 22nd November, 1636,

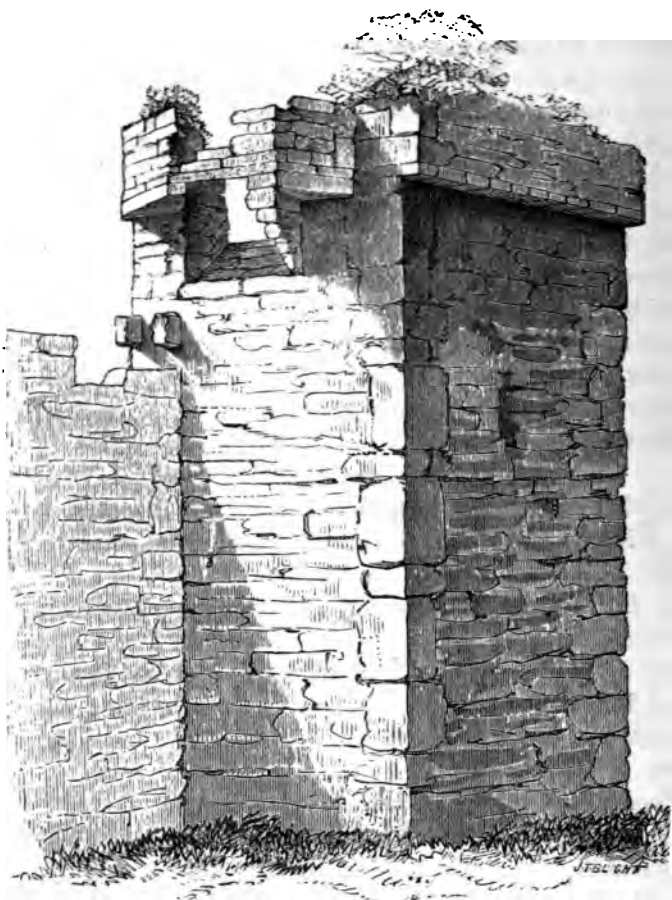
"This is a merry meeting, Sir John," said the Vicar of Malew; "his Lordship rides bravely this morning, as a King ought to ride; I warrant there's no hawking on the Round Table, nor deer hunt on the Calf. There's no Derby Cup\* to be run for to-day on Langness Race Course."

"I tell thee what, Sir Robert," replied his friend, "I like not these grand doings. Time was when the grass could grow on Cronck-ny Keeillhane; but now, the hill green far away is bare when I reach it. There's too many gatherings at our Old Tynwald Mount, and the rushes are getting scarce about the Curragh-glass.† His Lordship rides somewhat roughly, methinks, over our good old customs, and the people are mighty tired."

"Call you that a good custom, Sir John, that the people fight and swear in Church, and a drunken

\* See Note (7).

(See Note (8).



RUINED TOWER, RUSHEN ABBEY.

Proctor wrangles over the holy altar about the tithe (a cheese."

This was meant for a sly hit at the Vicar of Santon

who, being somewhat exacting in the matter of his dues, stopped the people who had not paid them from receiving the blessed Sacrament ; and whose Proctor, Juan Quinney, having washed down the Midsummer dust with too copious libations of *jough* on his way to Church on the previous Sunday, had come to blows with some of the parishioners.

Sir John winced at the remark ; but presently turning round, and pointing to the ruined towers of Old Rushen Abbey, asked his friend whether he often enjoyed the Earl's hospitality there. " My father," continued he, " could remember the time when the Vicar of Malew, in good Abbot Jackson's days, had a taste of red deer within those walls ; but now—— Well, I will not touch upon sore points, but methinks his Lordship is no great friend to the Church."

" Hold, you !" replied Sir Robert, " there are two sides of the story ; and as our old proverb has it, ' Listen with both ears, and then judge.' I grant that the Earl is no great favorer of our ancient customs, and that he has a keen eye to his Lordly prerogatives. And he likes not the talk of appeals to York ; n'athless, he holds fair by the clergy who do their duty and are given to peace. Besides, did not the Stanlagh Mooar stand between the clergy and the people last November, and in his orders declare that no appeal should hereafter be made from the Ecclesiastical Courts to the Lieutenant, or to the Captain, or his Deputy, or to the Deemster or Twenty-four Keys, for any causes which concern the government of Holy Church ? And as to the Bishops he has appointed, what say you against them ? they do not fleece the flock, they talk

not of going to Rome and bringing back Popish mummeries to our Isle, as it is said some English Bishops do."

"Have a care, then, my good friend," said Sir John, "lest it come to the Bishop's ears that you keep up the relics of Popery in your Church. I have heard it whispered that you still retain the crucifix, processional Lantern with chalice and paten,\* which were in use there in Popish days, and that the last has inscribed on it the 'Vera imago,' and an invocation to the Patron Saint of your Parish, Holy Lupus. I warrant there are plenty of Puritan Christians amongst us, and if they could but get the ear of our godly Bishop, that eminent preacher, Richard Parr, e'en though he be so near akin to you, there might be troubles in Malew."

Here Sir Robert put in a word about the Christians.

"I expect there are some amongst them who have no liking for his Lordship's orders respecting Tuition of Infants' goods, Defamations, Adultery, Fornication, and Profanation of God's Name. 'Tis well these matters are in the hands of our Ecclesiastical Courts, otherwise these Christians have risen to such high places, and gained so much power in the Island, that it might be hard to get a verdict against one of that name. But how is it I see not our late most Christian Governor here to-day? I warrant the old sea Captain has gone on a fresh tack; and since he can no longer cozen his Lordship, will curry favour with the Commons, and make himself the head of the popular faction. He is a crafty knave, and is 'this and that,' like a weathercock. He has his spies in every quarter. Who was that

\* See Note (9).





ANCIENT CRUCIFIX IN MALEW CHURCH.

ow that passed us just now? I liked not his hanging look; depend upon it he has been eaves-dropping.

But never mind, 'sufficient to the day is the evil thereof.' But it will be well to keep him in view, *Noscitur a Sociis.*"

With this they clapped spurs to their horses, and rode forward to the main body of travellers.

That portion of the calvacade more directly accompanying the Earl, had already passed the Black Fort and Goddard Crovan's Stones, and emerging to the west of the old Abbey lands, had come upon the wild heath and boggy land, overspread with the huge blocks of granite and quartz, which lie so thick upon the eastern face of South Barule, the ancient Wardfell, and are even scattered over the crest of the Round Table and Cronk na Irej Lhaa.

Here they were obliged to draw breath, and the Earl himself thought it best to halt awhile, after the five miles of uphill road, and enjoy the freshness of the mountain air, before descending into the Vale of St. John's on the other side. The panorama was magnificent, and the glorious day most propitious to the full enjoyment of it.

Turning to the south the whole course of their previous route might be traced out, and the eye wandered over the richest agricultural district in the Island, consisting of low rounded hills of mixed gravel, sand, and clay, the *debris* of the underlying schists, red sandstone, and limestone, which protruded here and there from the later tertiary covering of the country.

Viewed from that height and distance all the minor irregularities of surface vanished, and the whole presented the appearance of a basin-shaped depression, broken in upon from the south by Derby-haven, Castletown Bay, and Poolvaash Bay.

The noble Castle of Rushen stood out conspicuous, almost in the centre of the prospect, with the newly-erected Block House on Hango Hill, destined to bear so distinguished a part in the history of Illiam Dhone.

In the far south-east the Peninsula of Langness stretched forth its arms, as if intending lovingly to embrace the Manx home of the Stanleys, whilst the south-western view was closed by the Mull Hills, with the precipitous points of Fistard Head with its dark chasms, Black Head, and Spanish Head. Turning round again northward from the Dun Howe, the northern mountains of Mona came full in view, and though the spectators themselves were not more than eight hundred feet above the level of the sea, and many of these mountains were more than twice that height, yet, owing to the distance and the clear atmosphere and the intervening deep valleys, they seemed in a manner to be looking down upon them.

In front were Greeba and Garraghan, behind which, on the right hand and on the left, were Pen-y-phot and Sartel, and more to the north Slieu-ny-Fraughane and Mount Pelier. But more conspicuous behind Pen-y-phot, was Snae-Fell, the Monarch of Mona, rising more than two thousand feet above the sea level, to the north-eastward of which was the Peak of North Barule, only two hundred feet lower than Snae-Fell.

Some portions of the lovely Baldwin Valley were discerned, where the Glass River, tumbling down the precipices near Injebreck, hurries on to join the more sluggish Dhoo river, near Port-y-Shee, thus to form the Dhooglass, or 'Douglas river, two miles from where their united streams fall into the sea at the town of the

same name. Douglas was then but a secondary port in the Isle of Man, hardly more than a fishing hamlet, in the Parish of Braddan.

The presence of the Court at Castletown, the natural advantages of the two harbours of Castletown and Ronaldsway, so well suited to the vessels of that day, and the greater fertility of the soil in the south of the Island, all contributed to keep up the ancient prestige of the capital of the Island, the dwelling-place of the Stanleys, whenever they visited their little kingdom.

It was not till nearly a century later, when the House of Derby had ceased to reign in Man, that Douglas began to grow in importance, and the greater conveniences of its magnificent bay began to be appreciated. When the Duke of Athol made Douglas his residence, and erected his splendid Castle on the north-western shore of the Bay, he immediately drew around him the best society; and foreigners, who visited the Island for trading, took up their abode there, and thus the doom of Castletown was sealed. The mercantile activity of the new comers was more than a match for the slow movements of the old inhabitants of the Isle, whose wants, few and far between, were readily supplied; and who, wedded to ancestral customs, were in no hurry to push on in commerce, so as to keep up with the rapid advances of industry and wealth in the surrounding countries.

It might be that, in anticipation of the commercial progress of the Isle on a future day, the Earl of Derby, as he drew rein, addressed Sir Charles Gerrard in words which appeared to be the sudden inspiration of the glorious scene upon which they then gazed.

"This country," said he, "will never flourish, until we get more 'commerce' to it; and I hope that our proceedings to-day may tend somewhat in that direction. At least I myself will take the lead, which I trust the natives will follow, to the great profit of myself and them. Sure no nation is so greatly advantaged as this is. Look how it is the centre of the British Isles, with harbours on all sides, and within easy reach from any part. See what great stores it has of stone and minerals, which only need to be explored. I have it in my mind, when matters are more settled, to open up again those mines of lead ore, which Sir John Comyn\* worked in old times to cover his castle in Galloway. I cannot but think that lime, too, might be burned, to help on the produce of our farms, and to sell to strangers. There is more to be made of the land than has been, and much more wheat and barley may be grown, instead of oats. And I would have Lord's Mills on every stream, for there is plenty of water, and the toll will thereby come in greater, and make good return. And then of fish there is great plenty. If we could get some boats, this would find work and food and profit for many. I cannot but conceive all this most feasible, and that we may all grow rich."

"Commodities will come in, and we may give in exchange our own produce, and make money too. Then the Island will be better peopled; where one town is now there will be many. Every house almost will become a town, every town a city. God send us quieter times and more reasonable men."

"I think, my Lord," replied Sir Charles, "they hardly spoke truly who said, that the great poverty of

\* See Note (10).

this land is its greatest security ; but there are those in it who wish not that any should profit by it but themselves, and they like not strangers."

"I have in mind," said his Lordship, "him who told me that story, and I know wherefore he told it. I blame myself that I then too readily believed him (I am not likely soon to do this again.) He long thrived unknown to his master, which was my fault ; it is fit to have charity to think all men honest until you have it in proof that they have lied, but it is wisdom to suspect the most."

Sir Charles knew full well to whom the Earl alluded, and this led him at once to call to mind, that Edward Christian, of Ballakilley, the late Governor, had not made his appearance that morning at Castle Rushen ; nor on looking round did he observe him anywhere in the procession. On his making some remark upon this circumstance, the Earl seemed for a time absorbed in thought ; and then quietly observed, that it might be because he lived in the north of the Island, but that he would, perhaps, be seen amongst the busy-bodies in the crowd at the Tynwald Hill ; "but," added he, "there are those who have eyes upon him whom he little suspects ; and should he talk treason, I will one day have him by the heels. Now let us ride on, for the people seem impatient to hear the Law."


The drums beat, and the calvacade set forward on their easier journey along the eastern slope of Slieu-Whallin, and passing in front of the cascade below Kionslieau, descended more rapidly into the vale of St. John. By eleven o'clock they reached the ancient Church, where it was customary to commence with Divine Service the ceremonies of the Tynwald Day.

PROCESSIONAL LANTERN TOP,



MALEW CHURCH.

## CHAPTER V.

HE Bishop and Archdeacon and the two Vicars-General had ridden together from Bishop's-Court somewhat early, in order to make due preparation in the Church for the reception of the Lord of the Isle, his Council, and the Keys.\*

Their journey had been a toilsome one, for it was along a road which, owing to its irregularities, its steep ascents and descents, and the fording of the streams, which intersect it, had received the ominous name of *Ugh-tag-breesh-my-chree*,—i.e., "Oh, it will break my heart."

Many of the Northern Members of the House of Keys, the Coroners or Sheriffs of the three Northern Sheadings, with the Moars of the Parishes, were already gathered about the Tynwald Hill, when the Earl and his cortège arrived.

The Fair Day had also brought together a goodly number of the Commons of Man, some for the purpose of buying and selling, others to see the sights and join in the frolics, and some to meet with long-separated friends.

In one direction might be seen droves of sheep collected from the mountains ; in another, small knots of Manx ponies, or of oxen and calves ; these belonged

\* See Note (11).



to the more wealthy farmers. Generally speaking, each man brought his single horse or cow, or two or three purrs, i.e., *Manx pigs*. The women carried on their heads bundles of hemp and flax, then much grown on the Island, and each one trudged barefoot behind her lord and master, who rode at his ease, seated on his little nag betwixt a pair of creels laden with wool, cloth, and other such merchandise.

No buying or selling had as yet taken place, as many were awaiting the arrival of the Lord's Officer with the necessary licences, the restriction on trafficking being very severe, and the principles of Free Trade utterly unthought of at that time. Temporary booths (formed of turves, covered in with sail-cloths) had been erected on either side of a neighbouring field.

In these a motly multitude had collected together out of the heat of the July sun, and were engaged vociferously in discussing the grievances at that time most heavily pressing, or which they fancied were pressing, upon them. Gill Corkill was making bitter complaint, that whereas his deceased wife's goods could not be valued at more than £4, a corpse-present of eight shillings had been demanded by the Proctor, and he being in no way disposed to pay the same, had been debarred the Sacrament at Easter.

Hereupon Will Kisack, a parishioner of Santon, detailed the scene which he had witnessed in his Church on the previous Sunday, in the matter of Juan Quinney and the tithe cheese.

"Ugh," interposed Biddy Corkill, "and didn't he put me on my oath as to the mutchkins of butter I had churned; and because the Vicar hadn't got the choice

cheese, didn't he vow that a great Church-stone\* should be in my house, for I had been as good as guilty of sacrilege? Sure 'tis fine talking of sacrilege, when he comes drunk to Church, and keeps his hat on, and never makes his reverence to the blessed altar."

These words were uttered just as the Puritan fellow who had scowled on the two Vicars, John Cosnahan and Robert Parr, as he passed them on the road from Castletown, entered the booth, and at hearing the concluding sentence he at once fired up.

"Who talks of altars and bowings and reverence? Away with all such mummary, say I. What want ye with the rags of Popery, and holy water and crossings, and incense and candles? Bless the Lord we have some Gospel light and liberty now, and need not to grope our way to heaven by the light of candles, or seek absolution from the Priests for keeping our heads covered. Is not the Lord in every place beholding the evil and the good? 'Do not I fill heaven and earth, saith the Lord?' I see not that the four Church walls make the place more holy, though they have been consecrated by Popish Bishops, and incensed and sprinkled with holy water. And as for altars; Would ye bring back the mass, and offer sacrifices for the dead, and pay money to buy souls out of hell? Howbeit, I do not justify Juan Quinney in the matter of his drunkenness, and profanation of the Sabbath; let the law see to that, for I hear ye have laws against them; but it's no sin to keep his hat on in Church. If that be the teaching that ye get at Santon, why, I say, God send ye a better preacher, and no dumb dog like John Cosnahan."

See Note (12).

Biddy was one of those wives who rule at home, and though she did not spare her tongue in talking at her good man, or of his domestic delinquencies, would never stand by and hear others speak ill of him; and next to her husband she felt a similar kind of property in her Vicar. She might complain of his Proctor's exactions and conduct, but the epithet of dumb dog, as applied to her spiritual guide, she could not tolerate. So she out with her mind at once.

"Who are ye that ye dare to talk of dumb dogs? some psalm-singing, prick-eared, Puritan rascal, I warrant. Ye'd better mind how ye defame good and honest men in this land. There are plenty of Church-officers here to-day, and they may perchance hear of thy defamation, and put in force the orders of the Stanlagh Mooar.\* Kirk German is not far off, and ye may, if ye like it, count the ribs in Simon's Crypt;† but ye will not so soon get out again. I doubt if ye will find more liberty there than Earl Thomas or Dame Eleanor, until thy troubled and dissatisfied sprite shall wander at night like hers over the battlements, mourning the day that ye ever reviled the Fer-charree.‡ But see, here comes the 'Chiarn Mooar'" (The Great Lord).

There was an immediate rush towards the Church of St. John, as the calvacade was seen approaching along the causeway over the Curragh Glass. Many of the Northerners who had not been present at the previous Tynwald Meeting, and had only heard of the great Earl of Derby and his noble deportment, were anxious to get a fair sight of their king, and would have crowded inconveniently in upon the procession, had not

\* See Note (13). † See Note (14). ‡ See Note (15).

the body of soldiers, who had hitherto preceded him in double file, halted, and breaking asunder, formed an avenue, through which the Earl and his immediate followers rode up to the gates of the Church.

Here he was received by his Chief Baron, the good Bishop Parr, and the Archdeacon with the Ecclesiastical Officers, and conducted to his throne.

The Bishop then retired to his throne by the altar, and the service proceeded, the Archdeacon officiating, assisted by his Lordship's Chaplain and the Chaplain of St. John's.

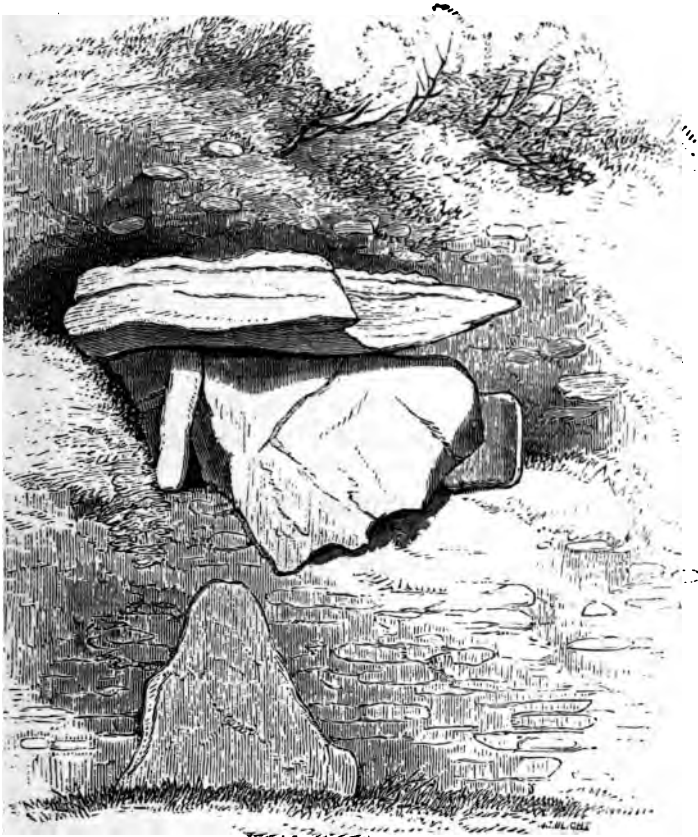
The Church had been well spread with rushes, as was also the whole avenue thence to the Tynwald Hill, a practice, it is said, handed down from the times of Mannanan Beg Mac y Lheir,\* a Pagan Governor of the Isle, who expected none other tribute from his subjects than a contribution of rushes on Midsummer Day.

The observances of Heathenism have in no place been longer preserved interwoven with Christian rites, than in the Isle of Man.

The practice of spreading rushes on the floors, as well of Churches as of private dwellings, was no doubt common enough elsewhere; but it was regarded as a religious ceremony in the Isle of Man, that they should be also spread upon the road to the Tynwald Hill; and a neighbouring estate was held under the feudal tenure of providing rushes for the occasion of the Tynwald Day. When the religious service was ended, the procession was re-formed to the Tynwald Hill.

There is a prescribed order for this procession, in which the higher in dignity are placed the nearer to

\* See Note (16).



KIST VAEN, NEAR THE TYNWALD HILL, ISLE OF MAN.

the Lord of the Isle, or his Lieutenant. It was observed on the present occasion. The Earl of Derby having the special object in view of over-awing the natives, and exhibiting his military resources, took care that

the whole of the distance (a few hundred yards) should be occupied on either side by his troops. These and the two walls of turf kept off the Commons from interfering with the procession.

The Tynwald Hill had been specially prepared for the occasion. Ordinarily it presents a mound of earth covered with turf, and rising with a slope from a base of about two hundred and forty feet in circumference, by four stages separated from each other by a height of three feet, steps being cut in the eastern side of the mound. The width of the lowest platform is eight feet, the next six, and the third four. The top of the mound is a platform of five yards and-a-half diameter. The whole was surrounded with a wall, and there were entrance gates.

On the present gathering the summit of the mound was occupied by a large canopy, on the top of which floated a banner, upon which was emblazoned the Tree Cassin, or "three legs" of Man, conjoined with the arms of the noble house of Derby, 'Argent, on a bend azure three bucks' heads caboosed or.' Over all the grand crest of Lathom, the Eagle and Child, floated majestically in the breeze.

When the procession reached the hill, the members forming it filed off on either side, and took their positions on the different platforms, according to their degree, after the 'Constitution of the olden time.'

A Royal throne had been placed under the canopy on the summit of the hill, in which the Earl took his seat, facing St. John's Church and the east, the Sword of Power being held in front of him by his Lieutenant, with the point upwards.

The Bishop was the only representative of the Eight Barons of Man,\* who in former days were called in to do fealty for their lands to Sir John Stanley, and he took his place on the right hand of the Earl; the two Deemsters were in front on either side of him. The Archdeacon and other Members of the Council, with his Lordship's personal friends, occupied the remaining places on the platform. Below were the Members of the House of Keys, the Clergy, and the various Officers of the Sheadings and Parishes,† on their own platform. The Commons stood round about the hill to hear the Law.

Proclamation was then made by the Moar of Glenfaba, against any disturbance in the time of Tynwald, or any rising in the Lord's presence, upon pain of hanging and drawing; and so the Court was fenced. Then the Acts of the Tynwald Court during the previous year were read out in Manx and English, that all who chose might know the Laws by which they were to be governed, and thus might not inadvertently offend.

When this was done, the Earl courteously invited any who had petitions, respecting property, succession, or grievances, to hand them in to him through their respective Parish Officers. This caused some commotion in the crowd, and much struggling towards the front places, with brawling and wrangling. The Moars were, in consequence, compelled to use their staffs pretty freely, and the military began to close in, as anticipating a disturbance.

It was evident that there were busy-bodies at work

\* See Note (17).

† See Note (18).


in the background, trying the tempers of the people, and urging them on with complaints against the Clergy and Proctors, and the exactions of the Lord's Bailiffs. At a signal from the Earl, a few of the more active disturbers were seized upon to abide the Lord's grace; and the Coroner of Glenfaba again pronounced the pains and penalties in life and limb, against those who should make any stirring in the time of Tynwald, or rising in the presence of the Lord.

After the people were thus awed into silence, the written petitions were more quietly handed in. The Earl, taking them in his hands, and quickly casting his eyes over their contents and the prayer of each petition, with gracious words assured them all that he would seriously take their complaints into consideration, and see justice done; "for (said he) I am loth to believe that I have not your affections; and if any man say that I do not desire your good, mark that man, and esteem him *your enemy* as well as *mine*."

Then ordering the men, who had been apprehended, to be brought before him, he addressed them in words of serious rebuke, and warning them of the danger of seditious speeches, granted them a free pardon, and ordered their immediate release. With that, rising up, and dissolving the assembly, he returned with the procession in the same order as before to the Church of St. John, where the Keys affixed their names to the Acts which had been proclaimed at the Tynwald Hill; and so the legal proceedings of the day terminated.



## CHAPTER VI.

HEN the Tynwald ceremonies were ended, and the Earl, with his troops and attendant officers of State, had set out on their way back to Castletown, the real business of the Fair began, and knots of people gathered together in various places, discussing some of the more-important questions which had arisen during the day.

One thing evidently did not please them. A law had that day, for the first time, been enacted, for putting a constraint upon the general traffic in wine, ale, and beer. The principles of Teetotalism were then little understood in the Isle of Man, though they have since taken deep root.

The sparkling rills tumbling from the mountain sides might well satisfy the majority of thirsty ones, still they liked not the idea that they might travel many a mile, be footsore, faint, and weary, and not meet with a single house licensed to sell jough.

It was a change in their old customs, and a curtailment of their ancient liberties, and they began to fear as to what other constraints a quiet submission to this one might engender. They hardly knew whom to blame, the Earl and his Council, or the House of Keys.

It was a law which, whilst it scarcely affected the

rich, who could well afford to keep a stock of wine and ale in their cellars, bore hardly on the poor cotter, who could only purchase now and then, at retail price, his solitary pot of beer. They then began to blame their representatives for indifference, and some called them no representatives at all, but the mere creatures of the Lord's will, since it had been given for law of old time, that "without the Lord's will none of the Twenty-four Keys should be."

This chimed in well with the feelings of the agitators from England and Scotland, and so they made the most of it, and talked loud about popular rights and taxation, and customs' dues, and the dawning of better days, and civil and religious liberty and equality, things strange enough to Manx ears, and little consonant with their general notions of a quiet obedience to the powers that be.

Still, with their native shrewdness, they took most of it in, to meditate upon it, and at a future time to put it into vigorous action, when they were threatened with a change in the titles by which they held their quarter-lands, and the abrogation of the 'tenure of the straw.'\*

So their minds turned next to Edward Christian, who they knew, though a Manx-man born, had been in foreign parts, had travelled much about and seen the world, had been at Court, and knew things as they ought to be. And some of them wondered they had not seen him there that day.

And they began to talk about his being put out of place, and his late sickness, for they believed he must

\* See Note (19).

be under the power of witchcraft ; and thus the name of Madge Dhoo came up. And then some were wishing they could catch her there, and roll the witch in a spiked barrel down Sleiuwhallin, or throw her into the Curragh Glass, and sink her with stones.

A noisy party was gathered together in the evening in one of the booths, waiting for the fiddler. "I mind well enough," said Tom Qualtrough, "one night, three years afore last Lhaa Lunnys (Lammas Day), when Jim Carran and I took a run in our yawl over to the Calf, to get a knot or two of wind from the old witch. We came on her unawares like, and took a sly glint through a crack in her cabin, and sure, there she was, with an image of our late Governor stuck full of pins and skewers, and she was singing some cursed ryhme, and burning rowan twigs, and basting the image before the fire, and her death-pot was simmering on the Chiollagh."

"And, sure, wasn't it the same old witch," said Jack Kerruish, "that put an eye on Jim Quine's kine on the Claddagh, when they all stopped their milk, and the two best calves of the lot perished? I know that when we were burning the carcasses at the four cross roads, Madge herself went by; and when we gave chase, she mounted her Bock Yuan Vannee,\* and was soon away to the Calf."

"But I knew as wise a one as she, that lived by the Ullymar Bog, amongst the Carrasdhoo men—I reed ye beware o' the same—and he had the charm to cure all eye-biting. So I sent Tom Faragher all the way to the North; not a bite or sup did he take by the way, or

\* See Note (20).

break his errand to any peccagh\* till he reached the Seer."

"Ugh! but Teare-veg is the man to put away the evil eye, and I warrant Tom had not told him in a dozen words what was the matter with our kine, afore the milk began to flow, and our Breede (Bridget) had as good a churning as ever she had in her life. But Tom brought away with him a Tramman twig† cut by Teare's garth, which the doctor blessed, and Quine kept it safe in the byre. I trow the old witch will mind how she casts her eye again over Jim Quine's claddagh."

There is an old proverb about the advent of persons respecting whom you are conversing, which was remarkably fulfilled in the case of Jack Kerruish and his babbling companions. As if just sprung up from the earth, both Edward Christian and Madge Dhoo at once made their appearance in their midst.

"And so you defy the old witch, do you? You the dooiny drogh (bad man)? You the base poisoner? Where was Madge when Jack was gathering the hemlock in Glen-reagh Russin under the Re-hollys-vooar (the moonlight)? Ugh! but ye've no care for your latter end, ye peccagh dhoo, and ye thought to cheat suspicion, did ye, by sending to the doctor, and casting the blame on the lonely one."

There is hardly need to say that Jack was taken quite aback with this charge, for he was conscious that he had been out one moonlight night in Glen Rushen, though not for the exact purpose mentioned by Madge, and that he had noticed a moving shadow behind the walls of the old ruins of Keill Vooirey.

\* See Note (21).

† *Wild Elder*, used in witchcraft.

The truth was that Jack had not been gathering hemlock at all, but engaged in an act at that time even more dangerous to the perpetrator of it should he be discovered. He had been *stealing turf*; and by a statute of 1629, this crime had been put on the same footing as stealing sheep, swine, beehives, poultry, corn, hay, wool, and garden produce, the severe penalty for which was death.

Thus his fears, lest Madge should turn out to be a witness against him for the theft, was far greater than they would have been from the simple accusation of cutting hemlock which she brought against him. Though there might be a doubt whether her *unsupported* evidence would be received, he knew that her testimony, *added to* some circumstances which might be brought to light, would probably produce a conviction against him, and he would be subjected to a fate only a little less severe than that which he was seeking to bring on the suspected witch.

It seemed also to him that Madge was not so friendless as he had at first supposed; that there was some truth in the Manx proverb, "However black the raven is, he is sure to find a mate," for he at once observed that Edward Christian was on familiar terms with her, and that they had come to the Fair for some common purpose.

Though Christian was out of favour with the Earl his former Patron, yet it was known that he had strong partizans amongst his countrymen, and secret agents working for him in every parish. Perhaps he was more feared than loved, and Jack Kerruish had no particular desire to render himself obnoxious to the

Ex-Governor by over officiousness in the matter of Madge's witchery ; but when to this was conjoined the fear of what the consequences might be to him should Madge be forced to state what she had actually seen in Glen Rushen, not only was his mouth stopped at once, but he made a move to get away as fast as possible from the present company.

The effect on others also of Edward Christian's seeming connection with Madge was soon apparent.

They could hardly regard Madge as the author of Christian's illness, when they saw them on such manifest good terms with each other. Hence the story of Tom Qualtrough's visit to the Calf began to be put down for what it was worth, or rather was regarded as the result of a few extra pulls at the bottle, which it was well known always accompanied Tom in his fishing excursions ; and those who a little before had been casting their eyes towards Slieuwhallin, and mentally calculating the time it would take to roll Madge in the spiked barrel from top to bottom, all at once found it to their probable interest to conciliate the crone, and to speak in disapproval of the remarks which had lately been made upon her by Qualtrough and Kerruish.

"I wonder at ye, Tom Qualtrough," said Kitty Quayle, "speaking lies about the good woman that saved the life of little Jane when she lay sick of the fever. Wasn't it a pot of healing herbs, ye drunken peccagh, that ye saw simmering on the chiollagh, when ye sneaked like a murdering thief up the Glen o' the Calf ? and hadn't she foreknown by her wisdom your coming and got the charm fixed against the night ye needed it ? Why, his honor here, I warrant, can speak

a word for the kind creature, a lone woman like, as would hurt nobody were she left alone, and could live in peace."

Christian, finding himself thus suddenly appealed to for a character of Madge Dhoo, was rather at a loss for the answer he should make. It was not his policy to be publicly associated with the instruments he employed for getting at the private history and secrets of his countrymen.

On the present occasion he could not altogether ignore *any* connection with Madge, as they had been so openly seen together in the Fair. So he avoided the direct answer, by saying, "Can ye tell this woman where to find a man lately come from England, who has tidings of her daughter? A tall swarthy man, short black hair, beard and moustache, long nose, dark grey eyes, peaked hat with broad surge ribbon, cloak, doublet, grey breeches, and broad square-toed shoes, and wears a rapier by his side."

Biddy Corkill, who happened to be present, at once called to mind her altercation in the earlier part of the day with the Puritan, who had maligned her good Pastor Sir John Cosnahan, when she well scrutinized his looks, costume, and general appearance, and having satisfied herself at the time that he was after no good, had kept her eyes on his movements as he went about through the crowd.

"Ye'll not find him here," said she. "This isn't loving company for the likes o' him. Jim Kenvig will soon be here with his fiddle, and it isn't likely that canting hypocrite has frolic enough in him for the green sward and merry times like these. Not but the

sly dog has an eye for pretty faces, but he likes them best in dark corners; and if ye must needs know where ye're most likely to find him, ye'd better off to Keill Lhane. I watched him winking at Tom Karran's paitchey vooar, a lazy quean; an' if it wasn't the same I saw sneaking down by the Cronk-ny-Marroo half-an-hour ago, my name isn't Biddy Corkill."

This hint was sufficient for Madge, who went off at once for the place indicated, leaving Edward Christian to mingle with the merry-makers, who were preparing for a dance upon the green.

He wished to be at hand to receive communications from his various agents, who were scattered through the crowd listening to their converse, and marking the conduct of those with whose particular sentiments they were desirous of making themselves acquainted.

Christian well knew the truth of the adage, "in vino veritas," and he was looking out for the time when the men, having well drunk, would begin to swagger, wrangle, and fight. Let us leave him here and follow Madge, as she hied her off to Ballalough and Cronk-ny-Keeill-Lhane.

Passing the Tynwald Hill she turned to the right, over a low tumulus, and pursuing the same direction for a quarter-of-a-mile, crossed the Neb River, at that time scant of water, by stepping from one stone to another, then turning again to the left and following the margin of the Lough, which has since then been drained off, she made her way across the country towards the large tumulus and grave-yard of Keeill Lhane.

Her journey was brought to a close sooner than she anticipated, for as she was passing near a singular



venue of upright stones, the remains of a gallery leading to the chamber of an ancient cromlech, there started forth from behind one of the tallest, the very man she



STONE AVENUE, NEAR CRONCK-NY-KEEILL-LHANE.

as in search of. This was Ewan Curphey, of Ballaëillinghan, a man who, having left his country some teen years before as a beardless youth, to seek his fortune in England, had, through the interest of his countryman, Edward Christian (who was then about court), obtained a junior post under Government, and by dint of industry and application, soon raised himself to confidence and a higher trust. Afterwards, unfortunately for him, he had become acquainted with the younger branches of some of the leading Puritan

families, and, led away by their teaching and the grumbling spirit of the times, he became inimical to the Government, and fell into disgrace. Under these circumstances, he thought it best to return to his native Isle, and had landed at Derby-haven only a few days before the meeting at the Tynwald Hill.

At that period of his life fifteen years had made so great a change in his manners and personal appearance, that his own family hardly recognized him, and he moved about a stranger even in his native parish. He had immediately sought out his early patron Edward Christian, and made himself known to him. Christian saw at once that he might be made useful to him, since whilst mingling with the people as an Englishman, there would be little suspicion of his being conversant with the Manx language, so they would thus be led to say, in his presence, some things which they might otherwise have suppressed.

It was to Christian that he had communicated his desire to find out Madge, and it was through Christian that Madge had been induced to find her way to the Tynwald gathering, though somewhat late in the day.

"Well, Madge," said Ewan, after she had got over the surprise of his sudden appearance, "thou dost not seem to recognize an old friend, though we have passed many an hour together, when you used to tell me those wonderful fairy tales under the Tramman tree by the water of Sulby. The Lord be praised, I have a better light now, saving your presence, and fairy tales and Popish legends I leave to fools and dumb dogs, of which I fear ye have too great plenty in the Isle."

"I know not, indeed, who ye can be," replied Madge,

“but the wild and wilful boy Ewan Curphey, and I know not what new light ye have gotten, unless it be a will-o’-the-whisp; but I’d have ye beware o’ speaking ill o’ the good people, more especially so near to the Keill Lhane and the Lough, and on the night of Midsummer too. ’Twas here, this night year, Madge saw the phynnoderree cutting the meadow grass, but I had a handful o’ salt i’ my wallet, and knew how to speak a kind word to the lost one. I have often wondered what sent ye away, though ye are wilful; but may be ye had heard the words, ‘a crab that sticks to its hole never grows fat.’ However, I learn ye have a message for me from my poor lost paitchey”

“I have no message *from* her,” said Ewan; “but tidings *about* her; though since they are now of very old date, they may have reached thee already. Bless the Lord for the day that brought Will Christian and me together, and made us partakers of grace, under that godly and faithful minister Ebenezer Holdforth. We were as brands plucked from the burning; for we had been of evil communication, walking after the course of this world, and mingling with the children of Belial in their vain converse and ungodly doings. But the blessed words of that godly man found an entrance, for we were predestinated to know the truth, and from that hour never did any two better agree together to walk in the ways of the Lord. And thy daughter Ellen was of the same mind as her husband, and walked in the same steps, and rejoiced in the same pious exercises, and in hearing the word of that eminent preacher of righteousness. But thou hast heard of that Popish Queen of England, that stirreth up her husband to

persecute all the godly and sober people of the land, and who in her pomp and pride would force them to worship the image of the beast. And there are too many who call themselves God's servants, a rascally company of flatterers,—corrupted and tottering Bishops and profane Clergy,—who make merchandize of the Word of God, who attend on the altar that they may eat of the sacrifice, as Eli's sons did; and nourish religion only, like the tradesmen of Ephesus, that it may nourish them; who pay their court to this Babylonish woman, and cry, 'Great is Diana of the Ephesians.' And these are fully bent in maintaining the King's prerogative, and Popery, and bloody Prelacy, and many such like things. So there is no peace in England for those who fear God; and I doubt whether there be any in the land of Man, for the Earl loveth pomp and power, and savoureth not Gospel liberty, but sticketh close by these priests, which be wolves in sheep's clothing, and busy mockers of all sober people. And his foreign wife is but a painted Jezebel, full of papistical guile, a persecutor of the saints. No wonder the people of God are flying away to other lands, where the true light shineth, even to that far-off country—America, where they can exercise their gifts without let or hinderance from Star Chambers and High Commission Courts, and Ship-money exactors.

"And thy daughter, and her husband Will Christian, are gone thither, with their child Martha; and I had well nigh gone with them, and I may go yet, but that the Lord shewed me, after the exercise of much prayer, that he had work for me to do, even in Babylon.

"It will be seven years come next Michaelmas, since

they set out with a goodly company to join their friends in that land where, I doubt not, they can worship God in freedom of spirit, and with that unction which joineth not with set forms and Popish vestments, and organs and crosses and pictures and carved work ; which, ere long, shall be broken down with axes and hammers. Arise, Lord ! and let thine enemies be scattered."

How long he might have gone on in this strain 'tis hard to say ; he had been wont to listen patiently for between two and three hours whilst that faithful minister Ebenezer Holdforth was uttering exhortations against the abominations of the lady of Babylon, and awful denunciations of woe upon the minions of the tyrant on the throne, and his Popish wife ; and prophecies of the downfall of prelacy and priestcraft : but he observed that Madge was evidently paying no heed to his godly discourse.

She had come thither expecting that he might give her some tender message from her lost child, and all he could tell her was that she and her husband, as he believed, were wanderers in a strange land ; the inference being that she would, in all probability, see that child no more for ever.

Her fixed gaze upon vacancy indicated that some strange thoughts were passing through her mind, and she seemed to be in converse with invisible beings as her lips moved, though no sound came forth from them.

The time and place also were such as to cast a kind of awe over her appearance ; the dim twilight, the deep shadows cast into the glens which run into the mountains around the dark lake, and the turf bogs

close at hand ; the old Cromlech, with its black chamber of the dead and the avenue of tall upright stones ; at a little distance Cronk-ny-keill Lhane, another vast depository of the dead, rising up in gloom ; on the further horizon formed by the sea, the venerable pile of Peel Castle and Cathedral, with the ancient round tower in the midst of the islet.



PEEL CATHEDRAL, FROM THE SOUTH.

Then the stillness of the hour, disturbed only on the one hand by the distant roar of the sea, as it broke against the precipices of Craigh Mallin, and, on the other, by the shouts and music of the merry-makers in the booths near the Tynwald Hill.

There she stood, with arm outstretched, and finger pointing to where the sun had gone down, her tattered cloak drooping from her shoulder, her bonnet thrown

back, and her hair, bleached rather by care than by years, falling over her face and neck.

"Yes," said she, at length, "she is gone thither, to the land whence she will never return, and Madge is left alone; nay, not quite alone, she has left behind her a Lhiannan-Shee, a spirit of peace to watch over poor Madge and comfort her old age, and to close her eyes; but I marvel she has not been to me for so many days; these be troublous times, and 'twould break Madge's heart to hear that any evil had befallen the paitchey veg veen (the dear little child)."

All this was a mystery to Ewan, and her words he set down to the wanderings of a mind again unhinged by the tidings he had brought her of her daughter's departure to America, and her change of faith. Still there was a quiet submission about her, and a hopeful resting in something future, which much puzzled him; her last words more especially, about evil befalling her guardian spirit, were quite beyond his comprehension; but he saw it was useless to attempt to draw her out into an explanation of them, and so pulling his high-peaked and broad-brimmed hat over his eyes, he strode forth into the open, and made his way towards the ruins of Keill Moirey, the Treen Chapel, where he had previously arranged a meeting with Edward Christian.

As for Madge, she presently took her way to Peel, and not caring to subject herself to the insults and molestations of the drunken revellers who were returning from the Tynwald merry-making, she betook herself to the hut of a fisherman, to whom she had often sold a few knots of wind, to crave the charity of a night's lodging.

## CHAPTER VII.

**I**N the next five years following that of the great Tynwald Meeting, the Earl of Derby was called from the cares of his little kingdom in Man, to take his part in the grand political drama which was then being acted out in England.

The jealousy and intrigues of his enemies about Court, managed to get him away from the person and councils of the King, and encouraged the Parliament to hope that they might win him over to their side, and many were the overtures made to him for that purpose.

But the Great Stanley was pre-eminently loyal ; and being closely united to his Sovereign by the ties of family and affection,\* he yielded implicit obedience to his instructions, even when he saw nothing but disaster as the consequence.

It was in obedience to that Sovereign's command, that after his victory at Lancaster, Preston, and Houghton Common, in 1643, when about to attack Manchester, he found himself forced to repair again to the Isle of Man, in order to secure it against a landing of the Scots.

He left his noble lady to take care of Lathom House,

See Note (18) *supra*.

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her heroic defence of which is well known to all readers of English History.

The Earl's arrival in the Isle of Man was most opportune. The people of the Isle, stirred up by the agents of the Parliament and the secret enemies of the Earl in the Island itself, had begun to come together in a tumultuous manner, demanding redress of grievances.

Seeing that they were in a mad mood, and bent on mischief, the brave but judicious Governor Greenhalgh had judged it best to temporize with them, and with good and fair words to prevail on them to put their grievances in writing, promising to redress all their just causes of complaint, as far as lay in his power, and to send over a statement of their requirements to the Earl himself in England, without whom no laws could be changed.

The advent of the Earl was most unexpected. Many were rejoiced to have him again amongst them; the disturbers of the peace were greatly troubled. Edward Christian and his party were taken quite aback; but, in order to shelter themselves from suspicion, made a sudden show of great joy at his appearance, saying, "How blessed was the Island now that he trod upon it." They overdid their assumed part, and thereby put the Earl on his guard.

Having strengthened his garrison of Rushen Castle with some tried soldiers whom he had brought over with him out of England, and being supported by several of his faithful officers, he appointed a meeting of delegates from the several parishes at the Castle of Peel.

In the mean time he held private conferences sepa-

rately with those persons who he was made aware were the chief stirrers up of the people. Without declaring his own knowledge of their complicity in the plot against his authority, he informed them that he knew the people were being misled and misinformed, and that it would be an acceptable service to him could they bring the people to a better understanding, and that their doing so would prevent his taking further steps to inquire into the authors of the evil business.

This led some of them to a confession and declaration of their whole design ; others thought it best to separate themselves from the faction ; whilst a few more were so much impressed with the idea of the Earl's good, forgiving, and easy nature, as to conclude that they might go on at their leisure in their previous course, without any great fear for the consequences.

At any rate, the faction was so divided, that when the appointed day came, the delegates of each parish quietly handed in their petitions of grievances, and received in return a few kind words, with promises that their complaints should be taken into serious consideration.

When the Earl had well weighed the purport of these petitions, he appointed a grand meeting of all the officers, spiritual and temporal, with the Twenty-Four Keys and the delegates from the parishes, at Peel Castle, on the 18th day of July.

Previous to the meeting the Earl took care to inform himself well as to the temper of the parties likely to be present, who were the champions on the people's side, and the extent of the demands which would be pressed upon him.

He engaged trusty men as spies, who went about amongst the people professing thorough revolutionary principles, and who took care to rail vehemently against the Government and the officers whom the Earl had placed at the head of affairs. In this way, the people being misled, the spies managed to get at the secrets of the popular faction, the names of their leaders, and the object they had in view ; but having accomplished this much, they went on to say, that whatever might be the case with the Lord's officers, yet he himself was a practicable man, full of good intents for his subjects, and ready to listen to any quiet statement of their just causes of complaint ; but that though so just and clement, he was a man of great energy and power, and one from whom there was no possible appeal ; they would do well, therefore, to beware of provoking him to an exhibition of that power by any unreasonable demands ; in short, that he was "a good friend, but a bad enemy."

Having got from his spies the information which he needed ; the night before the appointed meeting at Peel Castle, the Earl called together his Council, and without giving them any intimation of the knowledge he had acquired, he asked their opinion as to the course of action which should be adopted, supposing such and such things should be done or spoken at the meeting.

This he did, partly to test the accuracy of the information given him by his hirelings, and partly to learn who were the officers on whom the greatest dependence might be placed, should an emergency arise and any violence be threatened.

He had previously taken care that such of his officers

as he had been informed were disaffected, and whose faithfulness he doubted, should be employed elsewhere at the time of the meeting of this Council. By this means he was the better able to keep them in ignorance of his own intentions, and prevent them from repressing the expressions of opinion of the other officers who more or less stood in awe of their influence on the Island. Who they were may readily be inferred from the following passage in a letter from the Earl to his son Charles :—

“There be many Christians here who have made themselves chief; by policy they are helpt into the principal places of power, they be seated round about the country in the heart of it; they are matched with the best families, have the best farms, and must not be neglected.” And he goes on to state, as an evidence of the awe under which the Manx-men were of the power of Deemster Ewan Christian, a member of the Council and the father of Illiam Dhune, that on a certain occasion, when a petition against the Deemster was to be presented to the Earl, “only one man upon the whole Island could be found who dare make a fair draft of it.”

The venerable Castle of Holme-Soder, or Peel, stands on a rocky islet (St. Patrick's Isle), of about five acres in extent, at the embouchere of the River Nebb, two hundred yards to the north of the Town of Peel. At low water it may readily be reached by stepping stones.

The whole area of the Islet is surrounded by embattled walls (erected in the Lordship of Henry, Fourth Earl of Derby, in 1593), four feet thick. It contains, in addition to the Castle proper, at the east end the

Cathedral of St. Germain's, of the thirteenth century, to the south-west of which is the still more ancient Church of St. Patrick, and a round Tower, bearing some features of the Irish round Towers, but considered by some as a Watch Tower of mediæval date.

In the centre of the Islet is a remarkable rectangular mound, with a ditch about it, which constituted the first defences of the Island in the time of its Scoto-Irish possessors, but subsequently converted into a tumulus or burying-ground.



ENTRANCE TO PEEL CASTLE.

The entrance to the Castle is on the south-side by a broad flight of stone steps rising from the river, but turning again to the left half-way, so that the gate

faces eastward, in such a manner as to be defended from any direct attack across the river, at the same time that it is commanded by a redoubt and the battlements of the Castle. There was a sally port to the seaward, on the northern side of the Isle.

On the walls of the Castle, in 1643, were mounted several pieces of ordnance, of which some were of remarkably early date, being formed of bars of iron closely laid together, and hooped with thick iron rings. They had no breech, but were loaded from behind with a chamber.

Immediately at the entrance to the right was the guard-house, near to which were the strong rooms for the prisoners. The armoury was situated to the south of St. Patrick's Church. The intermediate space was taken up by the various buildings appropriated to the Governor of the Castle and the soldiers. The Crypt beneath the Choir of the Cathedral was also used as a prison for political and ecclesiastical offenders.

It was at this stronghold that the Earl of Derby had determined that the grand meeting for the consideration of Manx grievances should be held. It was more central to the Island than Rushen Castle, and, therefore, more convenient of access; the open space within the walls was better suited for the gathering of a number together for conference, but more especially being cut off from the main Island by water, and having but one way of approach, it was better calculated than Rushen Castle for enabling the Earl to overawe the malcontents by a display of his military resources. Nevertheless he expected some wrangling, and he got it.

He came prepared to give them liberty of speech, knowing that they would be the sooner quiet, and much more satisfied if they were allowed to talk themselves out of breath, on the same principles, said he, as he would "deal with women disposed to prattle, or, as with a barking cur that follows your horse's heels."

On the appointed day, July 17th, 1643, the grand meeting was held. The Lord of the Isle, his officers, spiritual and temporal, with the Twenty-four Keys, and four men out of every parish as delegates of the people, assembled together "to advise and consider of certain grievances of the Church and Commons of the Isle, laid down and expressed in and by their several petitions and complaints unto his Lordship, and to study and devise such convenient remedy and redress herein, as might best stand with the maintenance and preservation of his Lordship's royalties, rights and prerogatives of and within the Island, the good and welfare of the Church and Commons of the same, and the peace and safety of the whole State in general." So ran the proclamation.

The Earl took with him as his personal attendants several of his brave and tried officers from England, and a body-guard of his Lancashire retainers. These, added to the usual complement of soldiers in Peel Castle, made up a grand military display, sufficient to restrain any violence which might be designed by the patriots.

There were other reasons for his keeping around him a goodly number of his English friends and dependents. Knowing that respect is the soul of good

government, he was anxious to impress upon his Manx subjects a due sense of his power, and the regard in which he was to be held, by their noticing the example of respectful deference with which he was treated by those whom he brought with him.

The Court was opened, and the conference began by the delegates laying before the Earl the list of grievances to be redressed, and praying to be heard on behalf of their parishioners. The list was a formidable one, and chiefly concerned abuses by the Clergy, and by particular ministers and proctors in the collecting of their tithes and duties to the Church, contrary to the known laws and orders of the island.

Some complained that "whereas the parishioners pay the clerk his dues, the Lord of the Island made clerks of parishes by his special grace"; others complained that "the ministers of parishes take *XIId.* for the writing of a deccadant's will, whereas the party himself, or a friend, would write it for him for little or nothing, but the Church refused to accept of and prove wills not made and written by the minister's hand."

Another complaint was, that "whereas when a man dies intestate, his goods ought to be divided equally amongst his unmarried children, the Church uses to decree the whole team of oxen and crop of corn, which were commonly worth more than all the rest of the goods, to the eldest son."

There were various other complaints respecting corpse presents, division of property amongst minors, the payment of tithe for butter, cheese, milk, wool, and fish; and of clerk's silver fees for probation of wills and the Sumnor's dues; also that the Clergy demanded their



dues at the time the people are to receive the holy communion, and if the dues were not paid, debarred them from receiving.

But the greatest complaint of all was as to the manner of collecting the tithe of corn ; for that the farmers suffered great loss, sometimes of all their corn, by the ministers and proctors not coming in due time to take the tithe, and the farmers not daring to draw or load before this was done.

To the various petitioners the Earl answered according to his view of the reasonableness or unreasonableness of the questions put before him, and the manner in which the petitioners behaved themselves. If the men conducted themselves quietly, and on making known their grievances and desires kept themselves within the bounds of modesty, he took care to encourage them to proceed, letting them know that he well understood their wishes, and if the matter were agreeable to him, fortifying their words by his own reasons ; if they spoke unreasonably, and he had a sufficient answer to them, he either gave the answer himself, or gave leave to others to reply to them, and then agreed or not as he judged most fitting.

There was, as has been said, a good deal of wrangling carried on, chiefly in the Manx language, in a very bitter manner ; some of them talking loudly and determinately of getting the laws of the Island changed more to their own minds.

In order to provoke them to violence, Captain Christian, and one or two of his partisans about the Earl, cunningly urged the Earl to put a stop at once to this their talking in their native language. He saw through their purpose, and refused to interfere. Besides, he was

anxious that they should have liberty of speech, since, by means of his spies amongst them who understood their language, he was the better able to single out the more dangerous characters, and keep an eye on their movements. The really most dangerous characters, however, were those who spake little openly, but secretly whispered behind the crowd, instructing others what to demand, and urging them on to desperate acts.

The Earl noticed some of these himself, and some of them were pointed out to him by his officers who sat around him. In order, therefore, to remove them out of the way of doing mischief, he courteously invited them, as a mark of honor, to take their places nearer to the bar.

When any of the delegates were particularly impudent and clamorous, he either put them out of countenance by austere looks, or else troubled their discourse by pretending not to have heard what they said, or not thoroughly to have understood them, and requesting them to repeat again their requests.

This proceeding threw them so much into confusion that they either forgot the matter they were about, or feared to speak more about it. In the end he so managed matters that they all came to an agreement (the Bishops and Clergy on the one hand, and the twenty-four Keys and the delegates from each of the parishes on the other), "for themselves, their heirs and successors, to stand, perform, and abide by his Lordship's order and decree in the several grievances laid before him."

But in order to come to a more perfect understanding of the causes of complaint, and for the determination of them according to justice and equity, the Earl gave

orders that a select jury, or Grand Inquest, of twenty-four men should be impanelled, whereof twelve of the Twenty-four Keys should be members, and the other twelve chosen out of the four delegates from each of the parishes there présent, who should be sworn to find out and present "all such wrongs and abuses as had been committed or acted against his Lordship's prerogative, the laws of the Island, or the good of the Commonalty, and this for the preservation of love and unity betwixt the Clergy and Commonalty for the time to come." All this was gall and wormwood to Edward Christian, who, hoping to get up a tumult, found himself completely out-manceuvred by the Earl, and the people ready to disperse in quiet to their homes.

One more attempt he therefore determined to make; so when the Court was just about to rise, pretending that he was most desirous of a right understanding between his Lordship and the people, he asked them if they were perfectly agreed on certain matters about which he had beforehand instructed them to ask, but which they seemed entirely to have forgotten.

Upon this some of them said, "Oh! aye! certainly;" and were proceeding to refresh their memories as to other causes of complaint, when the Earl rose up, and addressing Christian, said, that "he was much to blame so unseasonably to move new matters, seeing that they had so happily ended that day, and set all business in a blessed way for the good of his Lordship and the country. And if they raked any more into them, it might breed an inconvenience more than he was worth." He then assured the people that they needed no other advocate than himself to plead for them,

because he had a resolution to do all that in reason they at any time might desire of him. So he bade the Court rise, and no man to speak a word more.

It may readily be understood that Christian went away from that gathering at Peel in no happy mood, certainly not with more friendly feelings than those with which he had come thither. His blank looks, and the scowl of hatred resting on his countenance, were noted by many, not only of his partisans, but by the spies of the Earl, who duly reported all to him, and withal the comments thereon, which they had heard amongst the crowd.

He had hardly stepped from his boat, and was making his way with downcast looks to his hostelry, when he felt himself plucked by the cloak. Turning round he saw Madge with her finger on her lips, and making quiet signs for him to follow. Without appearing to notice her he followed at some distance, and at length observed her to disappear behind a rock at the foot of Craig Mallin.

He was then aware of her destination, and instead of following her directly, he made his way leisurely along the summit of the cliff for some distance. When he had fully assured himself that he was not observed, he plunged suddenly down a steep pathway leading through a gully running up from the shore, and then turning back again towards Peel, along the sea margin under the cliff, presently found Madge waiting his coming in one of the caves which stud that rock-bound coast, and which had been formed by the waves at a time when the sea was at a higher level relatively to the land.

"What is it, Madge?" said he.

"Thou art betrayed," she replied; "and I shall not marvel if thou seest more of Peel Castle than the proud pageant of to-day hath set before thine eyes."

"Verily, thou art a wise woman, Madge, and can'st see further into a millstone than most of us, and hast more of the gift of second sight than is common to our Island Seers. Yet I would fain know what thy Familiar hath revealed to-day."

"It needs no great revelation," replied she, "for Madge to know the mood in which thou camest from the meeting, and that for this time at least thy craft hath profited thee nothing. Surely thy mother taught thee, 'Bought wit is the best wit if it be not bought too dear,' 'A kind heart and good word are better than a crafty head,' unless the crafty head teach to utter the good word and to feign the kind heart, as the Stanlagh well knows."

"A curse on the Stanlagh," interrupted Christian, does the Tyrant think that he has to deal with boys and women? He brought with him a brave lot of foreign malignants, no doubt, but they would be better employed methinks in propping the tottering throne of his master, the Stuart, with his Popish wife, than in trying to frighten the free spirits of our Ellan Vannin veg veen. They be all arrant cowards, that have run away from their homes sooner than meet their betters, the godly men and true, who are engaged for the Parliament of England; but that Saxon tyrant might as well try to curb the free breath of heaven, which streams over our mountains and hills, as the free spirits which breathe within the brave Celts who people our

native Isle. But, thou spakest of treachery ; has any base Manx-man sold his country for gold ?”

“ He has,” replied Madge, “ and would sell *thy* life, too. Thou knowest the stripling Robert Calcot, son of Robert of the Nunnery,\* and that he has an eye to the Ronaldsway Estate, which he makes some claim to, through his mother’s connection with Sarnsbury, but which thy cousin, Ewan Christian the Deemster, holds from his sister Jane. Thou hast not forgotten that the claim was made some little time since on his behalf before the Commissioners of the Stanlagh, and that they advised the Deemster to give him a sum of money to stop his mouth. But thy cousin is a true Christian, and will not part with gold except under compulsion of law ; and it is little likely that a jury will be found in this land of Man which shall dare to pass judgment against thy family. Hence thy cousin feels himself secure of his Ronaldsway Estate.

“ But the Nunnery Calcot has another plan in his head, and has made a strong move towards getting the Stanlagh to favor him. I mind ye spake somewhat freely behind the Round Tower to that Puritan caitiff Ewan Curphey, and this boy, Robert Calcot, had clambered up into the doorway, and was plainly eaves-dropping overhead, when ye were too busy to look upward.”

Christian was manifestly startled by this announcement, calling to mind the import which might well be put upon the words he had confidentially spoken to his trusty agent. He stood musing for a while in doubt as to the steps which it would be best for him to take, in

\* See Note (22.)

order to silence the youth. Could he stop his mouth by threatening a counter-information. He had become aware that Robert's maternal uncle had a few days before spoken strong words against the Government, and had in fact been urging on some of the people to state their grievances in a violent manner. He was not aware that, through the influence of Sir Hugh Cannell, Vicar of Kirk Michael, and the father of Deemster John Cannell, who was a special friend to the Earl of Derby, Robert's uncle had been led to separate himself from the popular party, and by a timely confession and casting himself on the Lord's grace, with promise of more loyal behaviour for the future, had secured pardon from the indulgence of the noble Earl.

So turning again to Madge, he said, "Knowest thou whether the boy has spoken aught of this matter to any one?"

"Ugh! sure," replied she, "and didn't I see the boy with his father when the Council broke up, and wasn't he taken forthwith to John Greenhalgh? I warrant he has made a full tale. Edward Christian will hear his own words again before the Council when he little deems it, and there are others, too, respecting whom the Stanlagh has notice. It is a question whether Peel or Rushen Castle will have room to accommodate all the gallant patriots of Ellan Vannin."

As Madge uttered these words they were interrupted by the splash of oars, and then the grounding of a boat upon the beach. "Conscience makes cowards of us all." So Christian judged it best to retire further into the cave, and thence by a sea-worn passage into another


cave beyond, from which an exit was afforded at some distance into a gully running up into the coast. Madge walked forth unconcernedly, and took her way along the beach to Peel, even as she had come thence.



ROUND TOWER, PEEL CASTLE.



## CHAPTER VIII.

 THE Earl of Derby was not the man to allow treason to hatch itself unchecked in his little kingdom. He only abided his time till matters were ripe, and he could lay hands on the ringleaders without producing a popular tumult; and such a time had now arrived. Calling to mind the old proverb, "Divide et impera," he had divided the Manx faction, and now he proceeded to deal with them separately.

Full of acute observation himself, he had diligently studied the works of Machiavel in the original Latin edition, as appears by his quoting from him the words, "*Fortiter calumniare aliquid adhærebit.*" Whilst manifesting his military resources and his own indomitable will at the popular gathering at Peel, he had managed also to impress upon his subjects a sense of his paternal regard to their interests, and with a few loving words to the more quietly disposed, and an assurance that their real grievances should be inquired into by men of their own choice and of their own nation, and, as far as lay in his power, should be redressed, he had dismissed them apparently well satisfied.

Happy had it been for Charles Stuart, happy for England, had *he* possessed the hand, heart, and head

of this greatest of the house of Stanley, or had he taken him into his Council and yielded himself to his guidance. He might then have continued to govern as a sovereign, without asserting his divine right to mis-govern as an autocrat.

A few timely concessions (like those of Derby to his Manx subjects), a full determination to act honestly, a deep sense of the sacredness of a King's promise, though it might not have crushed the wild, restless, lawless and revolutionary spirit of the Puritans, would have won over to himself such a powerful body from amongst the sober-minded and earnestly-religious Commons of the realm, as to have rendered futile the treason of the levellers, saved the country from regicidal guilt, and preserved the State from falling into such deplorable anarchy, that men at length gladly welcomed even a profligate on the throne, with restraints on civil and religious liberty, which it has taken nearly two centuries to remove.

A few days after the grand meeting at Peel, the Earl having obtained full intimation of the principal disturbers of the peace, the inciters to popular tumults, and those who had administered the dangerous oath and covenant after the manner of England and Scotland, committed some of them to prison, there to abide his pleasure. When these had made humble submission and given pledges for their future good behaviour, he released them, and incarcerated others who had offended in like kind. Thus picking them out one by one, and fining some of them deeply, he completely terrified all the rest.

Those who were set at liberty became mild and

tractable, and those who were fined sought by good behaviour to have the fine remitted. Others made their way to peace beforehand, and by humble confession avoided imprisonment and fine.

By these means it was brought about that the people came in such a submissive and loving manner, and with so much civility to present their grievances, that on the 30th of October in the same year, when the grand inquest of twenty-four presented their report to the Earl at Rushen Castle, he gave them full satisfaction and entire redress of what they deemed amiss in Church and State; and during the whole time of his continuance amongst them, till he was called away in 1651 to join in the disastrous expedition of Charles the Second, whilst the surrounding countries were being wrapped in the flames of civil and religious discord, the Isle of Man remained in a state of peace.

If not *perfectly contented*, yet the people exhibited a dutiful allegiance to their noble Ruler, general attachment to his person and family, and ready obedience to the laws.

The few disaffected and restless spirits who were not willing to live in peace took themselves off to England, which offered a field of action more suited to their temper and ambition.

Happy was it for the Earl of Derby, that during the whole of this period, he had for his Lieutenant-Governor such a prudent, noble-minded, loyal, faithful, and devoted a man as John Greenhalgh, devoted not to Derby only, but, like Derby himself, to his superior liege Lord and Sovereign Charles Stuart. So devoted and brave, that, at the fatal Battle of Worcester, sooner

than allow the standard to be taken, he tore it from the pole and wrapped it round his body, and after securing His Majesty's retreat to the White Ladies and Boscobel, died of the wounds received in defence of his master, when the Earl was set upon by a superior party under Major Edge, and surrendered on terms of quarter for life, which terms were afterwards most shamefully violated by the Parliament.

Amongst the persons arrested by the Earl after the great meeting at Peel Castle, were Captain Edward Christian and his brother William of Knock Rushen. Against Edward, in addition to the direct charge of treason, there was the offence which he had committed in imprisoning one of the Lord's officers of the Abbey lands for an exaction of tithe; the act seemed like an interference with the Lord's prerogative, and might be construed in a certain sense as treason-felony. On laying the matter before his Law Officers, they pronounced that precedents were wanting to enable the Earl to touch his life. In his famous letter to his son, written in 1644, he jocosely observes, "In this country any offence will be excused, if of never so high a nature, provided he steal not sheep, and that because the judges be sheep masters; but, God willing, I will have laws declared for treason and the like."

And such laws he did have ordered, enacted, and ordained, as appears by the Statute Book setting forth the Acts promulgated at Tynwald Courts, June 24th, 1645, 1646, 1647.

In the first of these years it was declared treason if any one pretended or practised any evil or hurt to the prejudice of the Lord, or of the Governor or Govern-

of the Island ; in the second year it was declared treason in any one to make or intentionally use ful money ; in the last, the accusing or speaking alous speeches against any Chief Officer of the spiritual or temporal, or any of the Twenty-four , touching their oaths or the state of Government, ot being able to prove it, was to be punished with of ten pounds for each offence, and, in addition, ears to be cut off.

return to the two brothers William and Edward tian.

lliam was detained in prison till 1644, and then ed on giving security to be of good behaviour, and epart the Isle without the Lord's permission. He ot long after.

ward's offence appears to have been of a deeper he was a traitor whom the Earl felt it would be ous to set at liberty. It was some time before as brought to trial, and there were many com- s of the Earl's injustice in this respect. The Earl ervous as to the result of a trial, " seeing he had joled the people as to lead them to believe he ed for their sakes, and it was most likely a jury l acquit him."

therefore took another course, and, according to n for some offences of that nature, fined him y in the sum of one thousand marks. Being e or unwilling to pay this heavy fine, he was ted to Peel Castle. There he continued a prisoner eleased at the capture of the Island by Colonel enfield, in 1651. At the Restoration in 1660, by an from Charles, the Eighth Earl of Derby, he was

remanded to his prison, where he was kept close, died at the beginning of 1661, having been permitted as an indulgence, only once to leave the Castle to plead in September to a suit relative to property.



INTERIOR OF PEEL CATHEDRAL, LOOKING WESTWARD.

Truly Madge's prediction was fulfilled to the letter. Had she just reason for believing that Robert Crompton conducted in any way to such a result? Some circumstances in the year 1664,\* in connection with the Rorway Estate, bear upon this question affirmatively and do not come within the limits of our story.

\* See page 97, Note (23) (William Dhone).

The popular grievances heard and remedied in 1643, bore almost entirely on Church matters, and the determination of them produced such an amount of agreement betwixt the clergy and laity, that the violent scenes witnessed in England during the next nineteen years had no counterpart in the Isle of Man. The Manx never seem to have dreamt of ousting malignant dumb dogs—their parochial episcopally-ordained ministers—to make room for every long-winded preacher who felt himself called to exercise more at length his gifts for the edification of the Church.

They lost by death their good Bishop Parr at the beginning of 1644; nor did they obtain another Bishop till the Restoration, when Samuel Rutter, who had been tutor to the son of the Great Stanley, and then Archdeacon of Man, and had gone through the perils of both sieges of Lathom House (as domestic chaplain), was consecrated Bishop, and installed in the Cathedral at Peel October 8th, 1660.

But the Manx seem all along to have been well affected towards Episcopacy; there is no record of their ever having suppressed the use of the Book of Common Prayer. Hence, on the Restoration, there was no necessity for an Act of Uniformity, which to this day is alien to the Manx Church and State, and there was, in consequence, no St. Bartholomew's Day, and no ousting of obtruded ministers.

We have in the Episcopal Register of the Isle of Man just one notice of a Presbyterian Ordination, and that was so late as May 1660. This was done in obedience to the orders of James Chaloner, the then Governor of the Isle of Man under Lord Fairfax, an Independent

sworn to the solemn League and Covenant, one of the Judges at the mock trial of Charles the First, and who afterwards, as we are told by Anthony A. Wood, "dispatched away himself by poison, taken in a posset made by his concubine, whom he then and for several years had kept."

But this Presbyterian Ordination appears to have been attended with some difficulties and scruples on the part of the Manx clergy. The Governor Chalonier commanded the clergy to appear on the 4th of March for the ordination of Mr. Henry Harrison, in case of necessity, to supply the cure of Kirk German. The clergy refused to meet, excepting a few who declined to officiate on their own responsibility, and reported the case to the Governor. The matter was kept in abeyance more than two months, when the Governor issued a fresh injunction to *any three* of the clergy to proceed with the work ; and thereupon Robert Parr, Rector of Ballaugh, with three others, on the 13th of May, proceeded to ordain Henry Harrison "Deacon and full Minister, by exhortation, praying, and imposition of hands."

But though Church affairs appear to have been so well settled through the agency of the Grand Inquest, and the prudent concessions of the Earl of Derby in 1643, a State grievance was about the same time originated, which produced intense excitement throughout a series of years, and which, though kept down through the policy and energy of the Great Stanley, broke forth with extreme violence immediately upon his death, and for more than fifty years kept the Island in a state of unquiet, and was only put an end to by the



Act of Settlement of 1703, the Manx Magna Charta, brought about by the exertions of good Bishop Wilson and his powerful advocacy with James, Tenth and last Earl of Derby of that line.

On the conquest of the Isle of Man by Godred Crovan, son of Harold the Black of Iceland, in 1077, he divided the land between his followers who chose to remain and the natives, on the terms that none should venture to claim their holdings as hereditary property, but only as tenants at will to their King.

Still, in actual practice, the natives of Man had dealt with their lands as if at their own disposal, and had transmitted them as hereditary, paying to the Lord a small rent, like to a fee-farm in England. They had also transferred their estates at various times by sale and purchase.

In the transfer of real estates both parties came into the Common Law Court, and the grantor, in the face of the Court, transferred his title to the purchaser, simply by the delivery of a *straw*, and this being recorded became the title. The same practice held also in the transfer of personal property.

By such stipulation or delivery of the *stipula* or *straw*, the Manx held their estates, which they were consequently said to hold by "the tenure of the straw."

This tenure, however, the Earl of Derby found to be by no means a profitable one to his Exchequer; and the Great Stanley, dissatisfied with the rents, was anxious to substitute for this "tenure of the straw," leases for lives. But to do this required of him the utmost tact, and to mix the serpent with the dove, and it was, as he confesses, a hard task which he took in

hand—it was an unsettling all the landed titles of the Island, and the regular course of descent of property. “Men think,” said the Earl to his son, “that their dwellings are their own ancient inheritances, and that they may pass the same to any, and dispose thereof, without license of the Lord, wherein they are much deceived. But it is not alway reason can prevail with a multitude.”

The Earl, therefore, proceeded to “catch them with guile.” His rights were paramount and undoubted, having passed from Norway to Scotland, from Scotland to England, and from England to the Montacutes, to Scrope, to Percy, and to the Stanleys. Yet, contrary to these rights, the inhabitants, though often restrained, did “daily buy, sell, give, grant, chop and exchange their farms, lands, and tenements, at their liberty and pleasure.”

In the year 1643 alienation fines were first exacted by the Earl of Derby. He appointed from amongst the members of his Council, excluding Deemster Ewan Christian and his son William (Illiam Dhone), Commissioners to compound for leases. At the same time his partisans were instructed to persuade the people that their tenures were insecure, they having no title deeds, but that leases, though nominally for limited periods, were equivalent to title-deeds, and under them their estates might descend from father to son.

In order to confirm the people in this view, and to induce them to surrender their estates, Deemster John Cannell made a shew of delivering up his estate into the Lord’s hands, entering into a private arrangement with him, under which he was shortly after fully rein-

stated in his possessions by an Act of Tynwald. But Deemster Christian was not to be thus won over. So the Earl proceeded with him in a different way. His uncertain tenure of Ronaldsway against the minor Robert Calcot, laid him open to attack, and the Earl took advantage of the position.

The petition on behalf of the infant, which had some time before been presented to the Lord's Commissioners and left undecided, through the refusal of the Deemster to compound for a sum of money, was again brought forward, and in a way just to meet Derby's wishes in reference to the "tenure of the straw."

The petitioners engaged on the infant's behalf, that if the case upon hearing should be decided in their favor, they would yield the estate into the Lord's hands, and receive it again from him upon lease.

Christian saw what was coming, and the danger in which he was placed of losing the estate of Ronaldsway, which had belonged to his sister Jane's husband. He therefore bent to the storm, and secured himself by a timely surrender. Yet, in order to remove in some measure the odium from himself, which he felt might fall upon him should he, as Deemster, imitate the obsequiousness of John Cannell, and partly to gain the advantage of younger lives, he compounded with the guardians of the infant, and transferred his estate to his younger son Illiam Dhone,\* who thereupon took a lease of it for three lives from the Earl of Derby.

As a natural consequence Calcot was disappointed of his son's anticipated success, and nursed his odium to a more convenient season. The Christians were secured


\* See Note (23).

in the possession of Ronaldsway on an undoubted tenure, and the Earl of Derby was gratified by this prominent concession on the part of one of the most influential families, to the policy he had instituted for overthrowing "the tenure of the straw."

In order to testify his thorough approval of the act, he took Illiam Dhone into his highest confidence ; and in 1648 appointed him Receiver-General of the Isle of Man.

Perhaps it would have been better for William Christian had he never enjoyed that confidence, even though young Calcot had at that time become possessed of the coveted lands of Ronaldsway ; and it might have been well for Robert Calcot of the Nunnery, had he never interfered with the affairs of the Christian family, and never sought to ingratiate himself with the Earl of Derby, by his secret information against them derived through his son.

## CHAPTER IX.

HE close of 1644 saw a brilliant Court gathered at Rushen Castle.

After the raising of the Siege of Lathom House by Prince Rupert, the noble Earl of Derby and his heroic Countess (as stated in Chap. VII.) retired to their diminutive kingdom in the Isle of Man.

The peace and security maintained by them in that happy spot, drew thither a goodly number of Royalists and others, who, as one of them wrote in a MS. history of the Island, which he drew up in his retirement, "wearied with being so often awakened at midnight by King's and Parliament's troops, both equally feared because equally plundering," determined to banish themselves from England, and to seek a quiet refuge in the territory of the Great Stanley.

Some, too, who had served with the Earl in his battles, and been invalided through wounds, betook themselves with him to this Sanitorium. Amongst them was Captain Edward Halsall, wounded in the Siege of Lathom House, of which he has left an account; and Major Blundell, of Crosby, whose thigh had been shattered by a musket ball on the taking of Lancaster. The latter was a literary character, and


wrote, during his abode in it, a history of the Isle of Man. Indeed, the Earl himself, though so great a warrior, and occupied in such important affairs, was a brilliant scholar, and encouraged the presence of literary, as well as military, men about him.

We shall not, therefore, be surprised to find our old friend and hermit philosopher, Thomas Bushel, returning out of Cheshire to the Isle of Man, though not to his lonely dwelling at the Calf, bringing with him the lovely Edith, his adopted daughter.

She was still but a girl of sixteen years, intelligent, and fairly accomplished, bright and joyous in general, but with a tinge of sadness occasionally cast over her countenance.

It was indeed difficult to say in which of the two moods she was most captivating, when with jocund face, dark eyes sparkling with fun and mirth, parting lips disclosing pearly rows of well-set teeth, she poured forth merry peals of laughter; or when, in extreme repose, deeply pensive and melancholy, her long eye-lashes closed up the light which usually flashed from under them, giving an extra charm to the well-arched eyebrows, whilst the raven ringlets thrown forwards cast a deeper shade upon the deep sunny tinge of her rounded cheek, and softened the prominence of her very aqueline nose.

She was of medium height, deriving more of her general features from her Celtic mother, than from her real father, who was for the most part Norse and Scotch extraction. Her earliest recollections, when she was but four years old, had been of grand mountain scenery, the precipices, and the bold headlands of



the Isle of Man, and the deep clear blue waters which lave its shores, and the wild cry of the sea-fowl echoing amongst its crags ; and all these came back to her on her return, after a dozen years ; and in the exuberance of her spirits, had she been allowed by Bushel, she would have roamed all alone for days, and clambered fearlessly amongst the rocks, decked herself with wild flowers, and hid herself in the heather, or gathered sea-weeds and shells and sparkling pebbles on the shore.

That she should devote herself to pursuits in which she was adding to her stock of knowledge, as well as increasing her bodily strength, met with more than approval from Bushel, but he persisted in being her companion in these rambles ; and no wonder, for there were many admiring eyes turned upon her wherever she went, and gentle attentions and flattering speeches uttered, to which she could hardly be indifferent, though she seemed to take them as a matter of course, and flung back her ready repartee, and tormented her admirers by her bitter sarcasms on their youthful impetuosity.

There were, however, two young Manx-men to whom she was somewhat more sparing in her remarks, and who had evidently won from her a particular regard, though towards which of them she entertained the most kindly feeling, she herself as yet could hardly determine in her own mind. In point of fact, the one who happened to be present always seemed to gain the day, but only *seemed*, for it was lost again when she was brought into closer contact with the other.

Too young to know her own heart, and too fickle to

form a permanent attachment, she wavered from one to the other, just as she happened to be in a playful or a melancholy mood, and as each presented himself to her at the fitting moment. These two Manx youths were the younger Robert Calcot, before referred to, and James, the second surviving son of William Christian, of Ronaldsway.

James had the advantage over Robert by his regular abode and more continued residence near Castletown, with the possession of a boat, which was always at Edith's service for a sail on the beautiful Bay of Derbyhaven, or a landing at her favorite resort, the Caves on Langness, gave him more frequent opportunities of intercourse.



NATURAL ARCH ON LANGNESS.



Robert, however, had a sister Margaret, betwixt whom and Edith there very early sprang up the closest intimacy, and, on account of the great friendship between the family of the Calcot's and the Cannells, Margaret was a frequent inmate of the house of Deemster Cannell, and was thus much at Castletown, whither her brother Robert often came *ostensibly* to see his sister, or to have a little fishing or hunting with Hugh Cannell, the Deemster's son, *in reality* to obtain, through his sister, interviews with Edith; and Margaret, being made aware of her brother's feelings, and desirous of encouraging them, would often form excursions into the mountains, and would manage, whilst herself flirting with Hugh, to leave Edith in the custody of Robert. At such times we must not wonder if James Christian and his boat were forgotten. Margaret also prevailed over Bushel to allow Edith to visit her at the Nunnery, and on such occasions Robert forgot his hunting and fishing engagements with Hugh Cannell, and he found all his time taken up by attentions to their interesting visitor.

The Christmas of 1644 found her still with her more tender feelings in a state of fluctuation between the two youthful aspirants to her favour.

*Personally*, James seemed the more likely to carry the day; his handsome face and figure, his pleasing address, his winning voice, had made him a great favorite amongst the fair daughters of his country. But Margaret's constant advocacy of her brother, the constant praises of him which she poured into Edith's ears, somehow impressed on her heart favorable feelings on Robert's behalf, and inclined Bushel's adopted

daughter to pay more attention to his addresses when he was with her.

Great preparations were made at the Castle for celebrating the Christmas festival of 1644. At the previous Christmas there had been a grand mask, but the influx into the Island of many illustrious foreigners with their wives and families, the presence of the Countess of Derby with her suite, the glorious memories of the successful defence of Lathom House, all conspired to give the greatest *eclat* to the Christmas which was now to be celebrated.

The Earl was specially desirous of impressing the natives with a sense of his importance by their witnessing the splendour of his retinue, the high and noble bearing of his Staff, the number of personal friends as well as dependants, the magnificence and liberality of his banquets, and the profusion of jewels which he possessed.

So it was, that after the more private entertainment of his Court, in the words of one who was present at the scene (*viz.*, our old friend Sir Thomas Parr, Vicar of Malew): "The Right Honorable James Earl of Derby, and his Right Honorable Countess, on the last day in Christmas invited all the Officers, Spiritual and Temporal, the Clergy, the Twenty-four Keys of the Isle, the Coroners with all their wives, and likewise the best sort of the inhabitants of the Isle, to a great Mask; where the Right Honorable Charles Lord Strange, with his train, the Right Honorable Ladies with their attendants, were most gloriously decked with silver and gold, brodered works, and most costly ornaments, bracelets on their hands, chains on their necks, jewels on their

foreheads, ear-rings in their ears, and crowns on their heads. And after the mask to a feast, which was most royal and plentiful, with shooting of ordnance.”\*

The noble Countess of Derby herself, as may well be imagined was the cynosure of all observers, the grand centre of attraction on this occasion; and the general conversation ran upon her heroic deeds and daring in the defence of Lathom House.

There were some who even raked up the old jest against the Earl, that when every gallant spirit had engaged himself for the King and Country, he had fled away and left his wife to play the man instead. And truly there was a lofty bearing in her looks, which seemed to verify all they had heard of her.

Her majestic figure, her strongly-marked features, her capacious brow, her large intelligent eyes, her fine mouth, all indicated a person formed to govern.

Wedded to the grandest of England's nobility, she was herself most nobly descended. She was the third daughter of Claude de la Tremouille, Duke of Thouars, Prince of Palmont and a Peer of France, by Charlotte Brabantina, daughter of William the First Prince of Orange, and of his third wife Charlotte de Bourbon, of the Royal House of Montpensier.

It pleased her Puritan enemies, either through ignorance or malice, to denounce her as a Papist. Perhaps they ignorantly presumed, that on account of her foreign extraction she must be of the same religion as Henrietta Maria, the Popish wife of Charles the First.

But Charlotte de la Tremouille was no Papist. By birth a Huguenot, and thoroughly Protestant, she

\* See Note (24).

embraced, it is true, the religion of her husband, and thus became a Catholic; but *his* was the Protestant Catholicity of the Church of England—a Church which, because most truly Catholic, is therefore most earnestly Protestant against the corruptions of the Church of Rome.

Doubtless that Christmas time, when Charlotte de la Tremouille looked around on the gay pageant got up for the entertainment of her Manx subjects, though she might call to mind the saying of one of her noble husband's progenitors, that, "it was better to be a great Lord than a petty King," yet her heart swelled with something more than regal pride, and she felt that, in such a castle as that of Rushen, and with such a band of devoted and valiant followers, she and her husband, or herself without her husband, might bid defiance to the threats of the Roundheads and the whole rebel faction.



RUSHEN CASTLE, FROM THE NORTH-WEST.

That castle, founded by Danish Vikings in the tenth century, the royal abode of the Scandinavian Kings of Man for near three hundred years, had held out, in 1313, from the 18th of May to the Festival of Saint Barnabas, against the renowned victor of Bannockburn and the army of Scotland. For Duncan de Ergadia (or Duncan McDougal), son of Alaster de Ergadia, Lord of Lorn, and grandson, on his mother's side, of the First Red Comyn, defended it for that length of time against Robert, the traitorous murderer (in the Church at Dumfries, in 1306-7) of John, the Second Red Comyn, next heir to the throne of Scotland after the Baliols.\*

In the times of the English Edwards the Castle had been re-edified; it was further strengthened in the days of the Eighth Harry, and considerable additions had been made to its defences by the Earl of Derby, in this same year of 1644.

Alas, that there were present at that Christmas festival some disloyal Manx-men, through whose treachery the Countess of Derby was to become, in after times, a wretched prisoner, in that very castle where she was affording to them so royal an entertainment.

And where was Edith Bushel (as we must call her) at this time? Young as she was, she too, through the introduction of her presumed father, who had been at Court, both under James the First and Charles the First, obtained an entrée into that splendid entertainment; and, through the education she had received, added to her natural talents and prepossessing appearance, she

\* See Note (10) *supra*.

readily obtained the first notice amongst the company of her fellow-countrywomen, who, though not less beautiful, were less educated.

It is even said that some of the grandees, who had come over with the Earl from England, did not disdain to solicit the partnership of the youthful debutante in the dance. The marked attention of these stirred up in the minds of her more youthful Manx adorers no kindly feelings. There was, in fact, an amount of rivalry in claiming a share in the good graces of Bushel's adopted daughter, which drew upon her very malicious and outspoken remarks from those of her own sex. More especially was this the case when Charles, the young Lord Strange, stepping up to Bushel, requested the favor of an introduction to his charming protégé, who had taken them all by surprise.

Bushel at that instant felt himself well repaid for all the anxious care which he had bestowed upon the child whom he had been the means of rescuing from imminent death. Nor was he backward in proclaiming her merits as a most affectionate and devoted daughter, and the various accomplishments to which she had attained by her own natural talents, and he took the opportunity thus afforded him of having her brought under the notice of Charles' noble mother.

Robert Calcot and James Christian felt not altogether at their ease, when they observed the marked attention of those in higher ranks towards one whom they had regarded indeed with feelings of intense devotion, but who seemed now removed far above their humble aspirations.

They had, indeed, paid to her such adoration as they

felt she justly claimed from them, and they were willing to allow that she was something above what they had a right to presume to claim to themselves. But when the fact was brought so prominently to their notice, that others far above them sought her out, and manifested to her a preference above all their countrywomen, their hearts sank within them, and each forgot at the time his jealousy of the other in the overwhelming fear of some greater rival.

The Countess of Derby was evidently pleased with the report of Edith given to her by her son, as well as by what she herself had noticed of her well-bred manners, her pleasing address, and personal appearance, and she was shortly after observed to be in condescending converse with the interesting stranger.

This still further increased the surprise and envy of those of her sex, who were studying to obtain some passing notice from their noble hostess.

And what were Edith's feelings? It must be confessed that she was hardly herself for the rest of that evening. Her Manx suitors were forgotten, her heart swelled with pride, and she even began to look forward to the possibility of being raised to a higher position than that of the daughter of Lord Bacon's man.

The young Lord Strange had evidently whispered something into her ear which called up a blush upon her cheek, and set her heart wildly beating. It was a mere nothing on his part, a piece of ordinary Court gallantry; but as she had never been at Court, and was accustomed to take in earnest the language of her Manx admirers, who really uttered only what they felt, and what she was fully conscious they felt, the

fulsome compliments of the eldest son of the Earl of Derby were received in the same manner, and a much higher value set upon them than the speaker ever intended them to bear.


Nor did her heart flutter any the less when she heard from Bushel that he had the Countess' commands to bring her to the Castle on the following day. Though she was greatly captivated with the noble hostess herself, and greatly proud of the honor thus conferred upon her, yet she thought more of the probability that she would there meet also one whom she foolishly ventured to reckon amongst her admirers, and whose converse she flattered herself would be as agreeable as it had been on the night of the Grand Mask.

To every thing there is an appointed time, and so the grand festival at Rushen Castle, in 1644, at length found a termination at a later hour than even the Eail Voirrey\* had been wont to detain its celebrants from their Christmas rest; and Edith, tired out, and abbreviating her usual evening devotions, threw herself on her bed, and dreamt of coronets and Queens of Man.

\* The Eve of Mary, or Christmas Eve.



## CHAPTER X.

 HE Earl of Derby was not disappointed of the result of his grand entertainment.

It had the same effect on the upper classes of his Manx subjects, as his appearance at the Tynwald Hill had impressed upon the lower.

He had taken care, during the entertainment, to mingle freely amongst the company, his easy manners and kindly-disposed heart rendering him familiar with them, whilst he took care in no case to compromise his dignity by rendering his converse too cheap. Holding it as one leading principle in his own actions, that "to give honor to your sovereign is your own honor," he felt happy in receiving to his particular confidence those in whom he observed respect for his high position, and a real attachment to his person. And he was one who was accustomed to read character in a person's look, and to determine from that whether the homage rendered to him was fulsome and feigned, or whether it sprung from the genuine feelings of the heart.

He himself says, "I observed much the countenance of those who bid me welcome, and the eyes are often glass windows through which you may see the heart; and though I will not presently censure by the look, yet will I neither neglect some judgment thereof; so it

is, that your eyes must be ever open to see other's eyes, their countenances, and actions ; your ears must listen to all that is said, even what is whispered. For to this end God has given two eyes and two ears. So also you have but one tongue, to the end you speak not much, for speaking much you are sure to say something vain. I never knew a prattler without repentance."

And thus it was that in the easy intercourse which he had with his Officers and the Chief Men of the Island on the night of the Mask, he obtained an insight into the characters of those around him, and treasured up their looks and observations in his mind, to be used in his future dealings with them.

It was very evident that, notwithstanding his general feeling of distrust towards those who bore the name of Christian, he did not place them all on the same footing.

The distrust seems mainly to have been created by Captain Edward Christian, the late Governor, who "being excellent company, as rude as a Sea Captain should be, but refined as one that had civilized himself at Court," ingratiated himself into the Earl's good opinion on his first coming to the Island, offering his services gratis, and professing an utter disregard for money, and from time to time gilding his actions with such fair pretences, that the Earl believed and trusted him too much. He thought he had secured an excellent jewel, and esteemed him at too high a rate. But, as he says, "he had been whipped for that. It fell out according to the old proverb, that when a prince hath given all, and the favorite can desire no more, they both grow weary of one another."

But Captain Edward Christian became, as we have seen, somewhat more than weary of the Earl; he turned in deadly hostility against him, and plotted his ruin, leaguings himself with the Covenanters and Round-heads, who came over from England and Scotland, spreading sedition through the Island.

It was very natural in the Earl to presume that such a man would have much influence with his relatives, and thus a certain measure of suspicion was cast on all bearing the same name. Yet the Earl plainly made out that there was a great difference between the characters of Captain Edward Christian, with William Christian of Knock Rushen and his family, on the one hand, and of Deemster Ewan Christian of Milntown and his family, on the other. Though the Deemster had at first shewn an inclination to thwart him in the "tenure of the straw," yet his subsequent concessions through his son Illiam Dhone, of Ronaldsway, made it a matter of State policy that he should distinguish with his special favor *that* branch of the Christian family, and endeavour to attach them to his Government.

Hence it was observed that the Earl on the night of the Mask, was particularly gracious towards Ewan Christian the Deemster, and his son Edward who had been Deputy-Deemster in 1633, and also to his eldest son John Christian, the then Deputy-Deemster, with his brother Illiam Dhone, all being sons of the Deemster Ewan Christian.

The Countess herself seemed to fall in with the wishes of her husband in this respect, and took several opportunities of honoring William Christian (Illiam Dhone) with her notice.

Hence whilst some observed that "a friend at Court is better than a penny in the purse," others could not help remembering that the Christians of Ronaldsway seemed to have both the penny and the friend, they were to retain the Ronaldsway Estate in such a way as to make their Court friends greater friends than ever.

Similar observations were made respecting John Cannell, who was made Deemster in the following year, and who, by his deference to the Earl, was evidently paving the way to preferment.

Nor did Robert Calcot, senior, of the Nunnery, escape the notice of the envious, for though his antecedents were by no means favorable on the score of morality, yet the estates he owned, like charity, covered a multitude of sins, and it was seen that his concessions in the "tenure of the straw" would pave his way to patronage, and his connection which it was noised abroad would ere long take place with the family of John Cannell, gave a color to the surmises that whatever preferment might be bestowed on the latter, would lead to the elevation of the former to some seat in the Council.

An impression was evidently made upon the minds of those present at the Mask, that the way to honor was by a deferential regard to the interest of the Lord of the Isle, and that it was vain to attempt to thwart his views, or resist his authority, for he had such power to maintain his actions that there was no appeal, and this was the impression which the Earl was desirous of making.

But though such a mode of proceeding might not be unacceptable to the higher classes, to whom preferment and patronage were open, yet the lower classes, the

middle farmers and small occupiers, could not but regard the subversion of what they deemed their ancient rights in a very different light. There was nothing open to them by which recompense might be made for the inconvenience to which they would be put by the proposed change in the tenure of their property. And herein was the great mistake of the Earl of Derby. He did nothing to conciliate the great body of the Commons whilst making the change in their ancient tenures.

There was a rankling sore kept continually open, a standing grievance amongst the people, which along with the free quarterage of the soldiers upon them, kept them in a state of perpetual discontent; and there were no compensating advantages offered to them in exchange for the surrender of their presumed rights and liberties.

Hence, upon the Earl's death, the bad spirit broke out into open violence, and led to the betrayal and surrender of the Countess into the power of her Parliamentary enemies, and her temporary detention as a prisoner in their hands.

The feeling subsided for a time under the government of Lord Fairfax, but broke out again at the Restoration, and kept the Island in a state of unquiet for more than forty years subsequently, until, as before observed,\* through the exertions of good Bishop Wilson, the Manx obtained their Magna Charta—the Act of Settlement.

It would, perhaps, be beyond the truth, to affirm that the Great Stanley, in his noble devotion to Royalty, held the doctrine of "the Divine right of Kings to govern wrong," but he was no favorer of the modern theory that

\* See Note (23) *supra*.

"*Vox populi est Vox Dei.*" Had he made, however, some further attempt in his government to steer between these extremes, the result might have been greater security to his family and peace in the Isle of Man.

The day after the Mask was one of much quiet discussion, both amongst those who had been guests, and those who had caught but outside rumours of all the grand proceedings within the Castle. Politics entered sparingly into the conversation; the knots of people gathered together on the Parade in front of the old Castle (the great resort of all loungers) were occupied with praises on the magnificence of the entertainment, the affability of the Earl and Countess, and the handsome appearance of their family.

The ladies' trains, coronets, and jewellery; the splendid accoutrements of the military attendants on the Earl, the grand banners which were hung upon the walls, all came in for a full share of commendation. Then each had to repeat a piece of wit or *bon mot*, which he had overheard, some practical joke, or ludicrous *contrétemps* he had witnessed. Then, again, the measure of attention bestowed by their noble entertainers on the different families of the Isle; their evident partiality toward some, their comparative coldness towards others, were topics freely canvassed, and auguries were drawn thence as to the future prospects of individuals.

Hence they naturally passed into a talk on family alliances, existing or prospective, and comments were freely made on the character of the Manx ladies, and the various degrees of attention paid to them by the

junior members of the chief families. The intimacy subsisting between the young Hugh Cannell and Margaret Calcot had already been matter of frequent observation.

The younger daughters of Governor Greenhalgh were the subjects of general remark, but it was known that they were either married or engaged to scions of the first Lancashire families,\* and their union was looked upon as the necessary consequence of the partiality manifested by the Derby family towards the heads of their respective houses.

Some ventured also to predict that this latter circumstance might weigh with Bushel, and give a preference in his mind to the pretensions of young Robert Calcot to the hand of Edith over every other of her Manx admirers. And yet they remarked that on the previous evening Edith had shewn little regard for Robert, but seemed quite engaged in listening to the compliments lavished upon her by the English visitors at the Castle, and more particularly fascinated by the marked notice of Charles Lord Strange.

Amongst the gentlemen she was confessedly pronounced to have been the *belle*, a judgment supported evidently by the fair sex, inasmuch as each one in her own mind gave to Edith the palm of beauty next to herself.

The readiness on her part to listen to the gallantries of so many, was set down as the greatest blot in her character, and gave rise to malicious comments on her apparent levity ; and yet she had never expressed herself decidedly in favor of either Robert Calcot or James

\* See Note (25).

Christian ; they were mere boys. She had by circumstances been thrown more into their society than that of any other young Manx-men, and she had allowed their attentions to such a degree, as to give hope to them both that they might in time win her, but they could neither of them complain of her choosing to accept the addresses of any other ; she was still perfectly free from any promise or engagement.

It must not be concluded that all pronounced the same eulogiums on the grand Christmas entertainment ; many were, no doubt, beginning even then to anticipate the pleasure of another participation in such festivities in the following year ; but there were some amongst them, the Knock Rushen Christians in particular, who judged that they had been slighted ; there were others, enemies at heart of the Earl, who were much downcast by the increased popularity which they saw would result to him from this display of hospitality.

The more puritanically-disposed expressed themselves as shocked at the pomp and pride of the Earl and his family, the vain earthly show by which they were surrounded, the levity of the conversation, the prodigality and wealth of the feast, which might have supplied the wants of so many families of the poor peasants scattered over the mountains and heaths of the Isle of Man. Well might the Earl, they said, seek to rob the people of the rights of their ancient treasures, in order to get heavier rents to support so much extravagance. But a day was coming, when the groans of the oppressed would go up to heaven, and bring down judgment on the pride of Derby and all the malignants associated with him in his ungodly revels. And what



would the priests of Baal do when their idol was cast down, and righteousness exalted in the land? those worldly-minded pastors, who had neglected their flocks scattered in the wilderness, to come and join themselves in rioting and drunkenness with the servants of Mammon, the profane followers of that Popish Countess, who kept Jesuits in her house, and had dared to defy the armies of the Lord, under that godly man, Rigby, and had slain the supporters of the Solemn League and Covenant?

By such discourses as these the disaffected managed to keep their zeal warm, and to encourage each other in resistance to the schemes of the Earl of Derby. There were even some who declared that there could be no peace to the land until he was taken out of the way, and dark hints were given of men prepared to rid the country of him. These hints were overheard by one of the Earl's spies, who had feigned himself to be of the same opinion, and were treasured up for use to that future time when the life of the Stanlagh was basely attempted.

And how was Edith engaged on that day? She rose somewhat languid, and scarcely refreshed after the exertions of the previous eve. Yet hers was not a frame to be overcome, or a countenance to be ruined, by one night's dissipation; and the fresh air from the sea, when she threw open her lattice (for she feared not the breeze in the mild winter climate of that favored Isle, where the myrtle and the fuschia flourish through the year unprotected), speedily brought the roses to her cheeks; and when she turned to her mirror, she gazed upon her own sweet image with a vanity

heightened by the remembrance of the compliments paid to her during the Mask, and more especially by the flattery of the Earl of Derby's eldest son.

Whether it was the pleasing remembrance of his flattering words, or the delightful contemplation of her own person, which detained her at her toilet longer than usual, it were hard to determine ; but Bushel called to her many times in vain before she made her appearance in the breakfast room.

She was expecting a reprimand, but he greeted her with smiles and a father's happy embrace ; and then placed her at the table opposite to himself, as if he, too, that morning beheld some additional charms in his adopted daughter.

His mind was evidently taken up with the Countess of Derby, and he turned the conversation at once upon her. How noble she looked, how majestic in her bearing, and yet how pleasantly she had looked upon his child ! how condescending in the notice she had taken of her, the interest she expressed in her welfare, and the intimation she had given of her desire to know more of her ! Could she really mean to take her under her protection, and give her some appointment about her person ?

This last suggestion brought a flush to Edith's cheeks, for she thought of the young Lord Strange, and to be under the same roof with him. Oh, would not this be happiness ?

The time appointed by the Countess for the reception of Bushel and his adopted daughter at the Castle was well kept, or rather Edith's impatience caused it to be anticipated, for on casting her eye towards the turret at

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the southern side of the old Chapel of the Castle, a sufficient space appeared between the point of the hour hand of the clock and the prick of the hour itself on the face of the dial, to indicate that sixteen or twenty minutes must elapse ere they could present themselves in the Countess' reception room. That antique gift of Queen Elizabeth to the Castle, when she was holding the Island in her own hands, whilst the rival claims between the daughters and the brother of Ferdinand, Third Earl of Derby, were being adjusted, was deficient in the clearer intimation of time, which a minute hand would have afforded.

Edith was prepared to dispute in favor of the shorter interval, and manifested peevish tokens of displeasure when Bushel stopped for a brief converse with Robert Calcot the elder, and she scarcely condescended a reply to the courteous inquiries which the son made after the health of the *belle* of the last evening, or paid any attention to the intimation that her friend Margaret was laid up with a sick head-ache.

The Earl and Countess were resident at this time not in the inner portion of the Castle, the grand and strongly fortified Keep, but in a more commodious mansion, erected during the year 1644, in the area between the Keep and the outer battlements, on the north side, and partly on the northern battlements themselves.

The entrance was from the river by a road leading up between strong walls to an archway placed underneath bastions on the outer edge of the moat. Here a drawbridge, when let down, allowed an entrance into a winding passage, formed between a curtain on the

inner edge of the moat and the battlemented walls, on a portion of which rested the new mansion of the Earl.



ENTRANCE TO RUSHEN CASTLE, FROM THE EAST.

The walls on either side of this passage being between thirty and forty feet high and of great thickness, a small body of the besieged might at any time not only annoy, but almost annihilate, an attacking party, ere they could reach the great gates and the portcullis placed at the end of it. Presuming even that these were forced, and an entrance through the tower effected, the assailants would only then be in the area surrounding the stronger Keep, the walls of which were from eleven to twelve feet in thickness, and built with great blocks of hard crystalline limestone.

The entrance to this Keep was again defended by a lofty portcullis and the inner gates ; could these also be forced, the besiegers would then find themselves in an inner area, surrounded on all sides by lofty towers and battlements, and exposed to the attacks of the besieged above.

Many of the rooms of the Keep being stone-vaulted, even in the present day such a Castle might stand out for some time against shot and shell ; in the days when gunpowder was unknown they would have been impregnable.

Derby must often have contemplated with pride this stronghold of the grand Vikings, who had spread terror through the British Isles, and which his own hand had rendered stronger than ever.

Cooped up in his diminutive kingdom, he well might bid defiance from this Island Castle to all the power of the Parliament, and hence he hurled forth upon them noble words of scorn, when they tempted him to forsake the cause of his royal master, having traitorously seized and imprisoned his own children, when they were travelling on the faith of a pass from Lord Fairfax. The Great Stanley had not forgotten that he was descended from that noble-minded Sir Thomas Stanley, who being on the side of the Earl of Richmond at the Battle of Bosworth Field, when King Richard sent word to him, that if he did not join him he would strike off the head of his son, whom he then had in his power, replied that, if he did so, he had *more* sons ; and thus, in like manner, James, the Seventh Earl of Derby, when the Parliament, having three of his children in their hands, sent commands to him to deliver up the Isle of Man to them, replied, "That he was greatly afflicted for the miseries of his children, but if they could not be set at liberty, they must submit to the mercy of God Almighty, but should never be redeemed by his disloyalty."

## CHAPTER XI.

As Edith was about to enter the precincts of the Castle she encountered Madge Dhoo, apparently prepared to stop her further progress. It was not often that she and Madge had met, for Madge was seemingly well content with the happy position of one in whom she had felt such an early interest; hence she always had avoided a public intimation of their connection, and had satisfied herself generally with learning through the casual talk of others that the reputed daughter of Bushel was likely to form a connection with the first families of the Island.

Yet occasionally she had watched Edith from a distance and had noted her predilections, and when meeting her and Bushel alone, had insinuated, rather than expressed, her approval or disapproval of their conduct, as one who fancied she had some claim to interfere; and thus it was that, by secret agency, having become acquainted with what had occurred on the previous evening, and the interest which the Countess had expressed in the youthful *debutante*, she had hung about the Castle, and threw herself in the way of Bushel and Edith as they were about to enter.

Her manner was evidently menacing and her words

enigmatical, for even in the presence of Bushel she could not cast off her usual mode of speech : "Thou would'st fain be numbered (said she) with the flock, but thy bleat is the bleat of the goat. Thou thinkest it a great thing to gain the favor of the wife of the Chiarn Mooar, but the day will come, and its counsel with it, and then there will be a little bone in thy breast. Sure the little hemlock is sister to the big hemlock ; take the warning from Madge. The eagle and dove cannot pair"; and she laid her hand on Edith's arm, as if to detain her from entering the Castle.

But Edith was in no mood to listen to Madge's warnings ; with the buoyancy of youth she looked only on the bright side of things, and now especially, when all above was sunshine, and all beneath were flowers, she begrudged every minute which kept her back from realizing her anticipated happiness ; she cast, therefore, an appealing look towards Bushel, and clung closer to him, as if to assure herself of his protection.

"Madge," said he, "we must away now, if you have aught particular to say, I walk to the Stack of Scarlet at my usual hour, and you may meet me there ; but i' faith I think you are over hard with my darling, and would scare her bright looks away with your glamour. She looks now as if she had seen the Black Lady\* in the gateway, and her heart is beating fast. Edith, we must away, or we shall lose our appointment."

Madge was about to reply sharply, but just then she saw that it would be dangerous to persist in her present object, as the guard was being relieved at the Castle

\* See Note (26.)

gates, so muttering to herself, and casting back dark looks upon Bushel and his dear child on their disappearance under the archway leading into the winding passage, she hurried away.

The Countess was not in the usual reception room, but in her private apartment, situated at the south-east end of the building, the windows of which commanded a fine view both of Castletown Bay and Ronaldsway Harbour, with the Peninsula of Langness and the rocky Islet of St. Michael's, on which the Earl of Derby was at that time occupied in erecting his famous fort.

Her three daughters, Mary, Katherine, and Amelia Sophia, were seated beside her, but at a signal withdrew to their own apartments. The Countess held out her hand to Edith, who, instructed by her guardian, knelt and kissed it. The heroine of Lathom House, smiling at this act of homage so consonant to her feelings, raised her up and placed her on a fauteuil beside her; and then addressing herself to Bushel, expressed, as she had done the night before, the interest which Edith had created, and desired in a few words to learn from him whether he was disposed to allow his daughter to reside in the Castle, and be placed about her person.

"Your Grace does me too much honor in *requesting* my consent, when you might *command* my services to greater sacrifices than entrusting my child to the exercise of such noble favour. She has not experienced the advantage of the watchful eye and tender training of a mother, for she lost hers at a time she can scarce remember, and thus a double charge has devolved on myself, and a double amount of love, too. I fear



that I have, in consequence, over indulged her, and that she has grown somewhat self-willed. But she would be wanting to herself, as well as to me, did she hesitate to accept at once your Grace's condescending proposition. It is but fitting that I should state what is indeed the great reason I have for desiring to commit her to such high distinction at the present time. I have received intelligence of important matters requiring my immediate presence in Wales, and I could not well, in these troubled times, take her with me, and I may be detained some time. It has been a subject of much distress that I knew not in whose charge I might leave my daughter in this your Land of Man. There is but one amongst her friends, Margaret Calcot, and she too is motherless, with whom she has any close acquaintance. She is too young to watch over or restrain my child, and your Grace may have noticed that just now there is needed a parental eye upon her."

"I see it," said the Countess, "and can understand your anxieties. Your daughter shall be well cared for. There are not many who would venture to intrude themselves on the privacy of these walls."

"There are indeed few," replied Bushel, "even of the roundhead rebels, who would venture openly to meet the frown of the Lady of Lathom House, and so near to the dark dungeons of her Castle of Rushen ; but when treachery stalks abroad, the wisest and the strongest must needs be upon their guard. I speak not, your Grace, of my daughter, however precious she may be to me ; but there are many in this land, with fair looks and black hearts, who are well trained in the guile of the Solemn League and Covenant, and care

not by what means they gain their end to the injury of the House of Derby."

"I know it," interrupted the Countess; "I have special reasons for the presence of your daughter near me. Two of my daughters and my eldest son are about to leave for a time, God grant it may not be long; and I require some one to be a companion to my eldest daughter, and to watch over my youngest children. With so many false traitors here, and the families in the country so bound together, it is not safe to have *their* daughters too near our person. We are assured of Bushel's fidelity, and know his daughter cannot disgrace her sire."

As she spoke the Countess turned to Edith with an earnest look, as if seeking from her countenance a response to the confidence which she had expressed respecting her. Edith blushed deeply under the scrutinizing eye of the Countess, and timidly ventured to say that she was conscious how little she had said or done to merit the confidence which her Grace reposed in her, but she hoped never to forfeit the good opinion so kindly expressed.

And thus it came to pass, that the adopted daughter of Bushel occupied a place of confidence in the household of Charlotte de la Tremouille.

The Stack of Scarlet is a basaltic pile forming the western horn of Castletown Bay. It rises dark and frowning, out of the briny waters, isolated at high water, but at low water capable of being reached, with some difficulty, over a rugged causeway of ancient lava and pumice stone, which joins it on to the contorted beds of mountain limestone forming the under-

stratum of that district, and which were burnt and crystalized, as well as twisted about, at the time of that volcanic eruption which formed the Stack.



THE STACK OF SCARLET, NEAR CASTLETOWN.

The whole shore, for a distance of a mile to the westward, is covered with the *debris* of the eruption, and with volcanic ash. There are deep gullies running up inland from the sea, partly formed by the cracking of the beds at the time of the ancient volcanic upheaval, and partly by the action of the sea when it was at a higher level relatively with the land.

It is a perfect picture of desolation and destruction. When violent south-western storms sweep over the sea, the waves, dashing against the Stack, rise up in a vast column, and break over the summit of it in awful grandeur.

But at the time when Bushel took his evening walk, all was calm, and the dark mass of the Stack was casting a still darker shadow on the moonlit waters, the crags stood out more prominently, and the chasms looked deeper and grander than ever.

It was a scene suited to witchcraft and the presumed accompaniments of the dark side of nature. Such a scene as Madge loved to be found in, and which seemed to stir up in her the more malignant passions with which she was at times moved.

With fear and trembling would every Manx-man have ventured, after nightfall, near that spot. Every goat perched on a rocky pinnacle would have been converted into the shaggy-haired and much-dreaded phynnoderee. Every bleat of an innocent loaghtyn sheep, echoing wildly amongst the chasms, would have set his hair on end. But Bushel was not given to superstition, and such sights and sounds had often met his eyes and ears during his residence on the desolate Calf, and they were welcomed by him as contributing to the happiness of his lonely musings, and his contemplation of nature in her darker mood.

Yet the figure of Madge, as she emerged suddenly from the shadow of the crags, startled him ; for though he had anticipated the meeting, he was at the moment wrapped in a deep musing upon the event of the day, and the prospect of advancement which seemed opening up to his beloved Edith.

"'Tis well," said she, "that thou hast come, tho' I fear 'tis too late to stop the misery thy vanity will bring upon the child. What has a daughter of Ellan Vannin to do with the treacherous favors of the tyrants

of the land? Is she, too, to sell her country for gold; and when its noblest sons are pining in prison, would she help to rivet the chains which bind them to the hard rock?"

"I guess," replied Bushel, "you refer to Edward Christian, the late Governor of this Isle, who lies still in Peel Castle awaiting his trial, which some think is full long deferred; but I know not what my Edith has to do with the Christians, or how she can help to bind their chains."

"Ah! she thinks, no doubt," continued Madge, "that she has Bushel's blood in her veins, and must needs mix it with that of the proud sons of the strangers who eat up our land; yea, may be, with a son of the haughty dame herself, who weaves the web of her subtle wiles up in the grand chambers of her Castle. She knows not, poor child, the vengeance due to the injured house of those from whom she has sprung; but the day will come, and its counsel with it, and then, liberty! liberty! he comes, he comes!"

She paused, and as if wrapped up in the contemplation of some great coming event, gazed forth upon the sea, and beckoned with her hand, as if inviting some imaginary being across the waves.


Bushel looked in the same direction, but seeing nothing, turned again to Madge, and addressed her more severely: "I fear, Madge, that you have joined yourself of late to some of those wild spirits who have come across the water, and would make misery amongst the families of this peaceful Isle. They breed discontent wherever they go, setting up imaginary rights, and speaking evil of dignities. I remember to have

seen you more than once in close converse with that Puritan fellow, Ewan Curphey, and he is never at rest, going backwards and forwards between England and Man, without licence from the Lord of the Isle. I marvel that the Earl has not had him by the heels before now; but, doubtless, he has his eye upon him, and bides his time, till Ewan Curphey can be caught *flagrante delicto*, that is, in some plain act of treason, and then the Earl will have him, body and goods together."

"Who talks of treason?" cried Madge, wildly, "when a man stands up honestly for his country's rights, against the Son of Belial, who sits so proudly in his Castle with his Popish wife, and dreams of plundering the down-trod sons of Ellan Vannin of the fair land they had from their fathers. He would be doing good service to his country who should rid her of the tyrant, and shut up his painted Jezebel in the darkest dungeon within the old walls of Rushen Castle. Vengeance cannot tarry long; he comes! he comes!"

She paused.

"Madge, thou wert a wise woman," replied Bushel, "though a wilful one, when we were alone on the Calf and did'st keep these wild weirds to frighten the foolish bodies who came for charms and favourable winds. These things were harmless, and I cared for none of them, but taught thee a better philosophy than treason. Speak sober sense and I will listen. Let me hear what thou knowest of Edith, and for whom she should seek vengeance on the noble lady who would befriend the motherless child."



“Not now, not now; Madge has other work on hand and would be alone. Thou wilt hear it in good time, when thine ears shall tingle with the glorious deeds of him who gave her birth. Soon will he be here; yes, he comes! he comes! Away, peccagh! away to thy home.”

Bushel saw that she was in one of her sullen moods, and from experience knew it would be to no purpose to use further suasion, for she must have her way. So he turned about homeward; was it fancy that, when he had moved but a few paces, a sound came from the further side of the stack as of a subdued whistle? It might be from a restless curlew flitting about in the moonlight, but it struck him as having more of a human character in it.

He stopped and turned, but the whistle was not repeated, nor could he catch any other sound, save the gentle lap lap of the waves on the pebbly beach lying in a recess formed by the contortion of the limestone beds, where they dipped down for a short space below the sea level towards the volcanic mass thrown off from the Stack.

Trying to shake off a feeling of apprehension, lest there might be a more terrible import in the sayings and doings of Madge on this occasion than he would have ordinarily attributed to her when in her melancholy and maudlin mood, he continued his homeward return. His road lay along the western margin of the Bay.

The scene was such as to cause him to feel, mingled with his apprehensions, a sense of calm delight. It was high tide, the moon just on the wane was casting a flood of silvery light on the calm face of the waters,

and bringing into distinct outline the various objects around. The venerable pile of Rushen Castle on his left hand ; in front of him, at the head of the bay, the battlemented block-house on Hango Hill ; a little more to the right, across the water, the circular fort on St. Michael's Isle ; then the Peninsula of Langness, with its dykes of green stone and trap rock stretching down for two miles to the south, and at its extremity protruding as it were a rocky horn of twisted schist westward towards the Skerranes.

The wonderful natural arches and grotesque pillars in the old red sandstone midway on the western shore of Langness, in consequence of the dark background, were but faintly visible, and had Bushel not known well in daylight their situation, they would hardly have been recognized. As it was, they served to recal the happy hours which he had spent with his dear adopted child as she sauntered about that favorite resort and gathered sea thrift and yellow-horned poppy and campion, and twined them in her dark hair.

He felt deeply the splendour of the night and the soothing power of nature, and his heart opened to the thoughts of gentleness and love. And then there were feelings of sorrow that he must leave Edith for a while, but mingled with thankfulness that she had found so powerful a friend and protectress just at the time when most required.

The Castle clock struck the hour of ten when he knew she would be expecting his return, he hurried forward, and soon folded his darling in a fond embrace.



## CHAPTER XII.


**I**T took Edith a little time to become habituated to the restraints which her attendance on the Countess and family entailed. A dear lover of nature as she was, she often gazed forth with longing from the battlements of the Castle on the distant mountains, the clouds resting on their summits, the gentle rills trickling down from them, the purling Silverburn at her feet, and the spread-out waters of the bay ; and then amidst all the splendour of the Court, she felt herself a prisoner and longing to be free, and to roam about at her pleasure with her faithful dog, now grown very old, and wearily dragging himself along.

But then, on the other hand, there was frequent revelry in the Castle, and many occasions on which she came forth and was admired ; and there was much kindness mingled with the grand hauteur of the Countess, and there were quiet notices of the young Lord Strange which always set her in a flutter.

As she had not known mother or brothers and sisters, there were no family ties broken asunder by her abode in the Castle, except those which she felt binding her to her presumed father ; and there were constantly fresh associations rising up, and a large measure of domestic enjoyment thrown around her.

And thus it happened that the winter passed away more quickly than she had anticipated when Bushel set out on his journey to England. Yet the Countess' family, on account of difference of position, did not make up in every respect for the want of family ties, and she would gladly have had back, at times, the closer acquaintance of Margaret Calcot, whom she only occasionally fell in with, and who appeared to manifest somewhat of a colder feeling than had been her wont, occasioned, perhaps, by the slight which Edith had put on her brother on the day when she first went to the Castle; yet Edith had no real cause for complaint; the noble Countess had endured many hardships in the siege of Lathom House, and she felt well content in the quiet retirement of her Insular domains, and the conviction that she was there permitted to defy the threats of the Parliament, and all the insolent demands of the Roundhead faction, who had brought desolation on Church and State in England. She could well, on this account, put up with a limited amount of attention to personal comforts and an abridged service of attendants. She had the power of attaching to her interests those about her, and thus Edith never dreamt of anything less than an entire devotion to the noble lady under whose patronage she had been placed.

The Earl himself, set free from the anxieties and constant care which the jealousy of the nobles had entailed on him in attempts to serve the cause of his Sovereign, now devoted himself in his leisure to settling the affairs of his own petty kingdom, strengthening its defences from enemies within and without, and cultivating the arts of peace.



He appears, in 1645, as being devoted to literary pursuits, and cultivating the acquaintance of persons like-minded, who had fled from England to the less disturbed Lordship of Man.

Amongst the Sloane MSS. in the British Museum, is a common-place book of history, containing, amongst other matters, extracts from the popular libel, called "Leicester's Commonwealth," from the "History of the Council of Trent" and from "Fuller's Holy War." On the first page is written "Ne turba Operas Meas," J. Derby, 1645, and on the last is "Finis Ja. 13, 1645 (1646 N.S.), at Castle Rushin in the Isle of Man, J. Derby."

In the years 1646-49, he wrote his "Short Account of the Isle of Man," and the famous letter to his son Charles, preserved in Peck's "Desiderata Curiosa."

But it was to perfecting the defences of the Island that the Earl more particularly devoted his attention. He had an eye both to invasion from England, and the disaffection of the natives of Man.

Owing to the character of the coast there are not many points at which it is assailable by large vessels. There were five greater harbours into which vessels of no large amount of draught might run, *viz.*, Ramsey, Douglas, Derby-haven, Castletown, and Peel, and these he took care to have protected by redoubts and fortifications, on which he mounted guns to secure the roadsteads.

We have some records given of these by Chaloner, who wrote a description of the Isle of Man for Lord Fairfax, in 1655. He also describes some fortifications made by the Earl of Derby about the Point of Ayr, an

earthen Fort in the midst of the Island, at Ballachury, in Andreas, intended to over-awe the natives, "whom he had some cause to mistrust." There was also a Blockhouse raised at the head of Castletown Bay, on Mount Strange, or Hango Hill. But his chief attention seems to have been devoted to securing the Harbour of Ronaldsway, or Derby-haven, a mile-and-a-half to the east of Castletown, the finest natural harbour in the Island, and where every invasion after the twelfth century had taken place.



VIEW OF RONALDSWAY, OR DERBY-HAVEN, FROM CASS-NA-HAWIN.

At the northern extremity of the little rocky Islet of St. Michael's, he erected a circular fort, the walls of which, remaining to this day, are eight feet in thickness. We have a somewhat singular record of the erection of this defence, and its nomination as Derby Fort, in the Exchequer Books of the Isle of Man, pre-

served in the Rolls' Office, apparently entered by command of the Countess of Derby. It runs thus :—

“ Be it recorded that James, Earl of Derby, Lord of Man, being in his Lordship's fort in St. Michael's Isle, the 26th of April, 1645, the day twelve months that the House of Lathom having been besieged close near three months, and gallantly defended by the great wisdom and valour of the illustrious Lady, Charlotte, Countess of Derby, by her Ladyship's direction, the stout soldiers of Lathom did make a sallie and beate the enemies round out of all their works, saving one ; and miraculously did bring the enemies' great mortar piece into the house, for which the thanks and glorie is given unto God ; and my Lord doth name this fort Derby Fort.

CHARLOTTE DE LA TREMOILLE.”\*

But, with so brilliant a court of exiles from the troubles of England gathered about them, it was not likely that all the time of the Earl and Countess should be taken up with martial preparations, or even with the quieter labours of literature. They sought to amuse, and thus attach more warmly to their cause, the merry Cavaliers who resorted to their Court, and whose feelings and actions were so opposed to those of the stern Puritans, who regarded every species of pastime as savouring of an ungodly spirit, and exhibiting carnal vanity.

The Christmas festivities and the grand Mask at Rushen Castle have already been noticed, but each season had its appropriate entertainments.

The falcon was so indigenous to the Isle of Man, that the feudal tenure of the Island by the Stanleys

\* The Countess thus spells her name in all public documents.

was, by a cast of these birds, rendered at each coronation of the Kings of England. Hence, we may readily conceive, that hawking parties were a constant source of entertainment.

Then there was the chase of the deer, as well as of lesser game on the mountains, there was plenty of shooting and fishing. There was also practice at the butts, and the witnessing athletic sports, which the Earl greatly encouraged amongst his Manx subjects. And last, not least, was the famous horse-racing on the course, lying between Mount Strange and Langness.

This race-course lay over a long strip of level ground, extending nearly a mile, as an isthmus between Castle-town Bay and Derby-haven, where a short and sweet herbage, crowded with wild flowers, spreads itself over a raised beach of sand and shingle.

The purple wild thyme creeps along the ground, mixing itself with the yellow flowers of trefoil and galium, in the midst of which, in spring-time, the rare vernal squill, with its pale blue flowers, lifts its delicate head.

The nature of the subsoil is such, that the surface immediately dries up after the heaviest shower, and no place could be better suited for racing purposes.

It would be somewhat interesting in the present day, when the "Derby" has attained a world-wide fame, to trace it up to its origin in the little Isle in the midst of the Irish Sea, where a party of English noblemen and gentry, exiled from their fatherland, used to assemble together on the 28th of July, to witness the race run by horses bred in the Isle of Man, or in the Calf Island, for the Silver Cup, instituted as a prize by James, Seventh Earl of Derby.

But it may be deemed singular that such a high legal functionary as the Clerk of the Rolls, a Member of the Supreme Council of the Isle, should have been appointed to the office of the Steward of the Races. Yet such was the case ; and every person intending to compete had to deposit in his hand for every running horse, mare, or gelding, the sum of five shillings towards augmenting the plate for the year following, and one shilling for the Steward for entering their names and engrossing the articles.

It may well be understood also that the native pastimes of the Isle of Man came in for their due share of observance at the seasons specially appointed for them. The Lhaa Boaldyn, or day of Baal's fire, a relic of Druidism, was celebrated on May Day with its greatest pomp, and on its previous eve the mountains blazed with fire, and the children spread primroses and Lent lilies at the doors of the principal houses to prevent the entrance of the Fairies. May Day itself was announced by the blowing of horns, and the Queens of the respective seasons, Summer and Winter, were chosen with champions attached to each, and then the sham fight and the bearing off in triumph the victorious Queen, and the closing in the day with music and dancing.

There was another selection of Queens, the *belles* of the parishes, at the time of the Mheillea, or Harvest-home, whose duty it was to march at the head of the procession of harvesters, with the last sheaf gathered in bound up in ribbons, to some neighbouring hill, there to wave the Kern baby, whilst the youths standing round paid her reverence, and joined in loud hurrahs.

At the time of Sauin, or Allhallow Eve, companies of youths, decked out in gay attire, went their rounds singing the Hop-tu-naa, and gathering in contributions. Next there was the stoning the wren on St. Stephen's Day, and the acting of White boys at Christmas.

Above all there were grand celebrations of the Eail Voirrey, or Eve of Mary, Christmas Eve, when, bearing in their hands huge decorated candles, they went in procession to the Churches to sing their Carvals, or Christmas Carols, till a late hour at night, or rather the small hours of Christmas Day morning.

At the time when the fanaticism of the rigid English Puritans had put a restraint on such observances as these, which were regarded as rags of Popery, the Cavaliers, who found refuge in the peaceful kingdom of Derby, entered with particular zest into pastimes, which recalled to their minds the days when England was merry England, and Lord and Lady joined with their vassals in their hours of relaxation, and exhibited an interest with them in sports which gave a vent to their feelings, kept them from mischief, weaned them from thoughts of care and toil, and saved them from sourly brooding over imaginary wrongs, and plotting the overthrow of Church and State.

And what were they doing in England all this time?

The Battle of Naseby in June, 1645, the taking of Bristol in September, and the defeat of the King at Rowton Heath, when attempting the relief of Chester, placed two-thirds of the kingdom in the power of the Parliament, which proceeded to the sequestration of the Estates of the Royalists coming into their hands, and amongst them of the English estates of the Earl of



Derby. Lathom House did not surrender till the close of the year, but Knowsley had previously come under their power.

The misery brought upon so many families by these proceedings, the tears, cries, and prayers of distressed wives, widows, and fatherless children, at length moved the Parliament to pass an ordinance in February, 1646, by which a Committee was authorized and enabled to suspend the sequestrations of such delinquents as should compound with the Committee, and to make an allowance of a fifth-part of their estates for the maintenance of their wives, widows, and children. On the strength of this ordinance, and under the promise of security of a pass from Lord Fairfax, Charles Lord Strange and the two youngest daughters of the Earl and Countess of Derby went over to England, and presented their petition to the Parliament, and, after a year's solicitation, at length obtained permission to reside at Knowsley and have for their maintenance a fifth-part of the Earl's estates. But at the end of twelve months, through the malice of the violent Republican Bradshaw, they were seized and made prisoners, and ultimately carried off as such to Chester, under the plea that the Earl still held out the Isle of Man against the Parliament.

It is evident, that in the midst of the greatest vicissitudes, the Earl never gave up hope for the Royal cause.

He watched for and was ready to seize upon every opportunity which might present itself for overthrowing the power of the Parliament, delivering his King from captivity, and again placing him on the throne. Hence, upon rumours of any probable rising in behalf of the

King, in his own counties of Lancashire and Cheshire, he was prepared to leave his Insular domains, and place himself at the head of his old retainers in England.


Such an occasion presented itself when the Scottish army, led by Hamilton, entered England July 8th, 1648, and driving Lambert, the Parliamentary General, from the Siege of Carlisle, marched onwards into Lancashire. Unfortunately, Hamilton's army was too dilatory in its movements, and did not reach Preston for forty days, thus giving time to Cromwell, who had reduced Pembroke, to join Lambert, and attack and defeat the Scotch and English Royalists, driving them back again. The Earl of Derby was thus disappointed of this hope, just when it appeared the brightest.

At a later period of the year, when it became manifest that there was an intention on the part of the army to seize the King's person, Derby, anticipating that a violent struggle would ensue, prepared himself for eventualities.

It was in this crisis that the following letter, preserved amongst archives of the Rolls Office in Rushen Castle, was written by him, which, while it does the highest credit to his nobleness of mind, indicates the good feeling then subsisting betwixt himself and his Manx subjects :

“October 28th 1648.

Sir,—I am not very sure whether I can be at the next Head Court at Castletown, but, however, I think good to advertise you of my desire, which is by your mouth to thank my Officers and the Twenty-four Keys for that free gift in money which they readily bestowed on me in my late intended journey for England ; that



failing, I have (as all know) returned back the money, which, though I was willing to part with all, yet shall I never part with the remembrance of that love from which it came, and I heartily rejoice that thereby I find myself so well seated in the affections of this people, whose good and profit, I take God to witness, I shall ever study to advance.

I am, therefore, upon these considerations, encouraged to let them know my present occasion in these necessitous times ; for the supply of which I would by no means keep that which was given me, but would rather chuse to try the same affections once again, in the way of a loan, the sum of five hundred pounds, which I do hereby faithfully promise to repay so soon as it shall please God to restore me to my estate in England. And I trust that by my return of the same affection back again unto them whenever I shall have occasion to express it, they shall find they have laid up their money in a good hand to receive it again with many other advantages. This I do desire you, together with my love, to recommend unto them, and so I rest,

Your very loving friend,

J. DERBY.

From Bishop's Court,

For the Governor at Castletown, there."

The manner in which the army gained their object, and brought their King to the scaffold, is a well-known matter of English History.

But though the King was taken off, Derby held out still for Monarchy, in the person of his Son, a fugitive at the Court of France. Hence the Parliamentary leaders were rendered but more anxious to bring the

Earl to terms, and to gain possession of the Isle of Man.

What claim the Parliament of England could have to the Isle of Man, in point of law, though they undoubtedly pretended to it, and subsequently presumed to dispose of it to Lord Fairfax, it is hard to say. It was determined in the 11th year of Henry the VIII., and judgment pronounced by the King's Council, through Blundell, Chief Justice, that "the Isle of Man is no part of the realm of England. It has laws and a legislature of its own, and is not subject to the Parliament of England."

James, Earl of Derby, had never sworn fealty to the Parliament, or rendered to it feudal service. His tenure, as Lord and King of Man, was from the Kings of England, and Parliament could neither set him free from allegiance to Charles, or claim his allegiance to themselves. It was not so written in the bond. The Earl would not turn traitor or rebel, he had regard to the sanctity of an oath; and because he was faithful and loyal, therefore the Parliament was the more mad against him.

But open force, during his lifetime, they never seem to have used, to get possession of the Island; they preferred the safer plan of treachery and intimidation. They stirred up enemies from within, and aided and abetted them in their nefarious designs; and breaking their own engagements, they seized and detained the Earl's children in a rigorous captivity. Whether they really instigated attempts on the Earl's life there is not sufficient evidence to determine, though there may be ground for suspicion.

That there were secret agents of the Parliament at



work in the Isle of Man there can be little doubt, and one branch of the Christian family seems to have been in league with them. Captain Edward Christian, the late Governor, was secure in Peel Castle, but his brother William, of Knock Rushen, had been set at liberty, and *his* family involved themselves in the charge of disaffection to the Earl of Derby.

The Christians of Ronaldsway kept themselves quite clear, and were held in much favor, and loaded with marks of esteem and confidence by the Lord and Lady of the Isle.

John Christian, of Knock Rushen, son of William, and nephew of Captain Edward Christian, in consequence of private information which the Earl had received of his proceedings, was apprehended and brought to trial in 1648.

In the course of the trial it came out, that a son of William Christian, of Knock Rushen, had visited England under the plea of searching for his brother, who was clerk to a Parliament Officer. Whilst there, he fell in with a young man of the name of Charles Vaughan, to whom he stated that the Earl of Derby "had robbed his father of one hundred pounds a-year, and kept his uncle in prison for four or five years, and that he had treated the inhabitants of the Isle so badly, that if the Earl ever went to England, he was sure they would never suffer him to land in the Isle again."

To this Charles Vaughan deposed, and John Christian was sent to Peel Castle, as the head of the family, to be there detained till he should find bonds to be of good behaviour, and not depart the Isle without license.


Such measures of the Earl, however they might

overawe the disaffected, were not likely to gain him adherents in that branch of the Christian family; and the forcing of leases generally, in place of the "tenure of the straw," kept alive the spirit of discontent, ready to break out into violence whenever the restraining arm of the Earl should be removed.

Well was it for the Earl of Derby that he had such a faithful and energetic Lieutenant-Governor under him as John Greenhalgh.

In the same year that John Christian, of Knock Rushen, was committed to Peel Castle, William Christian, of Ronaldsway, (Illiam Dhone,) as before stated, was advanced to the responsible post of Receiver-General of the Island, and a Member of the Supreme Council.

### CHAPTER XIII.

 THE elevation of Iliam Dhone to the office of Receiver-General, was extremely galling to Robert Calcot. It seemed to point to a determination on the part of the Earl of Derby to confirm the possession of Ronaldsway to the Christian family, and to shut out the Calcots from all prospect of getting that coveted estate into their hands.

The post which this William Christian occupied was also one of great emolument and influence, since large sums of money passed through his hands, and in the interval between the receipt of them and the audit of his accounts, they lay with him at a profit, both on the matter of interest and in the opportunities of advantage which an abundant supply of ready cash always presents to a daring speculator.


And such a character Iliam Dhone appears to have been, otherwise he could hardly have involved himself to the extent to which he confessed at his execution. The temporary possession of such sums of money as passed through his hands as Receiver, was a temptation which, if he was tormented with the spirit of covetousness attributed by the Earl of Derby to the Ex-Governor Edward Christian, he could hardly resist; and he consequently was guilty of some acts which very much

bordered on embezzlement, brought him into difficulty and disgrace, and forced him into exile from his native Isle for many years.

Whether he actually transgressed in the lifetime of the Earl of Derby does not appear; if so, he never was called to account by the Earl, and his defalcations were not discovered; indeed, he enjoyed the highest confidence of the Derby family up to the time of the surrender of the Isle of Man into the power of the Parliament.

To counteract the increasing favor enjoyed by Iliam Dhone with the Lord of Man and his noble lady, as well as his popularity amongst his countrymen, was now the great object of Robert Calcot, and rendered him more anxious for the early union of his daughter Margaret with Hugh, the son of Deemster Cannell, who had always been in great esteem with the Earl, and had obtained a large share of his confidence.

The wedding it was determined should be celebrated at the close of 1648. The estrangement which had taken place between Margaret and Edith at the time when the latter first entered upon her residence at the Castle, had been sometime before removed by the judicious and kind interposition of the Countess of Derby, who, after the departure of three of her own family, had perceived that an entire seclusion of Edith from those of her own age and standing would prove injurious to her. Margaret had been admitted as a frequent visitant within the Castle walls, and, as of old, Edith had joined her in her walks about the neighbourhood, and in many a sail upon the lovely bay. And thus when the day came in which Hugh Cannell took





Margaret for better for worse, Edith was found amongst the bridesmaids, and was looked upon as the next friend of the bride.

The venerable *Church of Braddan* had not seen so gay a wedding as that between Hugh Cannell and Margaret Calcot, for many a long day.



BRADDAN CHURCH, ISLE OF MAN.

It was well understood that the Countess of Derby herself would condescend to honor the company by her presence on that occasion. And this circumstance, as well as the proximity of the Nunnery to the rising Town of Douglas, drew together an unusual crowd.

Yet the august presence of the great lady of the Isle did not interfere with the customary observances of the Island on these interesting occasions; it would, in fact, have been considered as an ill omen for the future

happiness of the youthful pair had any of them been omitted.

The bridegroom and his friends came early from Castletown, the customary practice having been observed of throwing an old shoe after him on his setting out, and a like custom was observed in reference to the bride on her going forth from the home of her fathers toward the Parish Church.

A band of musicians accompanied the bridal procession, playing the old tune of the "Black and the Grey," and the males went first, the females following after, the bridegroom's men carrying ozier wands in token of their superiority.

Before entering the Church the procession went three times round it. The ceremony of marriage being ended, the bride and bridegroom were saluted on their emergence from the Church by the blowing of horns, and the firing off of guns loaded with feathers, to indicate the vanity of earthly joys. A tarred rope also was stretched across the Churchyard gate, to bar their egress until a fine was paid, to be spent in drink.

For the same purpose of obtaining a largess from the bridegroom, many an attempt was made to steal a shoe of the bride, as she sat upon her palfrey, on the way to her future home, and at length the stratagems were successful, and on account of the high position of the bridegroom, a heavy ransom for the abstracted article was demanded and paid.

Instead of returning to the house of the bride, the procession, after the marriage was made, went to the house of the bridegroom, the bride and bridegroom themselves taking the lead.

Some more adventurous spirits had started off immediately on the completion of the marriage ceremony to the bridegroom's house, the first of them winning the honour of bearing back to the advancing bridal party a flask of brandy, to be distributed first to the bridegroom, next to the bride, and then as far as it would go to the others, to drink the health of the newly-married. A grand entertainment and feasting ensued, and the day was closed in by music, dancing, and drinking.

On the arrival of the bridal party at the home of the bridegroom, the bride-cake was broken over the bride's head, and then apportioned amongst her surrounding friends.

Robert Calcot the younger, though he had not forgotten the rebuff of Edith, was still unchanged in his feelings towards her, and caught the opportunity of the bridal festivities to renew their earlier familiarity. Edith had now come forth into all the beauty of womanhood : though not far exceeding the middle height of her sex, her constant attendance on the Countess, and a close observance of her manners, had given her a commanding carriage, and had stamped upon her a dignity of deportment which in no degree interfered with her affability and a winning gentleness towards those with whom she preferred to associate.

Whilst she repelled every approach to vulgar familiarity, she had a winning gentleness of speech and manner which rendered her quite at home with those whom she chose to admit to her special confidence. The day-dreams which the flattering compliments of the youthful Lord Strange had once conjured up, passed


away on his removal from the Island with the other junior members of the family. Hence Robert Calcot found her more approachable than he had dared to hope, and succeeded, by his marked attention to her at the time of his sister's wedding, in securing a footing in her good opinion, and permission to be regarded as one of her circle of closer acquaintances.

He followed up his opportunities of converse with her at the house of his sister from time to time to such advantage, that no party of pleasure in which she had a share seemed to be complete without his presence; and it soon came to be observed that his addresses were received with a marked partiality, and that he might make a full declaration of his love with the certainty of being listened to.

Perhaps others observed her growing attachment to him sooner than he himself did, or than she was fully conscious of. Certain it is, that whenever he was absent from Castletown, she betrayed a restlessness of manner and an absence of mind which drew gentle rebukes for negligence from the Countess. And when he was staying with his sister, she would often be caught watching from her window or pacing about on the battlements, and straining her eyes over the Bay where the white sails were moving to and fro.

She was thus occupied late one evening in August, 1649, when the Countess was absent from Castle Rushen, along with her husband, on a visit of inspection to the fortifications at Peel.

The autumn twilight had given way to the deeper shades of night, as she still lingered in her solitary meditations upon the eastern battlements, to which



access was obtained by a door opening directly upon them from the mansion of the Earl, erected in 1644. She had taken again and again what she intended to be her last turn at the end of her walk, and had at length really determined to seek her chamber, when she was startled by the sudden appearance, in an angular recess of the battlements just opposite to her, of a female figure, enveloped in a dark cloak with the hood drawn over her head. She had often times heard the legend of the Black Lady of Castle Rushen, and her mysterious appearances in apparently impossible places. She knew that the figure could not have come through the door leading from the battlements to the mansion, as she had herself just left it behind her; the door at the other end of the walk was always securely closed, and the Earl or Countess kept the keys. Besides, there were sentries constantly pacing the other portions of the battlements at all hours, as well as those placed at the gate of the Castle and the Inner Keep; they were English soldiers too, some of them the tried ones of Lathom House, and Edith felt sure of their fidelity.

Though the earliest training of Edith had been amidst fairy tales and ghost stories, told her by Madge upon the Calf, for her childish entertainment (and the impressions of this kind in childhood are too apt to abide upon the mind in riper years), yet in her later religious training and matured judgment she had discarded the superstitions of the Isle of Man, and ridiculed the terrors manifested by the natives upon every event approaching the supernatural.


Hence, when the first shock was over of the sudden

appearance of a female in a place to which it seemed that no stranger could gain access, she accosted her firmly, and inquired her business, and how and why she had come thither.

"And does not the paitchey know her best friend?" said Madge (for it was she). "May be she has lived so long amongst the fine ones, and so bound herself to the proud lady, that she has forgotten the lone woman that nursed her on the Calf, and taught her the Vuilcheraght and the Chengey-veen."

"I have forgotten nothing that is good for me to know," replied Edith; "and nothing that is good shuns the light, why, then, do you come hither at this unseasonable hour; and why should you be always speaking against the poor lady who has lost her own home, and her children, and casts herself on the love of the people of this strange land?"

"There is no evil in me to those who deserve good," said Madge, "but I guess you are kept in ignorance of the groans and the tears of the oppressed, which rise up to heaven and cry for vengeance on those who rob them of their rights, and bind on them burdens too heavy to bear. There is no freedom now in this Land of Man; they are all slaves to the Stanlagh, and must do what he thinks best. Look how they are kept down by the free quarterage of his soldiers, who eat up the fat of the land. They cannot cut a turf on the mountains, or brew a peck o'malt, without paying Castle dues. No man can grind his bit o' corn at his own mill, and no man's land is safe for his son. Are these the doings of the good? Should any one dare to cry out against such iniquity, or even hint to his countrymen that they are



hardly dealt with, he is straightway accused of treason, and shut up in the dungeons of Peel or Castle Rushen. Wherefore is Edward Christian under custody at Peel, and why does John Christian groan in the dark vaults below here? They are brave spirits, and they wait the day of vengeance, and it is coming. The Parliament of England have rid themselves of one tyrant, the Lord of the Lord of this Isle; and think ye they will abide the taunts and insults of the only rebel who thinks himself safe within these walls against the power of England, because he can by treachery and cunning over-awe the crushed spirits of the people of this poor land? Let him look to it, and set his house in order in good time, and make his terms with his betters, and trust to their clemency; and then, though he may not any longer rule in Man, he may still live in better state than befits him, and the proud woman who boasts too freely of her deeds at Lathom.

"But I came not to speak to thee of these things; though if thou knewest who thou art, they might well move thee to vengeance against that foreign woman who rules him that rules this Isle, and signs herself Charlotte de la Tremoille, rather than the wife of the Stanlagh."

"Stay," interrupted Edith, "these words befit not you to speak, or me to hear, within these walls, where I have eaten the bread and felt the tender kindness of her whom you malign. She has sorrows enough of her own, and has a kind Christian heart to feel for those who, like herself, suffer unjustly; and such power as she may have with my Lord would she gladly use to relieve them, but she hates base ingratitude and

treachery; and I, too, should hate myself could I be capable of them towards her.

"I did not think, good Madge," continued she, somewhat softening in her indignation, "that I should hear such words from your lips, for you used to say you loved me, and I am sure, that if you love me still, you could not counsel me to do that which is base and wrong. What would my father say could he hear that she, whom he trusted to nurse me when we were alone on the Calf, had tried to put such wicked thoughts into my mind, and tempt me to belie the confidence he expressed in me, when he left me to be near my lady's person to cheer her, when her own children were far removed?"

"He whom thou callest father," said Madge, "has heard my mind already, and I care not what he thinks. When thou hast heard both sides then judge what is fitting for thee to do. The day will come and its counsel with it. But the time is not now. I came to speak of another, whom thou lovest better than that proud woman. What thinkest thou of that peccagh Robert Calcot, who dances attendance wherever thou goest, and would fain win the hand of one who should spurn him from her presence? Talk of traitors! who played the eaves-dropper at the Round Tower of Peel, and betrayed the martyr of the people to the damp dungeons under Kirk Germain?"

Madge had touched Edith on the most tender part, and she winced under the touch. She was then thinking, as she had all that evening and many a day and night before been thinking, of Robert Calcot, and then to hear his name coupled with the epithet of traitor,



was a terrible shock to her feelings, and sent the blood rushing to her face.

But it was so dark that Madge saw it not, yet she heard the quick breathing of the damsel, and knew that her words had told as she intended them to do. So she added, "Beware how thou listenest to that boy, for he is too like his false father. Judgment shall come on the traitor, and the Christians shall have their own again, though they be robbed of it long, else Madge has seen vain visions in the night. But thou wilt never be the wife of Robert."

"Begone!" cried Edith. "I would not harm a poor deluded creature, but there are guards below who are within hearing, and it might fare ill with Madge did they find her at this time o'night so near my Lady's apartments."

"Madge will go as she came," replied the other, "when it suits her, and she will come again at the fitting time; and the paitchey shall not say she was not warned by one who loves her well, and would save her from the broken heart and the sorrows of a poor lone woman. But hist! the Stanlagh is coming, I catch the tramp of his horsemen; and the Countess, may be, will wonder why her maid is not ready at her post."


Edith turned to listen to the sound of the approaching cavalcade, and Madge disappeared as suddenly as she had come.

SCANDINAVIAN RÚNIC MONUMENT,



IN A TREEN CHAPEL, KIRK MAUGHOLD.

## CHAPTER XIV.

HE Countess found Edith in a state of great agitation, and immediately began to question her as to its cause.

She had a strong suspicion that the excitement was in some way connected with Robert Calcot. The growing intimacy between them was very apparent, and, as it was one to which she did not object, she made no selfish attempts to throw obstacles in the way of the young people in order to retain Edith to herself. Hence she approached the delicate subject with caution, and with that tact and tenderness so natural to her.

Greatly was she surprised with Edith's recital of that evening's adventures; for Edith, stung with the remarks of Madge respecting Robert, made no concealment of the circumstances of her meeting suddenly with an old woman upon the ramparts who had uttered threatening words against herself and the family of the Earl of Derby. The name of the old woman she concealed, from some remaining feeling of regard for one who had acted to her as a nurse in her tender years. She simply stated that the figure was muffled up, and that it was too dark to distinguish her features.

The matter seemed of such consequence to the Countess that she determined upon at once communi-

cating it to the Earl. It was plain that there must be some secret way into and out of the Castle with which they were not acquainted, and, if so, then they were exposed to an attack at any moment, and the precautionary guard at the gates and on the ramparts would be of no avail against it.

Some rumours had indeed reached them, from time to time, respecting a secret mode of ingress and egress to the Castle, but they always associated them with the story of the spectre lady and her alleged sudden appearances and disappearances within the walls.

But now that Edith had actually spoken to and been addressed by a strange female, so near to their private apartments, the Countess perceived a reality in the danger which threatened them.

The Earl himself was greatly moved by the report given him of what had occurred on that evening during their absence, and immediately conferred upon it with his trusty Governor, John Greenhalgh, who, on visiting, as was his custom, the different posts in and about the Castle, closely questioned the guards as to who had been seen to pass in or out during the evening, and received from all of them answers in the negative as to any admission of strangers.

Still he could not divest himself of the fear that some of them might have been tampered with, and he communicated to the Earl his fears on that head, as it appeared to him so utterly impossible that a female could gain access almost to the private apartments of the Countess, without the knowledge of some of the sentries at the outer gates or at the entrance to the inner Keep.

That attempts might have been made upon the fidelity of some of the soldiers was by no means improbable, and the Parliament might have been more successful with *them* than they had been, in their many endeavours, to draw off the *Earl* from his allegiance to his Sovereign.

During the lifetime of the unfortunate Charles the First, repeated and splendid offers had been made to the Earl, in order to induce him to desert the Royal cause, and after the judicial murder of the King, similar inducements were held out to him, in the hope that he might be brought over to their side, but all to no purpose; though his Sovereign, Charles the Second, was then an exile, Derby knew, and would know, no authority over him but his.

It is well known that in June, 1649, the Parliament made offers to him, through their Commissary, General Ireton, of the whole of his estate in England, if he would surrender to them the Isle of Man. His reply to them on that occasion was characteristic of the man, and an indication, in the plainest possible way, that they had nothing to expect from treachery in that quarter. To their urgent and flattering proposals, the following indignant and final answer was sent in a letter to Ireton, dated—

“Castletown, Isle of Man, 12th July 1649.

Sir—I received your letter with indignation and scorn, and return you this answer: That I cannot but wonder where you should gather any hopes from me that I should, like you, prove treacherous to my Sovereign, since you cannot but be sensible of my former actings in His late Majesty's service, from

which principle of loyalty I am in no whit departed. I scorn your proffers, disdain your favour, and abhor your treason; and am so far from delivering up this Island to your advantage, that I will keep it, to the utmost of my power, to your destruction. Take this for your final answer, and forbear any further solicitation, for if you trouble me with any more messages on this occasion, I will burn the paper and hang the bearer. This is the immutable resolution, and shall be the undoubted practice of him who accounts it his chiefest glory to be

His Majesty's most Loyal and obedient Servant,  
DERBY."

Though foiled in their attempts upon the Earl himself, Governor Greenhalgh could not but be apprehensive that the Parliament would seek to gain their ends by advances in other quarters, and that endeavours might be made to corrupt his soldiers, by the means of the secret agency which they possessed amongst the disaffected and puritanically disposed parties of the Isle. Hence he was troubled by the narrative of Edith concerning her interview, on the eastern battlements, with a strange woman in the darkness of night.

A close examination was made, on the following day, of the actual spot on which the reported interview had taken place, but without the discovery of any clue to the manner of ingress or egress to that portion of the battlements, except through the door at the end of them, and that was seen to be not only locked, but bolted on the inner side.

Hence the suspicion of treachery on the part of the sentry was abandoned, and the conviction began to

gain ground that Edith had been the subject of some delusion, or that, in her watching and waiting for the Countess, she had fallen asleep, and had merely taken a remarkable and startling dream for the realities of her waking moments.

Again and again, with the view of determining this point, did the Countess question her as to her employments in the evening, and the length of her promenade upon the battlements. Edith related several little circumstances occurring in the Bay and in the Town beneath her, which she had from time to time observed as the evening advanced, until darkness shut up the scene, and on inquiry these were found to have been exactly what she described.

That she should fall asleep whilst walking, and continue afterwards to walk in her sleep, seemed highly improbable, and thus the whole matter resolved itself into a mystery, which only time could solve, but which, in some way, betokened danger. Additional precautions were, in consequence, taken against a surprise; the guards were doubled, and frequently changed, as if the Castle were in a state of siege; and Edith discontinued at that time her evening promenade.

A suggestion was indeed made by the Earl, that Edith should throw herself in the way of a second interview, that she should exhibit a readiness to be tampered with, become a pretended accomplice, and in this way obtain a knowledge of any designs against the family, meeting subtilty with subtilty.

The Earl had before this thus dealt with traitors, and he looked upon it as the most feasible plan of becoming acquainted with the secret means of ingress

to the Castle, in case any such should really exist, and Edith had not in truth been deceived by her own fancies or fears.

The Countess was therefore induced to lay the proposition before her, but Edith, ingenuous and simple by nature, shrank at once from any proceeding which involved deceit. To act the liar's part, even to meet treacherous attempts upon those who were most dear to her, was abhorrent to her convictions of religious truth. She could not do evil that good might come.

And the Countess herself, with the deepest respect for such noble feelings, and a sincere desire of avoiding everything which might have a tendency to injuriously affect the opening of Edith's youthful mind, desisted immediately from further attempts to persuade her to such a course.

The autumn and winter passed away, with a larger attendance at the Court of the Lord and Lady of the Isle, though the receptions were kept up with somewhat diminished splendour. The Earl's English estates, on the one hand, had been sequestrated, and the defences of the Isle of Man absorbed the chief part of the Insular revenues, so that little was left for display of hospitality; on the other hand, the resources of the refugees from England were but scant, and they were compelled to economize in their manner of living. The spirit, however, of loyalty was strong within them, and the hardships of reduced circumstances were endured with content, under the remembrance that the Monarch of England himself was a wanderer in a foreign land.

The strong Church of England feeling also of the Cavaliers bore them up, when they found themselves



in a land where they could still worship after the manner of their fathers, using in their public prayers a form of sound words, and receiving the Sacraments through the hands of an Episcopally-ordained Ministry.

True it was, that there had not been for some years a Bishop to preside over the Manx Church, but the good Samuel Rutter, afterwards consecrated to the See of Sodor and Man, at that time exercised the functions of Archdeacon, and maintained the Church's discipline in his inferior office at the head of the Parochial Clergy.

The few vacancies which occurred in the cure of Parishes seem to have been filled up by the introduction of English Clergy. At any rate, we read in Chaloner that in 1653 Mr. Thompson, an Englishman, who had been Master of the Grammar School at Castletown, was Vicar of Kirk Christ Rushen. Perhaps he held the appointments of Vicar of Rushen and Master of the School conjointly, as the Mastership of the Castletown Grammar School was and is supported out of a portion of the tithe of Kirk Christ Rushen.

The Archdeacon was assisted in his duties by two Vicars-General Richard Sherlock B.D. and Samuel Hinde B.D. appointed by the Earl of Derby as delegates for Ecclesiastical affairs in the Isle of Man; and in the Episcopal Registry is preserved a Petition, presented to them by Richard Stevenson, Thomas Norris, William Tyldesley, Charles Stanley and sixty other subscribers, praying that the Reverend John Crellin, who had been with them eight years, may be presented to the Vicarage at Kirk Arbory.

Happy, indeed, was the Manx Church at that time in its peace and uniformity, whilst rival sects in England

were contending for the mastery, every house divided against itself in the matter "of the faith once delivered to the saints," and every pulpit resounding with denunciations against "Popery and Bloody Prelacy."

Perhaps what was said by Chaloner of the Temporal condition of the Island was most true of its Ecclesiastical state: "the poverty of this Island is its greatest security."

The loaves and fishes of the Manx Church were of such a mean character that the Godly Gospel preachers, as they called themselves or delighted to be called, whilst professing to live of the Gospel in England saw nothing to covet in the temporalities of the poor native Episcopal Clergy in the Isle of Man. So they left them in peace to teach their countrymen to walk in the good old ways and to meddle not with those who were given to change.

The love affairs of Robert Calcot and Edith progressed to the mutual satisfaction of those most deeply interested in them, and the return of Thomas Bushel to the Isle of Man in 1650, gave the former an opportunity of asking his consent to the union which the young people had already agreed upon between themselves. The only obstacle to that union at present, as far as Bushel could see, was the position of Edith with respect to the Countess, whom he felt that it would be ungenerous to deprive of Edith's services at a time when she most stood in need of them.

The affection also of Edith towards the Countess caused her to hesitate in separating herself by marriage from those personal duties which she felt were owing to one who had reposed so much confidence in her,

making her, young as she was, a participator in her domestic sorrows, and admitting her to the most familiar intercourse with herself and family. She determined at least to wait awhile until the Countess should meet with some other to supply her lack of service, or perhaps until her other daughters should return to discharge those filial attentions which they were best qualified to administer to their much-afflicted parent.

For Charlotte de la Tremouille had her hidden sorrows; and though to the outer world she might still seem the same haughty and unbending lady, who had been so defiant against the rebels when they attacked her at Lathom House, she was deeply distressed by the misfortunes which had befallen the Royal cause, the tragical death of the Sovereign, and the treachery which had consigned her children to a hard and hopeless captivity.

And Edith had been a private spectator of her griefs, had heard her secret sighs, and witnessed her earnest prayers for Divine assistance, and she could not manifest a selfish indifference to the troubles of her patroness, or desert her post at a time when her services appeared the most acceptable. Hence she was more disposed (notwithstanding the entreaties of Robert) to protract, than to hurry on, the period of her stay within the walls of Rushen Castle.

This determination, however, did not preclude her from seizing on every occasion which presented itself for enjoying the society of her affianced lover; and the occasions were made frequent by the tact of Robert's married sister who appeared most anxious to bring about the union at the earliest possible period.

SCANDINAVIAN RUNIC MONUMENT,



KIRK BRADDAN, ISLE OF MAN.

## CHAPTER XV.

**T**HE latter part of the summer of 1650 well nigh witnessed the fulfilment of Madge's predictions in a most diabolical attempt upon the life of the Seventh Earl of Derby.

The 15th of August had been a day of extreme heat, and as the cool of the evening came on, the inhabitants of Castletown turned out to promenade upon the Race-course, or to take a sail upon the Bay. But there was as yet scarcely a breeze to fan the sails, and those upon the water were compelled to betake themselves to their oars and the enjoyment of a quiet fishing by trailing astern a line with two or three hooks baited with thin strips of white parchment, which, floating near the surface, beguiled many a fish to its capture and afforded abundant sport.

Hugh Cannell and his wife, together with Robert Calcot and Edith, occupied one of those pleasure boats, and for some time amused themselves with rowing about and fishing. At length, on approaching the Langness Caves, Edith pressed them to put ashore there and take a ramble on the peninsula. The young men at first raised some objections on the score of the tide which had begun to ebb and the south-west breeze which was likely to spring up when the sun went

down, but Margaret joining in with Edith's request, they gave way and pulling the boat into a narrow creek the party stepped ashore and ascended the cliff.



NATURAL PILLAR AND CASTLETOWN BAY, FROM LANGNESS.

Here they were struck by the appearance of a full-rigged vessel lying at anchor in Derby-haven. The sight was unusual and greatly aroused their curiosity, and thus, by degrees, sauntering up the peninsula in order to get a nearer view, they came to its northern extremity, near Hango Brough, just opposite to the Islet of St. Michael and Derby Fort.

The same sight had attracted many of those who had come to promenade on the Race-course, and they

lined the western margin of Ronaldsway Bay, and some of them put off in boats in order to get a nearer view of the stranger. "See," said Edith, "there is my Lord, I can tell him at this distance by his noble bearing, but I know not whom of his officers he has with him; and he is just getting into a boat, I suppose he is intending to visit yonder vessel. If she belong to the Parliament, I wonder at her venturing so near the Fort."

Edith was right, it *was* the Earl of Derby; a message had been conveyed to him that a strange ship had come into the harbour of Ronaldsway and was lying at anchor almost under the guns of his Fort. This seemed hardly likely to be the case had she come with hostile intentions. So he determined to be the first to enquire into the object of the visit.

He went aboard a fishing boat, belonging to Philip Lucas, and Colonel Richard Weston with Colonel Ralph Snaid and some other officers accompanied him. The vessel professed to be a trading ship under command of one Captain John Barklow, bringing iron, salt, pitch and tar, with spices, wine, brandy, and other commodities, in exchange for corn, hides, wool, dried fish, and hemp, and other productions of the Isle. The vessel was at the same time armed with a few guns in consequence of the disturbed state of affairs in the British Isles.

Edith and her friends stood for some time watching the approach of the boat conveying the Earl to the strange ship, when it occurred to them all at once that their own boat would be left high and dry, and the night was fast advancing. The ladies were fatigued

already with their walk which had extended farther than they at first intended, and they were in no condition to hurry back to the Langness Caves, so they decided on remaining where they were whilst the young men ran back to launch their boat and bring her up to the Head of Castletown Bay at Sandvig Creek, where the narrow isthmus between Ronaldsway Harbour and Castletown Bay unites Langness with the main Island.

The ladies in the mean time seated themselves on a bed of wild thyme mingled with galium, beneath a sand bank topped with gorse, close by the ruins of an old hut at the south-eastern angle of Derby-haven, and near the rocky knoll of Hango Brough.



VIEW OF THE HUT NEAR HANGO BROUGH, ON LANGNESS.

It was a lovely quiet nook commanding in front the whole of the Harbour with Ronaldsway House and the



famous battle-field over the waters, the country rising thence upwards with a gentle slope towards the mountains, on the other side of which the sun had just gone down casting deep shadows to the eastward.

They had been thus seated for some little time gazing on the tranquil scene in silence and enjoying the odours of the sweet summer eve, when their attention was arrested by the sound of suppressed voices in the hut close at hand. Edith, moved by a stronger feeling of curiosity than Margaret and expecting some amusement from overhearing a love affair, crept quietly along the bank under cover of the thick gorse until she had reached the northern angle of the hut where she stopped to listen.

The voices however were not those of happy lovers, but of two men in earnest conversation, and she was about to withdraw in fear, when the mention of the familiar name of Madge at once chained her to the spot and induced a strong desire to learn who the persons were.

A small crevice in the dilapidated building once intended for and probably used as a human habitation, but subsequently converted into a cow-shed, enabled her to gain a partial view of the interior.

The back of one of the men was towards her and in the shade, but the other person was leaning easily against a post opposite the western door, so that what little light remained fell full upon him. By the cut and colour of his jerkin, his high peaked hat, and cropped hair, he was evidently a Puritan. He was slightly above the middle size, with light complexion, military carriage, and determined look. By his side he wore a rapier.

"I tell thee, Will, that she whom they call Edith, who is about the Countess, is indeed thy daughter," said the one whose back was turned to Edith; "I heard it from Madge's own lips, and the woman is not likely to be deceived in what so nearly concerns herself. But, unless the Lord hath raised thee again from the grave and the sea has already given up its dead, I wot not how thou standest here to-night."

"I would see Madge at once, and the girl," replied the one called Will; "but my particular business presses. I am under a solemn oath for an immediate duty: the tyrant has too long defied the Parliament, but he is no better than his master, and must die the death. How long, oh Lord, how long shall the blood of Thy saints cry up to heaven? But if he once sets foot aboard yon vessel he will never again trample on the necks of my poor countrymen. Ellan Vannin shall be free! It may need stratagem to deal with the Stanlagh, and so we come as merchants in seeming peace. But my fellows are brave and determined, and they will have a grand reward if they carry him off, alive or dead; for there is a price on his head, though I care not for it if so be the earth be rid of him."

"Then have a care," replied the other, "lest he slip through your fingers; whilst *thou* hast been talking *he* has been doing, for I certainly saw him at the head of a party of officers coming towards Ronaldsway some half-hour ago, and he might be aboard by this time."

"Then I must away; the Lord be with thee, and with me."

So saying Will rushed out of the hovel, and was turning to make for his boat, which lay moored in the

creek betwixt Langness and St. Michael's Isle, when he stumbled over Edith, who had sunk down with terror to the ground. She uttered a piercing shriek, which was taken up by Margaret and echoed along the shore. They were at once seized, gagged, borne off by the two men, dragged into the hovel, and then bound.

But the cry had been heard by Hugh and Robert, who had brought up their boat to Sandvig Creek, and were then coming over the two sand banks separating the bays of Castletown and Derby-haven. On hearing it they hurried forward, just in time to catch a faint view of the disappearing figures of the two men who were making towards St. Michael's Isle. Entirely ignorant of what had occurred, and not seeing anything of the ladies, they at once started in pursuit.

Robert was the more active of the two, and soon took the lead, reaching the men as they were about entering the boat. He had still his boat hook in his hand, and with it struck a blow which felled the companion of Will to the ground.

Will drew his rapier, and parrying a second blow which Robert aimed at him, passed it rapidly twice through Calcot's body, then seizing on his prostrate companion dragged him into the boat and thrust off from the land.

The entire scuffle passed so hurriedly that, in the darkness just set in, there was no recognition of any of the parties, and when Hugh reached the bleeding body of his brother-in-law, the boat was several lengths from the shore.

It may create surprise, perhaps, that Will, having

disposed so readily of Robert Calcot, did not wait for the coming of Hugh, whom, being unarmed, he could easily have overcome ; but, in truth, he was not aware of the circumstance that only *one* was following behind Robert, for he had heard what he imagined to be the shouts of *several* people, the echoes deceiving him, and he was, above all, anxious to get aboard his ship ere the Earl should have left it.

But what was that ? The boom of a cannon ; a terrific explosion from aboard the ship. It was evidently not a simple salute. It was followed by a wild shout from a boat in the midst of the Bay. Will pulled hard to reach his vessel, but the cable having been slipped, the ship was already gaining way under the effect of a light breeze from the south-west, which had sprung up, upon the sails which had been hurriedly run up, and was standing out from the Bay.

It is necessary here to explain what had occurred. The ship had come to and been anchored at the entrance of the Bay, about six cables' length off the northern point of St. Michael's Isle.

It took the Earl some ten minutes to reach the vessel after leaving the shore. He found the ship under command of one Captain John Barklow, who stated that he had come from Dublin with merchandize, exhibiting bills of lading, praying to be allowed to transact business with the merchants of the Isle, and offering to pay at once the accustomed dues.

"As for the dues," said the Earl, "they are but light, as I wish to encourage the trade to this Isle, but it is necessary that you agree with the four merchants, sworn at my Tynwald Court for that purpose, about

the rates and prices of the commodities. Whatever bargain these four make with you the country must stand by; for there can be no private dealing for any man's special profit. Furthermore, you will take in goods for payment whatsoever the Island can spare, and if these extend not to the value of your merchandize, then the rest will be paid in ready money, but not otherwise."

Captain Barklow expressed himself well satisfied with these conditions, and asked when he might be permitted to commence to trade.

"I will give notice to-morrow," said the Earl, "to the commissioned merchants to visit you, and agree upon terms. Meanwhile, you can bring your ship further in for convenience of lading, or take her round to Castletown when the tide serves. But you seem to have full many men aboard, and to be armed more than is wont for trading vessels."

"These times be unquiet," said the Captain, "and 'tis hard to tell who be friends; there be many French ships about in these seas, and the Parliament of England have enough to do to look after their own. I have ventured my all in this vessel, and I would not lose her for want of a shot."

There was a slight movement amongst the men, and they seemed to be gathering themselves together, as if awaiting a signal from their Captain. But the Earl, as well as his officers, had come heavily armed and kept close together; the vessel also was under the guns of Derby Fort, and the Captain gave no sign. The men were, in truth, without their leader Will, and, in *his* absence, they hardly felt sure how to act.

The Captain therefore gave directions to run up the yards, and prepare to take the ship round to Castletown when the tide should serve, requesting of the Earl that he might have a pilot to take them into harbour, as he understood that Castletown Bay was full of rocks and the channel hard to find.

To this the Earl assented, and returned aboard his boat.

He had not got more than fifty yards away, when the explosion took place which startled Hugh Cannell, and still further accelerated the movements of Will.

We are often told on how slender a thread have been suspended events of the greatest importance to individuals and nations. As Pascal observed, if the nose of Cleopatra had been shorter, the condition of the world had been different. Had not the Earl of Wiltshire's pet dog snapped at his Holiness's toe, the negotiations of Henry the VIIIth with the Pope might have proceeded, and the Reformation in England have been retarded, if not suppressed. We would rather, in such trivial circumstances, recognize the overruling providence of God, remembering that the very hairs of our head are all numbered, and that not a sparrow falls to the ground without the knowledge of our Heavenly Father.

The Great Stanley was to perish, like his Royal Master, by an unjust sentence on the scaffold. He had yet noble deeds to perform at Wigan-Lane, Worcester, the Whiteladies, and Boscobel, and so he was preserved on the night of that 13th of August from this most dastardly attempt at his assassination.

The piece of ordnance, fired upon his return from the ship in Derby-haven, was heavily loaded and well-aimed, producing fearful havoc in the boat.

Colonel Ralph Snaid was sitting on one side of the Earl, and Colonel Richard Weston on the other. The latter was shot direct through the head, the top of the skull and the brains being carried away, and he died on the spot ; the former was shot through the shoulder, the bones of which were all smashed ; he lingered till the following February, and then succumbed to its effects. Philip Lucas, the master of the boat, was also shot through the head, and died immediately. The Earl was untouched.

Everything was immediately in confusion, and a number of boats at once repaired to the scene of the disaster, and the guns of the fort began to open upon the retreating ship, but with no effect whatever ; for though these had been trained upon her as she lay quietly at anchor, she had already got under way e're the gunners had time to decide what they should do, and then, in the darkness, their shots were fired almost at random.

It was a sorrowful cortège which returned to the shore notwithstanding the rejoicing of the many in the miraculous escape of the Earl, who received with much emotion the congratulations of his friends. He knew it was useless giving any directions for the pursuit of the vessel, and so he turned all his attention to the succour of Colonel Snaid who lay insensible alongside of those who were slain, and who appeared in a dying state. He was at once carried on a temporarily-constructed litter to Castletown, being met on the way by a large body of the townsfolks to whom news had been carried, at first, that the Earl himself and all aboard the boat had perished.


The meeting of the Countess with her husband was thus

rendered the more deeply affecting. She had often received him as it were alive again from the dead, but then it was at times when she had been prepared for his death by the uncertainty of battle, but the shock of the *treacherous* attack upon his life in Derby-haven had come so unexpectedly, that she was quite prostrated by the first news and could scarcely realize his escape, even when his presence assured her of it. In the first shock she had felt the absence of Edith, and upon the arrival of the Earl she began to be anxious and alarmed that Edith had not by this time returned.

This alarm was increased when Bushel came to make enquiries and no information could be obtained as to any of the party in which Edith had joined. Trusty messengers were therefore sent out in all directions to search for them. Their boat was found in the Sandvig Creek, left dry by the ebb tide, but of its late occupants they saw nothing. By the aid of their lanterns they at length discovered footsteps in the sand-bank leading towards the south-eastern bend of Derby-haven and St. Michael's Isle, and, pursuing that direction, they were at length gratified with a responding shout. It was that of Hugh Cannell.



## CHAPTER XVI.

HEN Hugh Cannell came up with his friend, as related in the last Chapter, he found him prostrate on the ground, insensible, and with the blood streaming forth from his wounds. The boat containing Will and his companion was some distance from the shore, and no help at hand. The Fort was on the farther side of St. Michael's Isle, and no shouts which he might raise could have been heard there.

It was in the midst of his first hesitation as to what he should do that the explosion of the cannon on board the vessel startled him. Then the dire confusion which ensued, the shouting and cries in the Bay, and the firing of cannon from the Fort, convinced him that some serious events were taking place.

His thoughts turned to his wife and Edith ; had they been carried off ? what was the object ? what did it all mean ? He was quite bewildered, not knowing which way to turn. He sat down amongst the shingle and took the head of his brother-in-law on his knees, spoke to him, loosened his jerkin, felt for his wounds, then tried to staunch the blood. Then he laid him down again, got sea-water and sprinkled his face in order to revive him.

After a little time he heard a low moan ; Robert still breathed and there was pulsation at the heart, but life seemed to be ebbing fast away. Then he made attempts to carry him back to the boat, nearly a mile away. He stumbled amongst the rocks and shingle, and was obliged to lay Robert down again. Then he bethought him of the hovel and determined to try again to carry him thither and afterwards hurry on for more help. The heavy sand impeded his progress and every few yards he was compelled to rest, and thus the greatest part of an hour had elapsed ere he heard the shouts of the party coming in search and made the response.

Great was the astonishment on the meeting by the shore ; Hugh with the body of his friend, and the ladies nowhere to be seen. A partial explanation ensued, and Hugh heard some of the particulars of the event in the Bay, but could tell nothing of what had become of his wife and Edith.

With the help which had now arrived Robert Calcot was taken up and conveyed towards Castletown. As they passed the hovel close at hand, one of them with a lantern went in and there found the two ladies lying apart on the ground bound hand and foot, gagged, half suffocated, and almost dead with terror.

Hugh fearing the consequences upon Edith should she immediately learn the state of Robert, hurried forward the bearers and himself rushed into the hovel and assisted in unloosing the ladies. After a little time they revived, and he was made to comprehend what had happened, though Edith was the only one who could give any clue to the cause of the seizure and treatment. She inquired where Robert was, and Hugh

evasively answered that he had been hurt and was gone home.

Margaret and Edith were anxious to set out both on Robert's account and Edith's, because they felt that the Countess would be uneasy at her long absence at such a season as this.

On their arrival in Castletown Edith was prevailed on to go direct into the Castle, where she found Bushel with the Earl and Countess in a state of the greatest excitement on her account.

It took some time for her to detail to them what had occurred to herself, but they saw at once that it had an important bearing upon the attack made upon the life of the Earl.

It was very evident that the person called Will was in some way in the employ of the Parliament and the chief agent in the purposes intended by the visit of the ship of Captain Barklow to the Isle of Man. But, on comparing times, (for Edith had heard the sound of the cannon from the ship very shortly after she was left gagged and bound in the hovel,) it appeared impossible that he could have any *direct* share in the attempt made to assassinate the Earl by firing at him in the boat; indeed the Earl felt very doubtful whether he could have reached the ship at all, since it had set sail on the instant of firing; and if he had missed it he must have landed again somewhere upon the Isle.

Thus it was possible he might yet be apprehended. He therefore took steps for that purpose immediately, and gave directions for watching all the creeks on the eastern side of the Isle and detaining all persons who could not give a good account of themselves.

The morrow brought with it to Edith the astonishing and overwhelming intelligence that Robert Calcot was no more. The loss of blood had been so great e're any effectual remedies could be applied to staunch it, that his frame sank through absolute exhaustion, though no actually vital part had been touched.

She began to be filled with self accusations as being herself the innocent cause of his death. Her obstinacy in going ashore at the first, then her drawing them on towards Derby-haven, and lastly her eager curiosity which had led her to eaves-dropping at the hovel, and her detection by the party therein. All this recurred to her mind afterwards, and she was filled with remorse because she had selfishly retired at once to the Castle, instead of accompanying Margaret and Hugh home when she had heard that Robert had been hurt.

Thus overwhelmed, the Countess found her in her private chamber and endeavoured to administer such consolation as only one female can administer to another. Charlotte de la Tremouille, thankfully rejoicing in her husband's happy deliverance, could not but feel how much otherwise it might have been with herself had the assassin of Robert been successful in that which was the great object of his presence in the Isle of Man.

And so she entered fully into the intensity of Edith's grief, at the same time, under the plea of seeking to gain such evidence as might enable them to identify the murderer should he be apprehended, she drew from Edith again a minute account of the circumstances which had come under her observation, with the particulars of the dress and personal appearance of the

man, as far as in the twilight they could be made out. Edith averred that his countenance had been so impressed upon her that she could recognize him anywhere and at any time ; whereas, Margaret, who had (at the instance of the Earl) been questioned as to the men who made the assault upon them, had been so confused by the sudden attack, that, in the increasing darkness, she had been unable to fix upon any particular features of those engaged and could give no intelligible description of them whatever. Hugh had only caught sight of the dim figure of Will in the boat when he had pulled some short distance from the shore, and thus Edith remained as the sole clue to identification.

The funerals of Colonel Weston and Philip Lucas took place on August 16th, the day following their death.

The body of Colonel Weston was interred beside the altar at the north-east corner of the chancel in Malew Church, with military honors. Colonel Ralph Snaid was afterwards laid at the right side of his companion in arms on the 6th of February of the following year.

Philip Lucas, the master of the fishing boat, was also buried in the churchyard on the 16th of August, if not with military honors, yet with an attendance of those of his own craft and of the lower orders, which betokened their interest in his untimely fate.

The usual ceremonies then accompanying Manx funerals were fully observed. The corpse had been laid on a stretching board, and a trencher with salt and a lighted candle had been placed on the breast, whilst flowers were abundantly strewed over the corpse.

The neighbours who assembled partook largely of

jough, and smoked tobacco, "excessive sorrow being exceeding dry." The Clerk of the Parish then sung a Psalm, in which all joined, and, with him at their head,

SCANDINAVIAN RUNIC CROSS,



KIRK MAUGHOLD.

the procession was formed to the Church, the corpse being met at the distance of a quarter-of-a-mile by the officiating priest, who then joined in the Psalm. The

corpse was carried on a *charbyd*, or bier, wrapped only in a *marre-vaaish*, or death-blanket, fastened by a skewer, and was borne three times round the Cross in the churchyard before entering the Church. The carrying of bells and banners before the dead, as well as praying upon their graves, had been forbidden by Act of Tynwald some fifty-four years previous.

If the pomp of the funeral obsequies of Philip Lucas was less splendid than that of Colonel Weston, the attendance was larger and the interest felt in it not less deep.

The body of Robert Calcot was conveyed to his paternal home at the Nunnery, and thence to the family burying-place in Braddan Churchyard. His untimely death left Margaret Cannell sole heiress to the Nunnery Estates, from whom they passed, in later days, to the Heywoods by the marriage of her daughter to Peter Heywood, and subsequently to the Taubmans who now hold the same.

The enquiries of the Earl brought to light next day a boat belonging to Captain Barklow's vessel where it might least of all have been expected, in a creek close by Scarlet Point. It was evident, from the set of the tide and the direction of the wind, that it could not have been deserted and then drifted thither; plainly, the persons occupying it must have been well acquainted with the coast, and they must have had some special object in view in landing at that part of the Island so near Castletown, passing from Derby-haven round St. Michael's Isle and Langness and crossing the dangerous current on the Skarranes and the mouth of Castletown Bay to Scarlet Point, instead of landing at

the Creek north of the battle-field of Ronaldsway, or a mile further north in the secure Creek at Cass-nahawin, the mouth of the Santon-burn, where there were several caves and abundant opportunities of escaping quietly into the interior of the country.

The Earl of Derby, therefore, came to the conclusion, that those on board the ship which had visited Derbyhaven and made the traitorous attempt on his life had friends upon the Island; indeed, he had gathered as much already from the report of Edith concerning the mysterious conversation held by Will in the hovel, as the person with whom he had conversed was evidently well acquainted with insular affairs. Edith, in her report, had stated that it was the hearing her own name mentioned which stirred her curiosity, and detained her on the spot; but, from a lingering regard for Madge, or it might be from some secret fear of her unknown and mysterious powers, she had not mentioned her name as connected with the conversation.

The Earl, further coupling Scarlet Point with the neighbourhood of Knock Rushen where the head of the disaffected portion of the family of the Christians resided, formed an opinion of his own that he might find some clue to the person he was in search of by keeping a close watch over the movements of the inmates of that house.

He shortly afterwards obtained information still further strengthening his suspicions. Two persons had been seen very early in the morning of the 16th, crossing over stealthily from Scarlet Point in the direction of Knock Rushen House; and, at a later period, one had been observed leaving Knock Rushen by a



road in the direction of Arbory, which would lead him up into the mountains.

The Earl laid his plans accordingly. He did not deem it politic, in the then state of affairs when it was most desirable to cultivate the best affections of his people and more especially secure the services of the leading families of the Isle, to surround the house with his troops and make a seizure of all its inmates, having no direct evidence to justify such extreme measures.

The trial of John Christian of Knock Rushen, had shown that great caution had been used by that family in all their communications with the Parliament of England; they had so many partizans on the Island that it was difficult to fix on any *particular* agents of intercommunication; and, should nothing be discovered connecting them with the late attempt on the Earl's life, he foresaw that such an open seizure of the whole family would be set down to the credit of special spite and a determination in every way to persecute them because they had not yielded as readily as others to his plans for the subversion of the old "tenure of the straw."

He deemed it therefore better to keep a quiet watch upon all their movements; and this he was the more easily enabled to do since the house stood entirely detached close upon the sea shore, the road leading to Scarlet being directly in front of it and open fields behind. The ingress and egress of all the persons might thus be observed by a boat upon the Bay.

Two or three of his agents, therefore, appeared to be diligently engaged in the harmless pursuit of fishing; others were occupied, towards nightfall, in gathering

mussels on the shore ; inland there were gleaners in the fields. Bushel was prevailed on, notwithstanding the sad event which had laid low his dearly-loved Edith, to take his usual evening stroll along the shore towards Scarlet Stack. This stroll had an important bearing on the result of the Earl's precautions.



LIMESTONE ROCKS, NEAR THE STACK OF SCARLET.

## CHAPTER XVII.

**I**N order to trace accurately the course of these events it is necessary to go back a little to the time when, Robert Calcot being left weltering in his blood on the shore, Will having dragged his companion into the boat pushed off for the ship.

It will have already been rightly surmised that these two latter were none other than William Christian and our old Puritan friend Ewan Curphey.

This William Christian, the second son of William Christian of Knock Rushen brother of Captain Edward Christian, had in early life, being very wild, formed an attachment to Ellen the illegitimate daughter of Margaret Cubbon or Madge Dhoo, and married her.

The family was in consequence glad to get him away from the Island, and, through some old interest of his uncle Captain Edward Christian with those about Court, he had obtained a post which brought him in contact with his countryman Ewan Curphey, already holding a place under Government.


The manner in which both became imbued with Puritan views has already been detailed, and also the consequences to Will Christian, and his determination to emigrate with his wife and only child, whom they had named Martha, to America.

It was at first arranged that they should go together, but at the last moment circumstances intervened which obliged them to separate. Will went in the ship, leaving his wife and child in the charge of an old Puritan Minister, who was to follow in the next vessel, the vessel which was wrecked in the Kitterland Strait.

For a long time Will was hopefully expecting the arrival of his wife and infant daughter, and tardily did the news arrive to the emigrants in their new home that the vessel which was to have followed them having left Liverpool, was never heard of more.

Will was of a restless spirit, and, on the news arriving in America some years after of the struggle between the King and Parliament, he made his way back to England, and obtaining employment under a Parliamentary officer, rose to notice. His daring character and natural shrewdness, as well as his early acquaintance with Government affairs, led him to be employed in matters of trust, in which he generally succeeded to the satisfaction of those for whom he was engaged, and ultimately he was fixed upon, on account of his connection with the Isle of Man and the known enmity of his family to the Earl of Derby, as a fitting person to carry out the attempt upon the liberty or life of the Earl.

Ewan Curphey had also been often employed in communications betwixt the Parliament and the disaffected in the Isle of Man, and had received intimations of the manner of the visit of his friend. On the arrival of the vessel in Derby-haven, not wishing to appear openly in connection with it, he had managed to get a message on board to his friend Will to meet him at the hovel on Langness.



Ewan Curphey had never heard of the separation of Will from his wife in the voyage which, on formerly parting from Will, 'he knew they were to take to America, and having been assured by Madge, in some of his interviews with her, that Edith was none other than Will's daughter Martha, and that she had been rescued from a vessel in which all besides her on board had perished, he was greatly puzzled when tidings arrived from time to time indicating the probable existence of Will, and he could scarcely believe it until he actually saw and conversed with him.

The manner in which their conversation was broken off has already appeared.

Will pulled hard for his ship, and at first it seemed as if he might manage to overtake and get aboard of her; but as sail after sail was rapidly run up, and the vessel clear of the land, which here lies low, got the full benefit of the south-western breeze and made headway into the open sea, Will found himself more and more left behind.

His danger too was great, as at one time he lay directly between the guns of the Fort and Captain Barklow's vessel, and each flash of light might reveal his position; indeed, in turning the north-eastern corner of St. Michael's Isle somewhat close, one or two musket shots indicated that the men in the Fort had caught sight of his boat and were firing at it, but the darkness favored him, and he soon got beyond reach of harm, and into the set of the tide running down the eastern shore of Langness.

By this time his companion Ewan, who had been stunned by the blow of Robert Calcot, came to himself;

they then took counsel together as to how they should proceed.

There was only one place on that side of Langness, a narrow creek close by Dreswick Point, where they could possibly land, and this in the darkness they missed and were all but wrecked upon the point itself.

Having just weathered Dreswick Point they became exposed to the full force of the breeze, but by steering to the west, availing themselves of the strong set of the current in that direction, keeping the boat's head well to windward and pulling hard, they managed with extreme danger to pass the Skerranes at the entrance to Castletown Bay.

There, though in a very rough sea, which every instant seemed about to swamp their boat, the distant lights of Castletown became their guide, and with great effort pulling across the mouth of the Bay, they found themselves carried by the stream outside the Stack of Scarlet.

Ewan was at home here, though in long lapse of years Will had almost forgotten the localities faintly visible by the light of the moon, now rising in its last quarter. It was not until they had come opposite to Scarlet Head that they found a gulley into which they could securely thrust their boat, and here they landed.

Half-a-mile across the fields brought them to Knock Rushen House, the home of Will's childhood, and the present dwelling of his brother.

It was with some difficulty that Ewan Curphey managed to communicate privately to John Christian that his brother was close at hand, and in danger. In

order to allay suspicion amongst any of the domestics, Ewan then started off into the country, arranging to meet John Christian as if by accident, in Castletown, in the course of the day, in order to concoct plans for his brother's further security until he could get off the Isle.

After Ewan was dismissed, and the domestics had again retired to rest, Will Christian was quietly taken by his brother into his own private apartments, and, throwing himself on a couch, completely worn out, soon fell asleep.

During the following day John Christian became fully acquainted with the career of the brother from whom he had so long been separated, and with some of the circumstances under which he had visited the Isle.

Will, on the other hand, gained tidings respecting the fatal result of his encounter with Robert Calcot. He found himself thus placed under a two-fold danger, for though he might, in case of apprehension, be able to clear himself of the charge of complicity in the attempt on the life of the Earl, by proving that he was not on the vessel at the time she fired into the boat and set sail, yet there was the awkward fact of Robert Calcot's death under his hand, and a number of persons who, as it at first seemed, might associate him with the commission of the fatal deed.

Nor did the circumstance that one of the Deemsters, Ewan Christian, before whom his case would be tried, was his relative, afford any prospect of a favorable issue to a trial for life when he had to take into consideration that the other Deemster, Hugh Cannell, was, by the marriage of his son with Margaret Calcot and by old

family ties, deeply interested in securing justice upon the slayer of Robert.

John Christian took care not to be absent from the funeral of Colonel Weston, and he was enabled to gain some information there relative to the kind of evidence that might be adduced against his brother, should he by any mischance fall into the hands of the Earl. It was a relief to him to learn that young Hugh Cannell would be utterly unable to identify either Will Christian or Ewan Curphey. All that he could state would be, that there were two persons engaged in the affair of Robert's death. Then, again, he learnt that Margaret Cannell, who had been seized and bound by Ewan Curphey, was completely ignorant of her assailant, and felt that she could not identify him. Every thing seemed to rest upon the testimony of Edith, who it was said could positively identify *her* assailant.

On his return from the funeral John Christian obtained an interview with Ewan Curphey and detailed to him all that he had learnt. It was decided to seek out Madge and take her into their confidence; and this Ewan engaged to do and to appoint with her that she should be at the Stack of Scarlet on the following evening.

When John reached his home late in the evening and repeated to his brother the information he had gleaned, the latter was overwhelmed with the discovery that the very person whom he had assaulted, gagged, and bound in the hut, was none other than she whom Madge had affirmed to be his own daughter, and that in her alone rested the evidence to affect his life. On this account he felt it to be of extreme importance that

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he should, as early as possible, see Madge, learn from her the particulars of Edith's early days and the reasons she had for believing her to be his long-lost child.

If this could be established as a *fact*, Will saw that his danger would be greatly lessened, inasmuch as he felt how improbable it would be, that, if the truth were communicated to Edith and she could be persuaded of it, she would betray him to death. It could hardly be expected that the daughter would be brought to criminate her father so as to bring him to execution.

Will, therefore, was anxious at any risk to gain an interview with Madge; and though strongly dissuaded from the attempt by his brother resolved on meeting her the following evening at the Stack of Scarlet.

The Earl of Derby gained nothing from the watchings of his agents on the 16th. Still he had a strong conviction that he was on the right scent, and that, by keeping an eye on the movements of the Knock Rushen Christians, he might gain some clue to the object which he had in view, the apprehension of the slayer of Robert Calcot, and, as he believed, in him the chief plotter against his own life though not actually involved in the attempt upon it in the boat.

On the following day Ewan Curphey managed to communicate to his friend Will Christian that he had seen Madge, and that she had agreed to the appointed rendezvous at the Stack.

Thomas Bushel, on the 17th, was taking his customary evening stroll, lingering a little later than usual in the neighbourhood of Scarlet before turning his steps homeward. The night had set in warm and


overclouded, and yielding to a slight feeling of fatigue he had sat down on a detached mass of rock on the farther side of the bend in the shore, where the trap rocks come up with force against the contorted limestone. On his suddenly resuming his walk, and looking round, he noticed a female figure approaching stealthily from the hollow.

When near enough for mutual recognition he perceived that it was Madge, who, to his surprise, instead of accosting him hurried on and disappeared behind the rocks.

Her conduct on this occasion, so contrary to what he would have expected, struck him as extraordinary and led him back in mind to the circumstance of their last meeting near the same spot, the words of threatening used upon that occasion and the impatience she had manifested for a termination to the interview.

Could it be that *she* was really mixed up with the conspiracy against the life of the Earl? She had used language respecting the family of Derby which indicated no friendly feelings towards them but which he had been disposed to regard as the effusion of a mind at times wildly disordered and delighting in the mystic utterances by which she kept up amongst the vulgar the character of a wise woman. He had hardly interpreted her denunciation as indicating the existence of real danger to the Rulers in Man.

But under the present circumstances, when it had become so apparent that there was a secret conspiracy in existence having for its object to get rid of the Earl of Derby and to seize the Island for the Parliament, he became so strongly impressed with the necessity of



having Madge put under surveillance, that he determined, at once, on communicating to the Earl all that had come under his notice both at the present and the former interview with her.

With all haste he turned his steps homeward, but had hardly gone fifty yards when he stumbled against a figure muffled up in a cloak, though the night was extremely warm, who gave vent to a short exclamation and rapidly passed on.

Bushel was now convinced that he had hit upon a clue to the object of the Earl of Derby's watchings, and hurrying on almost breathless reached the Castle and communicated what he had seen.

A guard was immediately ordered out and divided into two squads, one of which John Greenhalgh himself took the command of, and the other was placed under Sir Philip Musgrave. One party was to proceed leisurely by the shore road towards Scarlet, whilst the other, emerging from Castletown on the Arbory road, was to make a detour to the left so as to advance upon the same spot from the direction of Poolvaash.

Will Christian when a boy had oftentimes played amongst these rocks at Scarlet and had known every hole and gulley amongst them, and the remembrance of their outline, when once he had reached the spot, seemed to rise up fresh in his mind even after the long period which had since elapsed, and he readily threaded his way in the darkness, uttering a low whistle which at length brought Madge to his side.

When each had become convinced of the other's identity they gave vent to their feelings, and detailed, in low murmurings and amidst many tears, the sorrows and hopes of their past days.

There was one point on which both were anxious to be fully certified—the identity of Martha Christian with Edith Bushel. Will Christian had learnt exactly the day and the hour when the vessel containing his wife and child had set sail from Liverpool. Madge knew the time when the vessel was wrecked on the Thousla; comparing notes these agreed well together. Madge then put Will in mind of the necklace once possessed by his wife, and the gift of herself, and which she had seen and recognized upon the little Martha when she had been brought ashore.

She next inquired of him as to the dog, describing it minutely; in her description Will at once recognized his old favorite and the playmate of his little one; the collar, too, on its neck, agreed with his remembrance of one with a peculiar fastening which he had purchased shortly before he left England.

Madge put this into his hands (she had kept it to herself all along), and on feeling, for it was too dark otherwise to distinguish it, he pronounced it to be the same.

“Ugh!” exclaimed Madge, “and could ye but see the paitchey, fine lady as she is, ’tis certain ye would know her to be the child of my Ellen, just as ye lost her.”

“The Lord’s ways are not as our ways,” replied Will; “His judgments are inscrutable, and His ways past finding out. Praised be His Holy Name who raiseth up the poor out of the dunghill and setteth him among princes. Howbeit it grieveth me that the daughter of the godly Ellen should be attendant on that Jezebel amidst the abominations of Babylon, and


no faithful preacher of the Gospel to teach her the true and the right way.

"I hear that the proud woman maketh much of the word of that blind Pharisee Samuel Rutter, and frequenteth the Popish mass which, thank the Lord, we have put down in England. But the day of freedom will come, the Stanlagh shall perish, though he hath escaped out of our hands this time, and then will I claim Martha for my own, and teach her the fear of the Lord. Who is this Bushel that passeth for her father? He is surely none of the Lord's people, else had he not been found in the camp of the enemy."

"I guess thou hast seen him," said Madge, "for he cometh oft this way and was here to-night, and would mayhap meet thee on thy road, for I parted from him only just now, though I spoke not to him lest he might detain me too much with his foolish talk. I warned him before of what would come to pass. And now he knows that the paitchey he calls his daughter cannot wed the Calcot. But I wot not that her *real* father's hand would slay the son of her mother's father."

Madge had unwittingly revealed the parentage of her illegitimate daughter, which she had hitherto kept concealed. Will started in amazement when he learnt for the first time that his wife was the illegitimate sister of the man whom he had slain. The iniquity of the father had been visited upon the child in the death of the younger Robert Calcot.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

ILL CHRISTIAN had hardly recovered from the surprise occasioned by the revelation made to him by his mother-in-law, when his well-practised ear caught the still distant sound of the tramp of infantry approaching along the shore from Castletown.

"We are betrayed," he exclaimed, "the minions of the Earl have done their evil work, and the Tyrant will gloat over another true Christian in his dungeons at Peel or Rushen; the Lord's will be done."

"Away," said Madge, "trust not their mercy, Ewan has the boat at the Head, I bid him wait awhile when he brought me hither. He can find the grotto at the Fistard, t'will be a safe place, and there are friends to Madge who will help thee away. The lone woman stays where she is; they have nought against her if they find her not with thee; her talk will keep them awhile here till thou art safe and afar off."

Will remonstrated against leaving her to face the danger alone, so she added another word, "save thyself for Martha and for vengeance, thou hast yet a mission." He was rushing down amongst the rocks to make his way to the Head, when He was met by the party advancing in the opposite direction from Poolvaash, and who in open order were drawing in towards the

Stack. He tripped up the man who challenged him and attempted to pass. In falling the man's firelock went off. There was an immediate shout and a scream. The lights of the dark lanterns were turned on. Will was pursued and seized. Madge was found lying on the ground. The musket ball of the soldier had glanced from a rock and struck her in the side.



POOLVAASH BAY, FROM SCARLET HEAD.

She was lifted up, a litter rudely formed of three muskets and a cloak, and so she was borne hurriedly away. Will, who gave no account of himself, was marched between two files of soldiers, his hands bound behind him. Both were consigned to Rushen Castle.

Madge was not killed but the surgeon pronounced the wound dangerous. There was internal bleeding.

The news of the capture soon spread abroad. The Earl at once visited the male prisoner. He was sullen and reserved. No one knew him or could connect him in any way with any of the families of the Isle; in this the Earl was much disappointed. It was apparent from his manners that he was above the common sort, and from the few observations he made it was judged that he was a Puritan. He simply declared that he was not an Englishman, he was evidently not Scotch. From his dialect he was suspected to be Irish.

There was no doubt about Madge; though she had not often of late been seen about Castletown her person and character were well known.

Bushel at once obtained leave to visit her; it was by the Earl deemed probable that he might be the means of gaining from her some clue to the person with whom she had been in conference at Scarlet. If he were a stranger, as it seemed, in the Isle, there must have been some important reasons for their being brought together at such a time and place, and Bushel, from what he had stated of his former intercourse with the woman, appeared the most likely person to draw from her some admissions respecting the object of that interview.

But Bushel found Madge even less disposed than usual to be communicative. She was exhausted and desired to be let alone that she might die in peace. A few kind words of compassionate interest in her welfare and sympathy with her on the accident which had occurred, at length drew from her an earnest request that she might be once more permitted to see Edith, as she had something on her mind to communicate which much concerned her. Bushel hesitated at first how to



yield to her request. Edith was so much overcome by the untimely death of Robert that he could not but fear the effect upon her of such an interview with Madge, yet, in the end, the importance of gaining some clue to the mystery of the prisoner with whom Madge had been in communication, and his anxiety in the affairs of the Earl and Countess, led him to give an unwilling assent to the request of Madge.

It was at a late hour of the night that Edith was ushered into the cell where Madge was stretched on her homely pallet. The surgeon had again visited her, probed the wound, and extracted the flattened bullet, and she lay moaning and uttering disconnected words of mysterious import. A lamp was dimly burning on a rude bench in the corner of the cell.

The Earl had given particular directions that Edith should be left quite alone with Madge, so the keepers retired without any special precautions as to the custody of the prisoner. For some time Edith stood in abject silence gazing on the scene of suffering. Her mind was bewildered by the series of events so rapidly occurring in the last forty-eight hours. The words of terrible import she had heard, her own seizure, the death of Robert, the attempt on the Earl's life, the slaughter of Colonel Weston and Philip Lucas, their funerals, the capture at Scarlet and the accident to Madge; then the late hour, the dim light in the cell, and the sufferer stretched moaning on the bed before her.

It was some time ere Edith ventured to speak; her feelings were on the utmost stretch. She could only utter the name of Madge, and a request as to why she

had sent for her. The well-known voice seemed to call the poor woman to herself. She attempted to sit up, but, fell back again through weakness. Edith, overcoming the natural repugnance which she felt towards one whose last words to her had been those of threatening and evil purpose, raised her up, and placed an additional support behind her head. Madge gazed earnestly upon her, then uttered a deep sigh and said, "And are ye my paitchey, my Ellen, indeed; nay, the waters have washed over her and she sleeps in the depths. And yet, how like! Speak again." Edith called her by name, and asked if she had forgotten the little one she had nursed on the Calf. "Aye, I see it now. Come near to me; let Madge feel again her own flesh and blood. For thou art mine, though thou knewest it not. And *he*, he is thy father, and they will take his life." "How am I thine? Who is my father, and why will they take his life?" replied Edith in amazement. "Thy mother was my child," said Madge; "thy father is he whom they have taken this night, but his life they cannot take unless thou speakest the word against him. 'Tis he whom thou sawest on Langness, and 'twas in an evil hour thou didst see him and hear his voice. But the daughter must not recognize him who gave her birth. Her word will kill him."

Edith mused deeply, yet the more she mused the more mysterious did Madge's words seem to her. She did indeed remember too well both the words and the person of him who had seized and bound her at the hovel and then hurried away. But what had he to do with her? She had never seen him before, and what claim could he possibly have on her silence in a matter

which so deeply concerned those in whom she felt the deepest interest and against whom he had so evidently entertained evil intentions. Besides, from what she had learnt, he was probably concerned in the death of Robert Calcot; and could she forget it? Madge saw her perplexity and hesitation. "Thou doubttest my word then," said she; "but the proofs are clear. *He* has got them, and will claim thee for himself when that wretched Jezebel shall learn whom she has been nursing in her bosom and has made to know her secrets. I warrant she will spurn thee from her presence as a traitor to her house." There was a peculiar malignity in these words which startled Edith. They revealed, in short, a feeling which had been ever uppermost in the mind of Madge (though Edith then saw it not), and which had led her to acquiesce so long without any interference in the residence of Edith in the family of the Earl. Madge had hoped that an occasion might arise in which Edith's knowledge of the secret affairs of the family might be turned to account, and in which she might be made to take an interest in the presumed wrongs of her own family, and use the knowledge she had acquired to the injury of the family of Derby. But Madge had not calculated the power which the noble character of Charlotte de la Tremouille would have over the affections of her grandchild, nor the effect which the education and early religious training Edith had received under Bushel's directions would produce upon her mind and conduct. Edith was eminently sincere; perfectly open, devoted in her attachment when once she had become convinced that the object was worthy of it, and was slow to form new connections.

Her fault, if it was a fault, was a too great susceptibility as to the opinion which others might form concerning her. This might originate either in her deep self respect, or in personal vanity. The great attentions which she had received from those of the opposite sex tended to foster this latter feeling, indeed, she could hardly pass her mirror without having it increased; but the former was promoted by the position which she occupied in the household of the Countess and the strong desire she felt to show herself at all times worthy of it.

Hence the words of Madge had a powerful effect upon her. If all were true which Madge had stated, then would she be humbled indeed under the knowledge of her origin and connections. Had that origin been simply one of poverty (though in the eyes of the world there is no greater crime than that of poverty), she might have borne the disgrace under the conviction that it would not affect the good opinion of her best friend the Countess, or of him who (finding her in a state of destitution) had taken her up and adopted her as his daughter. But to be the daughter of an intending assassin and, as she feared, the actual slayer of her affianced husband, to be the grandchild of Madge, whom she had every reason for believing to be associated with traitors against her Lord and Master, and who on more than one occasion had spoken such bitter words against the Countess; this was more than she could endure. It seemed hardly possible but that when the Countess became acquainted with the circumstances she should be led to feel some distrust of her, perhaps to entertain the opinion that she was after all but a spy

in her household, that she *was*, in fact, such a traitor as Madge had hoped she *might* become.

It was this last consideration which most deeply affected Edith, and with some hesitation she answered Madge, "I have already stated to my Lord that I should know the man again anywhere and at all times. He will be brought to trial, and on oath must I declare what I have seen and heard, and how can I perjure myself? Oh it cannot be; had that man been my father, as you say, he would not surely so long have deserted his child, and only claim her now when his life is in danger through her word. What right have you to tempt me from my duty by such means as these?"

"And does it not then concern the paitchey to know the story of her birth, and the great ones of the Isle from whom she has sprung. Madge is not long here, the spell is on her, her druaight has lost its power, and the knowledge will die with her. Thy father knew not till yestre'en that his daughter lived, or he had not left her in the power of the proud Stanlagh. Listen."

Madge then with few words and many intervals, for she was fast sinking, faint and almost breathless, told Edith the story of her father and mother's marriage, her connection with the Calcots and Christians (she muttered a curse on the former, who had been her ruin), Will's wanderings, his wife's death, and her child's deliverance at the Calf, the tokens she had for her identity and how they were owned by Will.

She then told her of a secret in the necklace which Edith still possessed, but with which she was as yet unacquainted. At a certain part there was a notch, if the nail of the left thumb was pressed into this and at

the same time a golden point was touched with the other hand, a spring would fly open and disclose a lock of hair. "Compare it," said Madge, "with the token I now give thee; it is thy mother's."

As she uttered these words with a deep sigh, she took from her breast a locket in which was a wreath of raven black hair, and placed it in Edith's hands.

"I have yet another pledge from myself to thee, and one for Will; promise to deliver it safe and unopened into his hands and I shall die in peace."

Edith was overwhelmed, and in her abstraction made the promise, hardly knowing what she said.

"Tell him," said Madge; "to say the '*Ayr Ain*' (the Lord's Prayer in Manx), and to touch the last letters of the words which begin with the first letters of the christian and surname of the man who was with him in the boat. He will see that which will make him look on thee as the angel of his deliverance and not destruction. This for thee, that for him."

So saying, with an effort Madge raised herself, and placed in Edith's hands two amulets, one of amber the other of toadstone. The amber one was for herself, the other for Will Christian. Both were carved with letters. On each letter was a metallic protuberance.

The exertion was too much for Madge, she fell back again, stared wildly, stretched out her arms, gave a deep moan, and then all was still. Edith felt that she was dead.

## CHAPTER XIX.

**I**N a state of great bewilderment and exhaustion was Edith carried rather than led direct from the cell to her own apartments. The Countess perceived that she was in no condition to be interrogated as to the interview with Madge, indeed she required at once restoratives, which were administered, and she was then left for the night in the care of a domestic. At length, overcome by bodily fatigue, she sank into an unquiet sleep, starting now and then, moaning sadly, and muttering strange words.

At a late hour the following morning the Countess came to make inquiries respecting her. She had already been visited by the medical attendant at the Castle, who pronounced her suffering from low fever, and requiring perfect rest.

Though sadly disappointed at this hindrance to the intended investigations respecting the prisoner, and the hoped-for identification of him with the person who had been seen by Edith at the hovel, the Earl of Derby was forced to curb his impatience and pursue his inquiries in other directions. The unfortunate death of Madge shut him out from the hope of gaining information in *that* quarter. She was well known, though never suspected by him of traitorous purposes.

Yet the mystery of her living, the influence which she seemed to exert over the common people, and the words of threatening which he now learnt from Bushel she had uttered against his family, led him to the conclusion that she was not altogether that harmless person he had hitherto believed her to be.

The Earl was evidently at fault. He had got a prisoner against whom he had no actual charge, excepting that he was a stranger on the Isle, and would give no account of himself; and that he was found in disguise at an out-of-the-way place, in conference with one who had been known to utter words of no friendly import against the Lord of the Isle.

Whatever private reasons the Earl might have for suspicion, especially when taken in connection with the traitorous attempt on his life and the actual slaughter of Colonel Weston, Philip Lucas, Robert Calcot, and as there was every reason to fear might be the case, of Colonel Ralph Snaid, there was no evidence as yet on which a court of law could convict the man who was detained in custody.

It was perhaps well for Edith that she was laid up and confined to her room for some days. She was thus saved the pain which the funerals both of Robert Calcot and of Madge would have occasioned her, and she had opportunity of more fully recovering from the effects of the shock she had felt in the events on Langness, and in the last moments with Madge.

It was at length judged that she might safely confront the prisoner, and she professed her willingness to do so. Yet requesting as a special favour that the interview might at first be private, giving as a reason that



she was desirous of learning from him his connection with Madge, whose name had been mentioned in his and her hearing by a third person, and with whom he had been found in communication at the Stack of Scarlet.

She was in truth greatly afraid lest he should claim relationship with her in presence of others, and so bring about the result threatened by Madge.

The Earl was more disposed to allow this, under the hope that she might be the means of drawing from him some clue to other persons with whom it was plain he must lately have had intercourse, and that he might thus become the means of bringing to justice the leaders of disaffection on the Island.

Will Christian had been confined in a dismal cell at the base of the great tower, at the western side of the Donjon, or Keep. This was the only tower containing such a cell, the southern and eastern towers being solid to the height of one story. It was the usual place of confinement of political prisoners, affording as it seemed the greatest security. Madge had overheard the instructions given to commit Will to the western tower, and she judged rightly that he would be placed in this cell, and actually rejoiced in the circumstance.

Edith's heart sank within her as she was ushered into the dim chamber, though she had tried beforehand to nerve herself, by various considerations, for the interview.

Access was had to the cell from above by a trap-door. By the faint light of the lamp which Edith bore she was at first unable to discern the objects in it. Will Christian lay slumbering on a couch in one corner

with his face to the wall. The slight noise made by Edith's entrance disturbed him, and he turned uneasily round expecting the usual visit from the jailor. Great was his astonishment at perceiving a female gazing in silence on the figure before her. Suddenly he started up, and sitting on the edge of the couch his eyes opened wide as those of one in a trance.


That look caused a shudder to pass through Edith's frame, it recalled the scene in the hovel and the terrible events which followed, and she shrank from his gaze.

"Ellen, is it thou, dearest, long lost?" he at length said. "Speak if the sea has given up its dead, speak to thy Will, or is it her angel sent to minister in prison."

The voice was the same that Edith had heard in the hovel, of that she felt no doubt; collecting herself with an effort she replied, my name is not Ellen, I have a message from Madge, and a death-token which I was to give into your hands and bid you remember the name of the man in the boat.

As she said this she placed the lamp upon the table and took the amulet out of her bosom. She then explained to him how he was to use the name in order to avail himself of the charm. "Not," she added, "that I have faith in such things, but poor Madge had strange ways, oh that she had died with a better faith."

"Dead, dead," exclaimed Will, "and I the cause of all. Lord how inscrutable are thy judgments and thy ways past finding out. But who art thou, fair lady, so like my long lost Ellen, that comest with a kind message and last gift from her mother. Is it as she told me, art thou Martha? Has the Lord given me to behold my



child? My heart has a secret yearning which bids me take thee to myself."

As he said this he advanced towards Edith. She uttered a cry and fainted away. She would have fallen had he not caught her in his arms and borne her to the couch.

The cry was heard by the Turnkey above, who immediately opened the door and descending found Edith lying insensible, and the prisoner kneeling beside her.

Scarce knowing what he did he pushed Will aside, seized on the prostrate form of Edith, bore her forth from the cell, drew up the steps and threw down the door.

Summoning help as he went along he carried her into the Governor's Lodge, where means were used for restoring her to herself, and this occupied some time.

Will Christian meanwhile was not idle. 'Tis true he was at first overwhelmed with the singular scene which had occurred. Edith's sudden appearance, the hints she had given, however imperfectly, of the interest of Madge in his behalf. The token she had left behind, her half acknowledgment of relationship, her sudden fainting and disappearance. All these seemed as a dream to him. But there was the fact of the lamp left on the table, and on looking closely he saw that the amulet had fallen upon the floor.

He seized it eagerly and examined it, went through the prescribed form, and in the second sentence came to the words, "*Casherick dy row dt' Ennym.*" Here were the words beginning with the initials of Ewan Curphey's name, and ending with *k* and *m*. He

pressed upon the points of these letters. The amulet flew open and disclosed a paper and a singularly antique key.

Hurriedly he glanced at the writing. He found that there was a secret way of egress from his cell. He pressed upon one of the stones in the wall. It was loose, he moved it. In a plate at the back there was a small aperture. He inserted the key, a bolt flew back, and to his surprise he found a large flag in the floor which revolved upon a hinge and disclosed an opening into a secret passage.\* He replaced the small stone, seized the lamp, passed through the opening, and forced back the larger flag into its place with a spring.

All this occurred in a few minutes. The passage led in two directions, one upwards in the wall towards the ramparts, the other descended apparently through the foundations of the tower, and this last he determined to pursue. It was close, narrow and stifling, and his lamp burnt dimly, but he hurried along and in a short time the air seemed more fresh. A portion of the roof had fallen in. Clambering up the loose stones he came to an opening surrounded by brambles and gorse. He felt that he was free, the night breeze came pleasantly upon him.

He had come out on the banks of the Silverburn between the old Abbey of Rushen and the Harbour of Castletown.

Though he felt that he had cut off the immediate means of pursuit, yet under the conviction that his disappearance from the cell would at once be discovered, he hurriedly made his way over the mountains to the house of Ewan Curphey at Balla-keeillinghan in Kirk

\* See Note (27).

Maughold. Here he felt himself for the time safe, and shortly afterwards by the connivance of his many friends amongst the disaffected Islanders, he managed to elude the watchfulness of the Earl of Derby and got off to England. The valiant Governor John Greenhalgh, meeting him on the field of battle at Worcester and recognizing the intended assassin of the Great Stanley, slew him with his own hand.



KIRK MAUGHOLD CHURCH.

When Edith came to herself she gazed earnestly about, unable to realize her position. The Countess of Derby, who had hurried to the Lodge, was standing over her watching in much anxiety; for the first tidings which came to her were that the prisoner had made an assault on Edith, that he had thrown her down, and would have committed further violence had not the Turnkey interposed.

Edith stretched out her arms as if to claim her protection and was soon assured of safety. It was however some time before she was sufficiently recovered to be able to give any account whatever of the interview. To the questions which were put as to whether she recognized the prisoner, she answered unhesitatingly that she *did*; there was no doubt whatever that he was the same person as the man whom she had seen in the hovel on Langness, but she was doubtful whether he had recognized her; nor would she positively say that she had made out his name or the name of his companion, only that he owned some relationship with Madge who had sent to him a parting token by her hands. She stated that when he came forward to take it she was seized with a sudden terror and swooned away, and that she knew not what had happened since.

It flashed across the mind of the Countess that Madge had sent poison to the prisoner, which he might use whenever he should find himself in danger of execution, and she gave immediate orders that he should be searched and the packet taken from him.

She had hardly uttered the order when the Earl came into the Lodge in much confusion, and announced that the prisoner had disappeared.

The Earl was not in the Castle at the time when Edith was carried senseless into the Lodge, but, a messenger having been sent to him, he returned hastily and proceeded direct to the cell of the prisoner for the purpose of examining him and having him heavily ironed as a dangerous character. On entering the cell he discovered that the prisoner was absent.

The Turnkey was strictly examined as to *how* he had

left the cell, and whether he was quite sure that he had drawn up the steps and closed the door. He assured them that such was the case, though he had been hurried in his anxiety to convey Edith to a place of safety. His fidelity was suspected and he was ordered into confinement.

Under the presumed possibility, however, that the Turnkey might in the confusion have forgotten to close the door, and that the prisoner had taken advantage of the oversight and so got out, a close examination was made of every part of the building. Even had he succeeded in escaping from the cell, it did not seem possible that he would be able to avoid the notice of every one, pass through the guard and make his way out of the Keep, much less out of the Castle.

They gained nothing by the search, and lost much time ere they proceeded to raise the hue and cry and to scour the country. But in the darkness of the night there was no one who could give any clue to a successful pursuit. Will had got clean off and there were no witnesses to the manner of his departure.

The Earl was consequently almost in the same position he had been at the first. The only thing changed was that the man apprehended with Madge at the Stack was now known to be the very same who had uttered treason against the Rulers of Man in the hovel on Langness and had been concerned in the slaughter of Robert Calcot. His person was also known, and he could be readily identified and apprehended again.

Yet there had been nothing elicited connecting him with the Knock Rushen Christians, further than that when met by Bushel he was coming in a direction from

their house ; and so the Earl failed for the present in the confirmation of his suspicions.

It was evident that the man had friends on the Island ; but excepting Madge there was no one who could in any way be identified with the purposes of his visit.

The only thing which could be done was to watch the coast to prevent his escape, and in the meantime to trust to the chapter of accidents to disclose his present hiding-place. For this purpose a very full description was given of his person, and a reward was offered for his discovery and apprehension.

When the facts of his disappearance were noised abroad, the popular feeling at once called in the agency of witchcraft. This was favored by what had been discovered of his connection with Madge. She had, said they, cast a pishag or spell over him in the wondrous amulet which Edith had conveyed to him and which rendered him invisible to mortal eyes, and thus he had passed out of the cell and forth from the Castle unseen, and could never be discovered unless some more potent dealer in witchcraft than Madge should be able to take the charm out of the amulet.

Under the hope of gaining the reward offered for the apprehension of Will Christian, they even went so far as to consult one of the most noted wise-men and fairy doctors as to the means to be used to break the spell of that wondrous stone sent by Madge to the prisoner. They gained nothing by their pains though the wise man did.

Another story went abroad that the spirit of Madge had appeared under the form of the "Black Lady of




Castle Rushen," followed by a monster phynnoderee, who picked up the body of Will Christian and bore it over the walls.

And how was it with Edith ?

She had braced herself up for the meeting with Will Christian in his dungeon, though still weak in body and deeply distressed in mind ; and at the interview, though great was the strain upon her feelings, she had managed to maintain her composure until Will, avowing himself to be her father, had rushed forward to embrace his long-lost child. Then, at length, her strength fairly gave way, and under fear she shrank from him with a scream and fainted.

Though recovered from that swoon so far as to be able to give to the Countess a partial account of what had occurred, she never perfectly rallied. Brain fever ensued, which laid her on her bed for many days in a state of delirium. At the end of the time with returning consciousness came greater prostration of her bodily frame. She wasted gradually away, and before the winter had set in her broken spirit's earthly tenement was laid, according to her earnest request, alongside the body of her beloved Robert in the picturesque churchyard of Braddan.

## CHAPTER XX.

 HE year 1651 was a memorable one in English and Manx history, and fatal to the Great Stanley.

On the first day of the year Charles the II<sup>nd</sup> was crowned at Scone, swearing to observe the Solemn League and Covenant, and placing himself in the hands of the Presbyterian party.

In April he assembled an army at Stirling, with which in the course of the summer he advanced into England, and by the 16th of August reached Warrington with 14,000 men, and then passing on through Cheshire and Shropshire arrived at Worcester on the 22nd of the same month, where he was solemnly proclaimed King.

Hoping to be joined by the English Royalists he issued invitations to his friends to support him with all the force they could raise. To the Earl of Derby he sent the Order of the Garter. Derby needed no such inducement to rally with his adherents round the standard of his Sovereign however hopeless might seem the prospect.

At the first intimation of Charles's pleasure the Great Stanley hastily arranged his affairs in the Isle of Man and set off to join the King, committing his noble Countess and three of his children (Henrietta Maria,

afterwards married to the Earl of Strafford, and Edward and William, who both died young,) to the care of Illiam Dhone, the Receiver-General.

He took with him from the Isle of Man 300 Royalists, and amongst them his most worthy and valiant Governor John Greenhalgh, leaving as his Lieutenant-Governor of the Isle Sir Philip Musgrave.

The movements of his Majesty King Charles the II<sup>nd</sup> were so rapid that he had left Lancashire three days before the arrival in England of the Earl of Derby, but he left behind him Major-General Massey to confer with the Earl, and assist in raising the County on the King's side.

Major-General Massey and the Earl met at Warrington, the former bringing with him several Presbyterian ministers, who insisted that the Earl himself should take the Solemn League and Covenant, and dismiss all the Papists whom, they said, he had brought over with him.

To this the Earl replied, that "on such terms he might long since have been restored to his whole estate and Charles the Ist to all his kingdom. That he came not to dispute on religion but to fight for his Majesty's Restoration." Finding the Presbyterians determined in their demands he concluded by saying, "If I perish I perish, but if my Master suffer, the blood of another Prince and all the ensuing miseries of the Nation will lie at your door."

And thus Derby with only his 300 followers from the Isle of Man and about 300 more who joined him out of Lancashire and Cheshire, gathered together at Preston in aid of as rash a cause as ever threw away good

lives. When they advanced to Wigan (25th August) they were set upon in a narrow lane by 1800 Dragoons under Colonel Lilburn, and the foot Militia of Lancashire and Cheshire, whom Cromwell had detached to hang upon the King's rear. Derby performed prodigies of valour. He received seven shots in his breast-plate, thirteen cuts in his beaver, five or six wounds in his arms and shoulders, and had two horses killed under him. Twice he made his way through the whole body of the enemy, but on a third attempt being overwhelmed with numbers, Lord Witherington, Sir Thomas Tyldesley and many other gentlemen being slain, mounting a third horse he, with Governor Greenhalgh and five others, fought his way through, and after many hair-breadth escapes, with his wounds green and sore, he was enabled to join his Majesty in the fatal Battle of Worcester of September 3rd. From this battle Derby skilfully conducted his Majesty by St. Martin's Gate to the White Ladies and Boscobel, where he himself had been entertained on his way to the battle. Thence making his way towards Cheshire with about forty others, he fell in the way of a regiment of foot and a troop of horse commanded by Major Edge, to whom he surrendered on quarter for life and conditions for honorable usage. These terms of surrender were disgracefully violated. It was determined to have Derby's life. Bradshaw, Rigby, and Birch had formerly suffered disgraces through the Earl which they could never forget. Bradshaw had been denied the Vice-Chamberlain's place at Chester ; Rigby had been defeated by the Countess of Derby at Lathom House ; and Birch was said to have been trailed by his Lordship under a hay cart at

Manchester, and got the name of "The Earl's Carter."\* These three representing to Cromwell that for the peace of the Commonwealth it was unsafe for the Earl to live, procured the appointment of a Court-Martial of five Colonels, three Lieut.-Colonels, and eleven Captains, to try the Earl on the charge of High Treason. It was to no purpose that Derby pleaded *quarter for life* given by Major Edge as a bar to a *trial for life* by a Council of War; they forthwith pronounced sentence of death against him, directing his execution to take place in four days at his own town of Bolton. His son Charles with relays of horses posted up to London, to lay the matter before Parliament, petitioning for delay.

Cromwell perceiving that a majority of the House were disposed to listen to the Earl's plea, when the Speaker put the question left the House with eight or nine others, and so reduced the number in the House to below forty. The House was in consequence counted-out, and the attempts of Lord Strange to save his father's life rendered futile.

Pending the confirmation of the sentence he wrote a long letter to his wife, detailing the circumstances which had occurred, and giving her advice as to how she should act on the arrival in the Isle of Man of Colonel Duckenfield, the Governor of Chester, who was to be sent thither with troops by the Parliament. The conclusion of it is in these words:—

"You know how much that place (the Isle of Man) is my darling; but since it is God's will to dispose in the manner it is of this nation and Ireland too, there is nothing further to be said of the Isle of Man, but to


\* See Note (28).

refer all to the will of God, and to procure the best conditions you can for yourself and our poor family and friends there, and those that came over with me; and so trusting in the assistance and goodness of God begin the world again, though near winter, whose cold and piercing blasts are much more tolerable than the malicious approaches of a poisoned serpent or an inveterate and indignant enemy, from whose powers the Lord bless and preserve you; God Almighty comfort you and my poor children, and the Son of God, whose blood was shed for our good, preserve your lives, that by the good will and mercy of God we may meet once more upon earth, and last in the kingdom of heaven, where we shall be for ever free from all rapine, plunder, and violence; and so I rest everlastingly

Your most faithful

DERBY."

The Earl of Derby, however, very nearly saved his enemies the pleasure of his execution. During his detention in the Castle at Chester, he managed to make arrangements with some of his friends for his escape. On the night of Saturday October the 11th, having left a letter for his wife on the table of his chamber, pretending that he had business on the leads of the tower in which he was confined, a long rope was thrown up to him from the outside of the Castle. He managed to fasten this securely, and then desperately slid down and got off to the banks of the River Dee, where a boat was in waiting to convey him away. He here inadvertently discovered himself, was speedily seized and conveyed back to the Castle, where he was more securely guarded until his removal on Tuesday



the 14th to Leigh, and thence to Bolton for execution.

After this attempt at escape he wrote another sorrowful letter to his wife and one to his children in the Isle of Man. His two daughters Lady Catherine and Lady Amelia, who were in Chester, had their last interview with him on the 14th October as he set out on his way to Leigh. The letters to the Isle of Man were conveyed by the Reverend Humphrey Bagaley, who attended his Lordship to the last, and has given an account of his execution and dying speech.

The letter to the Countess reiterates what he had before written, and which it is well to bear in mind, in reference to the conduct of Illiam Dhone. In it he tells her, that however she might do for the present, in time it would be a grievous and troublesome business to resist those who commanded three nations.

He advises her, therefore, to make such conditions for herself, children, servants, and people there, and such as came over with him, "to the end that she might go to some place of rest, where she would not be concerned in war; and taking thought of their poor children might in some sort provide for them, and then prepare to come to her friends above, in that blessed place where bliss is, and no mingling of opinions."

In his letter to his children he bids them obey their mother with all cheerfulness, and not to grieve her, for, says he, "she is your example, your nursery, your counsellor, your all under God; there never was, nor never can be, a more deserving person."

The execution of the Earl took place at Bolton on the 15th October, amidst the tears, groans, and

prayers of the townspeople. Just before he suffered, he requested that the block might be so placed that he could face the Church, and this having been done he said, "I will look to Thy sanctuary while here, as I hope to live in Thy heavenly sanctuary hereafter"; then laying himself with his neck on the block and his arms stretched out, he said, "Blessed be God's glorious Name for ever and ever. Amen. Let the whole earth be filled with His glory." He then gave the signal to the executioner by lifting up his hands, but the executioner blundering through trepidation or the impediment of his great coat, the Earl gently upbraided him with not at once discharging his office when *he* was so ready to depart. Repeating the same words of Scripture the Earl a second time lifted up his hands, "the executioner did his work, and Derby passed away."

On the execution of the Earl of Derby, when the body was put into the coffin to be carried to Ormskirk for burial, the following lines by an unknown hand were thrown into it :—

" Wit, Bounty, Courage, all in one lie dead,  
A Stanley's hand, Vere's heart and Cecil's head."\*

Within eight days after his execution his *Manx* subjects rose in rebellion against the authority of his Countess and her family. They drew up a list of grievances, amongst the chief of which was the curtailment of their ancient rights and liberties in the "tenure of the straw," and unfortunately Illiam Dhoné was prevailed on to carry up the remonstrance to the Countess.

Whether he secretly sympathized with the petitioners or deemed it best under existing circumstances to yield

\* See Note (29.)



to the popular clamour does not appear. At any rate the Countess was so far influenced by the representations made to her, and not improbably by the desire in her present distress to conciliate the Islanders, that she gave orders for disbanding the troops, and authorized her secretary Mr. Trevash to agree to the propositions submitted to her through Illiam Dhone.

For this act, however, Illiam Dhone after the Restoration was brought to a mock trial, and through the connivance of a packed House of Keys he was condemned to death as a traitor by a Council, amongst whom were numbered Robert Calcot of the Nunnery, and his son-in-law Hugh Cannell, created Deemster for the occasion in place of the Deputy-Deemster Edward Christian, nephew to Illiam Dhome, who had gone off to England to lay the case of his uncle before King Charles the Second.



HANGO HILL, CASTLETOWN BAY.

How anxious the people of the Island were for the restoration of their ancient rights, is evident from the manner in which they received the expedition sent by the Parliament to gain possession of the Isle of Man.

When the ten vessels and three regiments, under command of Colonels Birch and Duckenfield, appeared before Ramsey at the end of October, 1651, a deputation from the disaffected of the Islanders, consisting of John Christian of Knock Rushen, our old friend Ewan Curphey of Balla-keillinghan his brother-in-law, and William Standish, went on board and professed the willingness of the Islanders to surrender at once to the Parliament on the sole terms of being permitted to enjoy their lands and liberties as they formerly had. The name of Illiam Dhone does not in any way appear connected with this surrender.\*

The Parliamentary troops having been thus allowed to land, and advancing and making themselves masters of Fort Loyal near Ramsey and the Castle of Peel, the forces of the Countess of Derby, under the command of Sir Philip Musgrave the Governor of the Isle, fell back to Castletown, where the Countess, finding herself cooped up as a prisoner in her Castle of Rushen, at length, in obedience to the last instructions of her husband, came to terms with Colonel Duckenfield for the quiet withdrawal of herself and family from the Island. There is no positive information as to the place of her retirement at the first. The story of her confinement as a wretched prisoner with her children in Rushen Castle till the time of the Restoration, it must be confessed, is unsupported by any contemporary

\* See Note (23) *supra*.

evidence is and beyond the bounds of probability.\* Better times saw her again at Knowsley, and there she closed her days on March 22nd, 1663, aged 57, and was buried on the 6th of April by the side of her beloved husband at Ormskirk.

It is stated by Seacome that her great heart burst in pieces, overfilled with grief and endless sorrow at the ingratitude of Charles the Second.

Her grandson James, the Tenth Earl of Derby, who succeeded his brother William in 1702, when repairing the family seat of Knowsley in 1708, caused the following inscription to be carved on a stone in the front of it:—"James Earl of Derby, Lord of Man and the Isles, grandson of James Earl of Derby, by Charlotte daughter of Claude Duke of Tremouille, who was beheaded at Bolton 15th of October, 1651, for strenuously adhering to King Charles IInd, who refused a Bill, unanimously passed by both Houses of Parliament, for restoring to the family the Estate he had lost by his loyalty to him."

Thomas Bushel, the hermit of the Calf Island, was living in a green old age near the close of the seventeenth century.

\* See Note (30).



MANX HALFPENNY OF WILLIAM, NINTH EARL OF DERBY.

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## NOTES.

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Note (1) page 23. "DISPUTING WITH THE PUFFINS."

SACHEVERELL in his account of the Isle of Man, when describing the Calf Islet, says, "In the rocks of this Island are great quantities of all sorts of Sea Fowl, but above all the Puffin is the most remarkable, which is not to be found in any other part of the Isle of Man. They breed in rabbit holes, and are never to be seen but in the months of June and July which are the times of sitting. There is nothing ever found in the craw of the young but a sorrel leaf which is probably to correct their excessive fat.

Chaloner in his description of the Isle of Man, also says, "In the Isle of the Calf there is a sort of Sea Fowl called Puffines, of a very unctuous constitution, which breed in the Coney-holes, (the Coneys leaving their burrows for that time) and are never seen with their young, but either very early in the morning or late in the evening nourishing (as is conceived) their young with oyl, which drawn from their own constitution is dropped into their mouths, for that being opened there is found in their crops no sustenance but a single sorrel leaf which the old give their young for digestion's sake, as is conjectured.

## Note (2) page 23. "TREEN CHAPEL."

THE origin and name of the Treen Chapels or Oratories on the Isle of Man of which at one time there were at least one hundred and eighty, have long been a puzzle to Antiquaries. Cregeen in his Manx Dictionary says, that "Treen is a township which divides the tithes into three." In an old Manx ballad of the beginning of the sixteenth century they are ascribed to St. German :

"For each four quarter-lands a Chapel he made  
For the people to meet in and pray,  
He built German Kirk in the Castle of Peel,  
Which remaineth to this day."

Many of these Treen Chapels certainly appear from the researches of Dr. Oliver to have been of very ancient date, reaching even up to the sixth century. Yet the real date of some of them seems to lie between the thirteenth and fifteenth centuries, as we find built into their walls as well as into the walls of Peel Cathedral, fragments of the old Runic crosses, the work of the Christianized Northmen. The size of these Chapels, of which three or four still remain in ruins in each parish, was very small ; sometimes they are not more than eight feet long by four-and-a-half feet wide inside, as that at Chibber Vondey, in Malew.

There was one near the summit of the Calf Islet, and amidst the ruins of it was discovered a Runic Cross bearing the representation of the Crucifixion, with a singular development of knot work on the vestures of our Lord and of the Roman Soldier with a spear.

## Note (3) page 24. "LAVATERA."

THE "Lavatera Arborea," or Sea-tree-Mallow, grows luxuriously at Spanish Head and on the Calf of Man. Its stem is arborescent, frequently from six to seven inches in

circumference, and from four to six feet in height. It is mostly found on Maritime (always insulated) rocks in the south and west of England, on an Islet off the coast of Anglesea, and on Isles in the Frith of Forth.—Hooker's "*British Flora*," page 311.

Note (4) page 32. "EWAN CHRISTIAN OF MILNTOWN."

HE was descended from the M'Christians of Wigtonshire, (a branch of which family settled in the Isle of Man, A.D. 1422,) and was the first of the family who dropped the prefix Mac. He was the son of William McChristian, of Milntown, who died in 1593 at a great age, having been entered on the manorial records in 1508. Ewan M'Christian was born in 1579, and was made Deemster of the Isle of Man at the early age of twenty-six in 1605, which office he enjoyed for forty-eight years. In 1640, unto Sir Foulke Hownckes, he was made Deputy-Captain of Peel Castle. He claimed the estate of Ronaldsway through his sister Jane, who had married Thomas Sarnsbury its owner, but the claim was contested in 1643 by certain trustees of an infant connected with Thomas Sarnsbury. Commissioners of the Earl of Derby suggested a compromise by the Deemster giving a sum of money to them, which at first he declined, but as his son Illiam Dhone, in his dying speech, states that his father purchased Ronaldsway for him, we may conclude that under pressure he was led to make compensation, and Illiam Dhone then took a lease of Ronaldsway from the Earl of Derby, naming his sons for the three lives.

This was an important concession to the Earl in the matter of "the tenure of the straw," it was the "breaking of the ice" referred to in the Earl's famous letter to his son, given in Peck' "*Desiderata Curiosa*."

## Note (5) page 37.

Captain Edward Christian, of Ballakilly. He is the character described in Sir Walter Scott's "*Peveril of the Peak*." Unfortunately at the period he is introduced by Sir Walter, he had been dead some years, and instead of being the brother of William Dhone, he was only very distantly connected with him. He made a fortune in the Indies, and was Captain of a ship of King James Ist, and subsequently served at Court under Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, in Charles Ist's reign, (not the Buckingham of Sir Walter Scott.) He was made Governor of the Isle of Man in 1628, and held the office till 1633, when he fell out of favor with the Earl of Derby. By the following deposition preserved in the State Paper Office, and which has been published in the ninth volume of the "*Manx Society*," it appears that he became seriously ill in the September of that year.

*"Deposition of John Casen respecting Captain Christian, State Paper Office. Domestic Correspondence.*

"John Casen, servant to the Right Hon<sup>le</sup> Lord Strange,  
 "Maketh oath that his said Lord and Master com-  
 "manded him about the latter end of January to goe  
 "over with Ltres. from his Lo<sup>p</sup>., to Edward Christian,  
 "Capten of the Isle of Mann, and he went accordingly  
 "to Wyer Water, in Lancashire, for to take shippinge,  
 "and there stayed neare a monethe for a Winde, and  
 "immediatlie upon his arrivall in the Isle of Mann he  
 "went to the house of the said Captain Christian, and  
 "dilig<sup>d</sup> his Lord<sup>sh</sup> Ltres. unto him, when he founde him  
 "sicke in bedd, and this depon<sup>t</sup> further saith that  
 "duringe his abode in the island, w<sup>h</sup> was six or seven  
 "dayes, the said Edward Christian kept his bed con-  
 "tynualle, only he did rest a little in the afternoon to



" have his bedd made. And the depon<sup>t</sup> verelie believeth  
 " in his conscience that the said Edward Christian is  
 " soe weake and soe farr spent in body by reason of  
 " his long and lingering sickness, that he is in noe  
 " way able to travaile on horseback at all, nor any  
 " other way w<sup>th</sup>out eminent danger of his life. And to  
 " this depon<sup>t</sup> knowledge he took his sickness in  
 " September last, the depon<sup>t</sup> being then theire in that  
 " Island w<sup>th</sup> the said Captaine Christian. And the said  
 " Edward Christian willed this depon<sup>t</sup> to tell his lord  
 " that if it pleased God to give him recoverie, and so  
 " much strength as he might be able to stirre abroad,  
 " he would not faile to waite on his Lo<sup>p</sup> as soone as  
 " possiblie he could."

" Ro RICHE."

*Jur.* xix, *Martii* 1633. (1634 N.S.)

In a letter from Lord Strange, (James VIIth Earl of Derby) dated 27th March, 1634, he certifies the Lords and others Commissioners for the Admiralty of the above facts.

When the great excitement arose upon the Island relative to the abrogation of what they believed to be their ancient rights, under the "tenure of the straw," Edward Christian threw himself heartily into the popular cause, and though still endeavouring to preserve an outward appearance of respect, began secretly to plot the overthrow of the Lord's power, and the damage of his family interests. At length having imprisoned the Lord's Steward of the Abbey Lands for what he believed to be an undue exaction of tithe, he was ostensibly for this act brought to trial in 1643, and sentenced to be imprisoned in Peel Castle, and pay a fine of one thousand marks.

But it is plain that the Earl of Derby had some private intimation of his being concerned in traitorous purposes, and was desirous of getting him out of the way. It is

stated in the Register of his burial at Kirk Maughold, that he was confined for some words spoken against King Charles the First.

He continued in prison till 1651, when he was released by Colonel Duckenfield. After the Restoration in 1660 he was remanded to Peel Castle by Charles, the VIIIth Earl of Derby, and died there in January, 1661. His brother William, who had married the heiress of Knock Rushen, was also imprisoned in 1643, but was subsequently released and died shortly after.

Note (6) page 33. "THE MOARS."

THE Moars are the Lord's Bailiffs in each parish, whose chief duty is to collect the Lord's rents and escheats, fines on alienation, waifs, estrays and deodands. The office falls upon the proprietor of each quarterland in the several parishes in rotation, such rotation being certified by the Setting Quest at a Court Baron held each year.

Note (7) page 35. "THE DERBY CUP."

THIS Cup, instituted by James, VIIth Earl of Derby, was run for each year on a course lying between Hango Hill at the Head of Castletown Bay and Hango Brough on the peninsula of Langness. For some particulars of the race see Chapter XII, page 141 *infra*.

Note (8) page 35. "THE CURRAGH-GLASS."

THE Curragh-glass, or *blue Curragh*, was a piece of swampy ground with a lake at the foot of Slieauwhallin, on the northern side of the Vale of St. John's. The Proprietor of the adjoining estate held it on the feudal tenure of providing

rushes to spread in the Church of St. John on the Tynwald Day.

Note (9) page 38. "RELICS OF POPERY."

It is somewhat remarkable that there should be preserved within the Parish Church of Malew up to the present times some relics of Pre-Reformation worship, *viz.*: the Altar-Crucifix, the Paten, and a portion of a Processional Staff with Lantern, which was carried before the dead. From Waldron it would appear that there was also formerly a small chalice, which he says was given to the Church by a farmer, who, in a drunken frolic, fell in with a party of fairies on Barule, and received it from one of the company, who wished him to taste of the contents that he might be one of them. This cup has now disappeared. These relics so preserved seem to bear out the conclusions derived from other independent sources as to the very slow progress of the Reformation in the Isle of Man. The only records which we have in the Isle of Man touching that eventful period bear rather upon the temporal affairs of the ancient Manx Church, than upon any changes in doctrine or religious practice.

It may be well here, in order to elucidate some of the Acts of Tynwald, which James, the Seventh Earl of Derby, caused to be passed for correction of abuses in the Church of the Isle of Man, to make a note of the progress of Ecclesiastical affairs in the Island at the middle of the sixteenth century. By a strange stretch of arbitrary power in Henry Eighth, if any stretch of power can be regarded as strange in that absolute Sovereign, the Bishop of Man, Thomas Stanley, son of Sir Edward Stanley, first Lord Monteagle, was deprived of his See in 1545, to make room for Robert Ferrier, who had been Chaplain to Archbishop Cranmer.

As the Kings of England never had the appointment to the Bishopric of Man till the right was purchased by the Crown from the Lord of Man, in 1829, and as the Isle of Man was no part of the realm of England, Henry could have no more title to interfere in the affairs of the Church in Man than the Bishop of Rome had in those of the Church in the realm of England.

Yet he ventured to affirm in his letters patent for the consecration of a Manx Bishop in 1546, that the bishopric "lawfully remained in his gift, concession, and patronage," though in the Significavit of Elizabeth 1570 and 1575, it is rightly declared that the "right of patronage and ordination, presentation and disposal of the bishopric of Sodor and Man," "notoriously belonged and appertained to the Earls of Derby." Truly Henry had determined to show himself every inch a Pope within the circuit of the British Isles.

A similar act of his arbitrary power was manifested by his dissolution, in 1543, of the Abbey of Rushen, in the Isle of Man, (the last of the dissolved Abbeys) and the sale of the Abbey property to Edward, Earl of Derby, who had certainly as much right to it as the King of England had.

One can hardly believe that this Edward was the descendant of that second Sir John Stanley, King of Man, who in the fifteenth century had taken the reformation of the temporal affairs of the Manx Church into his own hands, and had bid defiance to the Bishop of Rome, and the spiritual Barons of Man, Bishop, Abbots, and Priors; or of that Thomas Stanley, first Earl of Derby, who crowned the Earl of Richmond at the battle of Bosworth Field, and earned for himself the title of King Maker; or that he was the son of that Thomas Stanley, Second Earl of Derby, who in the exercise of his kingly rights in the Isle of Man, made such large grants and privileges to Huan Hesketh, Bishop of Man. But the Wars of the Roses were over, the son of Henry Seventh felt secure on his throne, and Edward Stanley was a

mild and gentle Lord, faithful to the Crown of England, and loving too much the quiet of a country home to embark on the troubled sea of politics. He was also a minor during a great part of Henry Eighth's reign. Queen Elizabeth's title to reign was not so assured, and the Stanleys were too nearly connected with Henry the Seventh and the Royal Family, through Margaret, Dowager Duchess of Richmond. Hence, when Thomas Stanley was restored to his Bishopric in Queen Mary's days, he was at her death continued in possession by Elizabeth, and the rights of the Earls of Derby to nominate were fully recognized. It is well to note the circumstance that a Pre-reformation Bishop of Man was its Bishop too in the days of Queen Elizabeth, and was not deprived by her, and thus the Manx Church lost not its true succession of Bishops at that time. Hence the reformation in doctrine and religious practise of that most ancient diocese of the British Isles was so gradual, that it has left behind it no evidence of its progress. If the reformed Liturgy of the English Church was introduced into the Isle of Man in the days of Edward the Sixth and Elizabeth, it would have been no better understood by the common people than the old Latin service books; and the Acts of Elizabeth for Uniformity in the English Church were no more binding in the Isle of Man *then*, than is the Act of Uniformity of 1662 *now*. Hence we must conclude that the Reformation of the Manx Church, proceeded quietly from within, under the influence and teaching of the Bishops and Clergy, strengthened by the consent of the Lords of the Isle, and the Commons of the Island assembled in their ancient Parliament. The only notice of it in the *Manx Statute books* of the 16th century, is contained in a list of articles of inquiry, delivered from the Tynwald Court to the Vicars General in 1594, *viz*: "That they take order that the Queen's Majesty's injunction be read in their Churches, that they inquire of and present all such as carry bells or

banners before the dead, or pray upon the graves of the dead, that they inquire and present, if there be any persons within the Isle that refuse to come to Church to hear divine service, or to receive the blessed Sacrament of the Lord's Supper." The Bishops appointed by the Earls of Derby were in general learned, pious, and earnest men, such as Salisbury, Merrick, Phillips, and Parr, and we have the testimony of Chaloner, the Puritan Governor of Man under Fairfax, that the Manx Clergy were "remarkable as preachers." But the Church was in great poverty. One third of all the tithes belonged to the Bishops, another third had belonged to the Abbey of Rushen, and on its suppression they became sequestered by the Crown of England, and granted to different Lay persons. Queen Henrietta Maria received one portion of them amongst the items of her jointure and dower. All the livings but three were Vicarages of which the endowments were barely £6 per annum. Thus the parochial Clergy had to depend for their subsistence on Easter Offerings, fees, and privileges of various kinds, in the exercise of which they were often brought into violent and unseemly collision with their flocks. To restrain the excesses which were committed in the collection of the fees, Acts of Tynwald (the Acts of the Insular Parliament) were enacted regulating the amounts and mode of payment of Clergy dues. An Act of 1643, under the direction of James, the famous Seventh Earl of Derby, was more especially devoted to this object, and it is very evident from this Act, that at that time a violent spirit of disaffection towards their appointed Pastors existed amongst the common people. Unfortunately for the Clergy, at that date they lost their good Bishop Parr by death, and, on account of the troublous times, no successor to him was appointed for seventeen years. It is not often that the poor object to that form of religion which pays best. The Manx-men of that day were probably in themselves as little concerned about the religious

differences between Prelacy and Presbyterianism as their ancestors had been within the previous hundred years, as to the points of difference between Romanism and the Reformed Faith. According to the testimony of the Earl of Derby, there had come amongst them some from abroad pledged to the solemn League and Covenant, (all the disunions and schisms in the Manx Church and State have come from over the water), and they were but too readily disposed to listen to those who in setting them against their lawful pastors, seemed to promise them some relief in the payment of their pastor's dues.

Note (10) page 43. "SIR JOHN COMYN."

THIS Sir John Comyn was Earl of Buchan, succeeding his father Alexander in 1288. He was High Constable of Scotland and swore fealty to Edward the 1st at Norham in June, 1291. He succeeded to the Galloway Estates in right of his mother, Elizabeth daughter of Roger de Quincy Earl of Winchester. Another member of the same great family, John Comyn Lord of Badenoch (the second Red Comyn, traitorously murdered by Robert Bruce in the Church at Dumfries, January, 1307), had, in conjunction with Alexander Stewart of Paisley, conquered the Isle of Man for the Scotch, at the Battle of Ronaldsway in 1270. The Comyns and their connections had also great estates and power in the Isle of Man, and it may at first sight appear strange that the Earl of Buchan should have to ask leave of Edward the 1st to dig for lead in the Calf of Man in 1292. It must however be borne in mind, that on the death of Alexander King of Scotland in 1285, great confusion occurred in Scottish affairs, in which the Isle of Man became so seriously involved, that the Manx, in consequence of their misery, placed themselves in 1290 under the pro-

tection of the English Edward, who thereupon took upon himself the direction of their affairs, and appointed various persons as his Justices in the Island, granting also a patent to Walter de Huntercombe to hold the same. Thus in 1292 Edward the First was really King of Man by election of the inhabitants, though there were at that time claimants to the throne of Man by actual descent from the ancient Norse Kings, in the families of the Montacutes and Waldeboefs; and afterwards in 1343 the second Sir William de Montacute (created Earl of Salisbury by Edward III.) having defeated the Scotch, who then held the Island, obtained possession of his ancestral throne and was crowned King of Man. In the reign of Edward the First and the early part of Edward the Second, the Isle of Man continued in the hands of the English Kings, who made grants of it to various persons, and amongst them to Lord Henry de Beaumont, who had married Alice the eldest daughter of Alexander Comyn Earl of Buchan, brother to the above John Comyn Earl of Buchan. This Alice Comyn thus became Queen of Man, and though not resident therein, one of her relatives Duncan de Ergadia, nephew to John the Black Comyn Lord of Badenoch, was holding Rushen Castle when Robert Bruce himself, in his relentless hostility to the Comyns, pursued them to the Isle of Man in 1313 as his most dreaded competitors for the throne of Scotland. John the Black Comyn (father of the Second Red Comyn treacherously murdered by Bruce) had married Margaret the sister of John Baliol, and was himself lineally descended from Hextilda, grand-daughter of Donald Bane King of Scotland, and from Marian sister to Devorgille and grand-daughter of David Earl of Huntingdon.

Hence, on the same ground that Edward the First decided in favor of Baliol (and it is difficult to see how under any law of primogeniture he could have decided otherwise), John the Second Red Comyn must have come in for the throne



next after the Baliols. But he claimed it for himself in preference to Baliol by his descent from Hextilda, and this claim was shared (in order of primogeniture) by all the descendants of William de Comyn Earl of Buchan, the first in which order after failure of the line of this John the Second Red Comyn, would have been the eldest son of his uncle Robert Comyn, who was slain with him at Dumfries; from this eldest son Richard Comyn are lineally descended the Cummings of Altyre. Hence we can see the reason why Robert the Brus so wasted the heritage of the Comyns, that in the words of an old chronicle—

“Eftre that weill fyfty yer  
Men menynt (bewailed) the herschip of Bowchane.”

Note (11) page 46. “HIS COUNCIL AND THE KEYS.”

IN the most ancient records the Style and Title of The Supreme Court of Legislature of the Isle of Man is “The Governor, Council, Deemsters and Keys,” or “The Governor, Officers, Deemsters and Keys.”

The Governor or Lieutenant-Governor was the representative of the Supreme Lord and now of the British Crown, whence he derives his appointment. The Council is also appointed by the Crown, and it consists of the Bishop, Archdeacon, Clerk of the Rolls, Attorney-General, Receiver-General, the Water Bailiff and the Vicar-General. The two Deemsters or Judges of the Island, since they are never absent as Assessors at the Meetings of the Legislature, are also regarded as forming part of the Council.

The Keys or Lower House of the Insular Legislature are twenty-four “men of the Isle.” They had till a year ago appellate jurisdiction in Civil Causes. The name is derived from the Manx words “Kiare as feed,” i.e., *four-and-twenty*. Anciently they were called Taxiagi, from “Teagsag,”

*Elders.* They seem to have been first constituted by King Orree, or Gorree, at the beginning of the tenth century, viz., "Eight for the Out Isles and Sixteen for the Land of Man." They were till recently self-elective under the approbation of the King or Lord of the Isle. Within the last year they have become, by a change of the Constitution, the *People's Representatives*. The Clergy are not forbidden a Seat in the House, and one of them, a lineal descendant of the Deemster Ewan Christian mentioned in the narrative, has been elected a Member within the present year.

Note (12) page 48. "A GREAT CHURCH STONE."

WHEN the Manx wished to pronounce a special curse upon a man they used the imprecation, "Clagh ny Killagh ayns Kione dy hie Vooar," literally, *May a stone of the Church be in the head of thy house a great one*, i.e., *May thy punishment be that of the man who commits sacrilege*.

The ancient custom (mentioned by Biddy Corkill) of bowing to the altar at going into and retiring from the Church, was long retained in the Isle of Man, and is probably practised by some of the old people now, as also bowing at the "Gloria Patri." Bishop Thomas Wilson, in a memorandum book kept by him, mentions amongst other instructions given to him by Archdeacon Hewestone, that he should be careful "to make obeisance at coming into and going out of the Church, and at going up to and coming down from the altar. All ancient, commendable, and devout usages, and which thousands of good people of our Church practice at this day."

Note (13) page 49. "THE STANLAGH MOOAR."

*The Great Stanley*, called also by Manx-men the "Chiarn Mooar," or Great Lord.

It may be well to correct here a species of anachronism in the text. It is said on page 30 that in 1637 James Lord Strange had himself come into full possession of the Earldom. This was the impression on the minds of Manxmen, over whom he exercised all the rights of Lordship pertaining to the Earl of Derby. But William, the Sixth Earl of Derby was then still alive, though he had retired into private life, having purchased for his residence a house on the side of the river Dee near Chester. William had never taken any interest in his possession of the Lordship of Man, which had been secured to him by letters patent, confirmed by a special Act of Parliament the 9th of February in the seventh year of James the First. But his son James, Lord Strange, appears from the very first to have devoted himself to the interests of the Island, and to have visited it in 1628, and in that year appointed Captain Edward Christian as his Lieutenant-Governor. In the year 1637 William Earl of Derby, his Countess being dead and he grown old and infirm, and his son having already in 1627 been called to Parliament as Sir James Stanley, Knight of the Bath and Chevalier de Strange, and sitting in the House of Peers, though his father was yet alive (See *Journal of the House of Lords*, A.D. 1627,) assigned and surrendered to his son all his estate, and put him in possession of it by a deed dated August 11th, 1637. James thus became at that time *de facto*, if not *de jure*, Lord of Man and Earl of Derby, though in the Acts of Tynwald of 1636 he still signs himself James Strange, and not James Derby.

The Isle of Man had come to Earl William in the following way: Thomas Stanley First Earl of Derby married for his first wife Eleanor, the fourth daughter of Richard Neville Earl of Salisbury, and for his second the most noble Margaret, daughter of John Duke of Somerset and widow of Edmund Earl of Richmond, and mother of King Henry the Seventh.

Henry, the Fourth Earl of Derby, married the only daughter of Henry Clifford Earl of Cumberland, by his wife Eleanor, one of the daughters of Charles Brandon Duke of Suffolk by Mary Queen Dowager of France and younger sister of Henry the Eighth. Hence the mother of the wife of Henry, the Fourth Earl of Derby, was first cousin to Queen Elizabeth. Ferdinand and William, the sons of this Henry, were thus descended from Henry the Seventh of England.

Earl Ferdinand was poisoned by his servant; and it has been said that he was put out of the way at the suggestion of Queen Elizabeth, as having too close a connection with the Crown of England and being of the Reformed Faith. This story seems to be refuted by Seacome in his "*Memoirs of the House of Stanley*," (page 67.)

Ferdinand had no male issue. His brother William having been for some time abroad, the guardians of the three daughters of William took possession of all Ferdinand's property, but found their title disputed by William on his return from abroad in 1595. A lawsuit ensued, in which the issue was raised as to the validity of the original grant of the Isle of Man to Sir John Stanley, since Percy, Earl of Northumberland, to whom the Isle of Man had been granted by Henry the Fourth, fell in battle, and his titles were never attained by Parliament, nor were his possessions confiscated at the time of the first grant of the Isle of Man to Sir John Stanley in 1405. After several years of litigation (during which Queen Elizabeth had taken the Island into her own hands, and James the First had in the fifth year of his reign granted the Island to the Earls of Salisbury and of Northampton, and a year after to the Earls of Salisbury and Suffolk) the Judges of England determined that the grant of the Island to Sir John Stanley was valid, and that the daughters of Ferdinand should succeed before their uncle William.

Earl William, therefore, came to a compromise with them, and in 1610 the Isle of Man was confirmed to him by an Act for "assuring and establishing the Isle of Man in the name and blood of William Earl of Derby."

Note (14) page 49. "COUNT THE RIBS IN SIMON'S CRYPT."

THE Choir of Peel Cathedral was built by Simon Bishop of Sodor and Man in 1230.

The Crypt under it was long used as a place of confinement for Political and Ecclesiastical offenders. It is thirty-four feet long and sixteen feet broad, barrel vaulted, with diagonal ribs springing from thirteen short pilasters on either side, and is lighted by a small aperture under the east window of the Choir. It was popularly believed, that if a person here confined neglected to count the ribs he would never come out again.

"Dame Eleanor Cobham, Gloster's wife," was here confined in the fifteenth century, though not under the charge of Sir John Stanley, as Shakespeare has given it, but under Sir Thomas Stanley.

Waldron says, that ever since Dame Eleanor's death "to this hour, a person is heard to go up and down the stone staircase constantly every night as the clock strikes twelve. The conjecture is, that it is the troubled spirit of this lady, who died as she lived, dissatisfied and mourning her fate."

Note (15) page 49. "THE FER-CHARREE."

THE *Priest*, literally "the Man of the Chancel." A singular use of this term may be noticed in connection with capital trials in the Isle of Man.

Till the year 1845 the Bishop and Archdeacon were Members of the Court of General Gaol Delivery, and up to

that date it was retained as an ancient usage, that the Bishop or some Priest appointed by him should sit with the Governor in the trial of capital causes, until sentence of death (if any) was to be pronounced. When the Jury returned into Court having agreed in their verdict, it was customary for the Deemster to ask, instead of Guilty or Not Guilty, "Vod Fer-charree soie?" which literally means, "May the man of the Chancel sit." In case of sentence of death the Ecclesiastic withdrew.

Note (16) page 50. "MANNANAN BEG MAC-Y-LHEIR."

*Little Mannanan the Son of Lheir.* Amongst the various myths which exist respecting this great navigator or merchant, who appears to have lived about the third century, that which is given in the "*Manx Statute Book*" is not the least remarkable:—"Mannanan Beg Mac-y-Lheir, the first person who held Man, who was ruler thereof and after whom the land was named, reigned many years, and was a Paynim. He kept the land under a mist by his Necromancy. If he dreaded an enemy he could cause one man to seem a hundred, and that by art magic." According to an old ballad he exacted none other tribute from his subjects than that of bearing bundles of rushes on each Midsummer Eve to the top of the great mountain Barule.

Note (17) page 53. "EIGHT BARONS OF MAN."

In ancient times the following persons were Barons of Man, viz.—The Bishop, The Abbot of Rushen, The Prioress of Douglas, the Abbot of Furness, the Prior of Whithorn or St. Trinian in Galloway, the Abbot of Bangor in Ireland the Abbot of Sabal and the Prior of St. Bees in Cumberland. As the Archdeacon and the two Vicars-General (who were

Ecclesiastics) also had seats in the Council, the Church must have exercised great influence in the Island.

In the days of Sir John Stanley, Lord of the Isle, 1422, all the Barons were summoned to come in and do fealty. The Barons of Bangor, Sabal and St. Trinians did not appear after a forty days' notice, and their temporalities were therefore seized into the hands of the Lord. Courts for these three Baronies are still held in the Queen's name.

In the present day the only representatives of the Church in the Supreme Council or Upper House of Legislature, are the Bishop and Archdeacon, as the Vicar-General is not an Ecclesiastic. The Clergy are not however excluded from the Lower House, the House of Keys; and one of them is at the present time a member of it, a lineal descendant of the Deemster Ewan Christian, as mentioned in note 11.

Note (18) page 53. "SHEADINGS AND PARISHES."

THE Isle of Man is civilly divided into two districts, a Northern and Southern, each having its own Deemster or Judge. Each of these districts is again sub-divided into three Sheadings, (or Sherifdoms,) the name being derived from the Manx "*Shey, six,*" and the Scandinavian "*thing,*" a *judicial assembly*, since there are six of these Sheadings altogether in the Isle of Man. Each of these Sheadings has its Coroner, of whom the Coroner of Glenfaba was chief. There was a further sub-division of the Island into seventeen Parishes and one hundred and eighty Treens.

Note (19) page 56. "THE TENURE OF THE STRAW."

SEE page 95 *supra*, and also note 23, at the end of the account of Illiam Dhone.

Note (20) page 57. "BOCK YUAN VANNEE."

PROBABLY meant for the Witches' Broomstick, literally the Horse of John the Flayer. A Butcher of the name of John, sold his horse, and was afterwards obliged to travel on foot with the help of a stick. Hence "Bock Yuan Vannoo" became a *Manx* expression for a *walking stick*.

Note (21) page 58. "PECCAGH."

LITERALLY *sinner*; but the *Manx* use the term to express any *person*, and not in a bad sense. Thus they will speak of a godly person as "peccagh mie," which literally means "a good sinner."

Note (22) page 84. "ROBERT OF THE NUNNERY."

ROBERT CALCOT, of the Nunnery, near Douglas, was the fourth in descent from Robert Calcot, Caldecot or Colquit, Esquire, who was Comptroller of the Isle of Man, in 1538, and who married Margaret Goodman, Prioress of the Nunnery of St. Bridget, at Douglas, and daughter of William Goodman, Esquire, of Chester. By what means she being Prioress of the Nunnery, became legal owner of the property, and was thereby enabled to transmit it to her children is unknown. (See vol. xi. *Manx Society*.) The Nunnery property, as well as that of the Abbey of Rushen, has borne out the remark often made with regard to ecclesiastical property in general, transferred at the Reformation to secular purposes,—the owners never seem to have prospered in continuance, nor the property to have descended by a male line.

Robert Calcot's daughter Margaret (married to Hugh Cannell) had one only daughter, who was married to Peter Heywood, Esq., Attorney-General of the Isle of Man,



grandson of the famous Governor John Greenhalgh. From the Heywoods it has passed to the Taubmans.

The Abbey property has changed hands again and again, and is at present in possession of a gentleman not most distantly connected with those who acquired it at the dissolution.

Note (23) page 97. "ILLIAM DHONE."

THIS person is so celebrated in Manx History on account of his tragical end, and from his being regarded by many of his countrymen as a martyr in the cause of popular liberty, that a history of Manx affairs in the seventeenth century cannot be regarded as complete without some notice of his life. He was the third son of Deemster Ewan Christian of Milntown (see note 4 supra), and was born 14th April, 1608. His eldest brother John, born August 1st, 1602, (married 31st August, 1622) became first of all Assistant Deemster to his father, and was afterwards Deemster of the Isle of Man, his second brother Ewan, (born October 19th, 1606) died at the age of seven years and a day. He had three sisters, Mabel, Margery, and Margaret, and nine children, viz.: eight sons and one only daughter Mary. His eldest son Ewan died young, and the next, George, became his representative. We first hear of him in 1643, when he was thirty-five years of age, in connection with the arrangement made between the Earl of Derby and Deemster Ewan Christian, regarding the Ronaldsway Estate. He so far ingratiated himself with the Earl of Derby by that act, and by the evidence he gave of undoubted talents, that in the year 1648 he was appointed Receiver-General of the Isle of Man, a position of great trust and responsibility, in which large sums of money passed through his hands. He appears to have satisfied the Earl of Derby so much in the exercise of his office and in his devotion to the

interests of the family, that when the Great Stanley found himself called away again to take an active part in the futile and disastrous attempt, in 1651, to place Charles the Second on his throne, he commended his noble Countess and their three children then on the Island to the special guardianship of his Receiver-General, making him also Captain-General of the Militia of the Island.

The generally received tradition is, that upon the execution of the Earl of Derby and the immediate appearance of the Parliamentary expedition off the Coast of Man, Illiam Dhone betrayed his trust and delivered up the Countess and her children into the enemy's hands. There are, however, several circumstances to be noted which serve to cast considerable doubts on the accuracy of this tradition. The name of Illiam Dhone appears nowhere in the Insular Records, as far as I can learn in connection with the surrender of the Island to the Parliamentary forces. The delegates from the people who went aboard the fleet led by Colonel Duckenfield, and anchored in Ramsey Bay, were John Christian of Knock Rushen, with his brother-in-law Ewan Curphey of Balla-keelinghan, and William Standish. William Christian appears to have stayed with the Countess at Rushen Castle for her protection. Sir Philip Musgrave, the Lieutenant-Governor, marched to meet the invaders at Ramsey with all the disposable forces, but fell back to Castletown, when he found Fort Royal already in the power of the enemy, and the commander of it a prisoner. Again, had it been the case that Illiam Dhone betrayed the Countess of Derby and family into the enemy's hands, such an act would never have been omitted amongst the articles of his impeachment in 1662. Those articles simply enunciated his presumed treasonable dealings between the Countess of Derby and the Islanders.

The Islanders thought the opportunity of the Earl's death

a very good one to seize upon, for the urging their fondly-cherished traditional rights in the matter of the "tenure of the straw" and their grievances on account of the free quarterage of the soldiers. Illiam Dhone was unfortunately prevailed on to carry up their petition to the Countess, and it is very probable that when he did so, he used his influence with her to come to terms with them, simply with the view of securing their attachment to her and their co-operation in the defence of the Island. At any rate the Countess was so far influenced by the representations then made, that she gave orders for disbanding the troop, and authorized her Secretary, Mr. Trevash, to agree to the propositions submitted to her through Illiam Dhone. Christian, in his dying speech, complained that the agreement entered into between the Countess and himself in behalf of the Islanders was forced from him, and that she, in violation of her agreement with him not to treat with the Parliament respecting the tradition of the Island without first conferring with him thereupon, did actually enter into certain stipulations with the Parliament for her own benefit, and without any reference to himself and the rights of the Islanders generally. The Islanders at least seem to have been impressed with a conviction that to save *herself* the Countess was about to sacrifice *them*; hence the only stipulation made by their Delegates to Colonel Duckenfield, respecting the rendition of the Island into the hands of the Parliament, was that they should be "permitted to enjoy their lands and liberties as they formerly had."

Again, we find in the State Paper Office, a letter under date July 16th, 1652, directed to Colonel Worsely, Major Wigan, and Captain Rigby, "to appear as material witnesses in behalf of the Commonwealth against William Christian (Illiam Dhone) and John Sharples, (who had once been for three years, 1636—39, Deputy-Governor of the Isle of Man under the Earl of Derby), who were residing in the Isle of

Man at the time of the reducing thereof to the obedience of Parliament, and did then commit acts of delinquency against the Commonwealth."

Had Illiam Dhone taken the active part which has been attributed to him in surrendering the Island into the power of the Parliament, and delivering the Countess of Derby and family as prisoners into the hands of Colonel Duckenfield, he could hardly have been charged with acts of delinquency against the Commonwealth at that time, and associated with John Sharples, known to be well affected to the house of Derby, unless we presume, without any evidence, that they had conspired together to defraud the Commonwealth of some of the effects which should have come as prize into the hands of the sequestrators for the county of Lancaster, before whom their delinquency was to be tried. It seems more probable that, as Illiam Dhone had an estate in Lancashire, the Sequestrators were desirous of getting it into their own hands by endeavouring to support a charge against him as a special favorer of the Derby family against the Parliament.

This documentary evidence from the State Paper Office throws great discredit upon the charge made against Illiam Dhone, and to which he was never allowed the liberty to reply until he was at the place of execution, that he entered into a secret correspondence with Major Fox and the Parliament, and received their authority to raise the Island.

There appears nothing in the character of Illiam Dhone likely to have led him to associate himself with the more violent leaders of popular tumults. He declared himself in his last speech as always a sincere son of the Church of England, and that to his endless credit he continued a faithful member of it, even "in the times of so called liberty" calling the people to witness to several of his acts at that time as evidences that he was at heart a thorough Episcopalian. He stated also that he was never against Monarchy,

and that it was his greatest satisfaction that he had lived to see it re-established and settled.

As far then as we have any documentary evidence belonging to the time of the surrender of the Island to the Parliament, there is nothing to implicate William Christian in it. In using any influence he might possess with the Countess of Derby, in order to prevail on her to concede to the popular wishes in the matter of "the tenure of the straw," he was only acting the part which that good Man the Apostolic Bishop, Thomas Wilson, acted fifty years subsequently when he obtained from the then Lord of the Isle of Man, James, the Tenth Earl of Derby, the famous Act of Settlement of 1703, which has been called the *Manx Magna Charta*, wherein his Lordship restored to the people their ancient tenures which had been uncertain for near one hundred years. For this act Bishop Wilson has been greatly commended; why should Illiam Dhone be deemed a traitor on account of his endeavours to bring about a similar result? There may have been something in the manner of his urging the people's claims upon the Countess of Derby, which rendered his good offices very offensive to her, and looked very like dictation; this may have laid him open to the charge of treason and withstanding the Countess of Derby and her designs, which was brought against him on his impeachment; but for such a supposition we have no authority.

William Christian retained his post of Receiver-General when Lord Fairfax was made Lord of the Isle, his Lordship having received it from the Parliament as a reward for his services. Lord Fairfax was so well satisfied with Christian's conduct, that in 1656 he nominated him to the office of Governor of the Isle, still continuing him in his previous office of Receiver.

These combined offices placed Illiam Dhone under the great temptation of using for his own private benefit, the

public moneys passing through, and often resting in his hands. Unfortunately he could not resist it. The revenues of the Sequestered Bishopric were deemed to belong to Lord Fairfax, as Lord of the Isle. He would not touch them for his own advantage, but devoted them to the support of Grammar Schools, the education of young men for the Ministry and the maintenance of the clergy. These revenues passed into the hands of Illiam Dhone as Receiver-General, and as he was also Governor, and Lord Fairfax off the Isle, there was no one to check the accounts, and the temptation to tamper with them for his own benefit appears to have been too great for him to overcome. The consequence was that when James Chaloner became Governor in 1658, he called Christian to an account, and found him a defaulter. Illiam Dhone thereupon fled with his son George, from the Island, and Chaloner sequestered his estates, and imprisoned his brother John the Deemster, for aiding and abetting his escape. His son George subsequently returned to the Island by permission of Lord Fairfax, to settle his father's affairs, but Illiam Dhone himself was a wanderer, keeping out of the way of creditors. On the Restoration, being desirous of seeing the King, he repaired to London, where being recognized he was seized and committed to the Fleet Prison on a debt of £20,000. There he continued one whole year in much suffering, not being able to find sufficient bail. At the end of that time regaining his liberty, he thought to avail himself of the general amnesty put forth by Charles the Second, and unfortunately returned to his native Isle, at Michaelmas 1662. The Earl of Derby had also issued an act of indemnity for his Manx subjects, but either Illiam Dhone was not included in it, or he neglected to observe the terms of it, why was this?

The circumstance has not been generally observed that Illiam Dhone possessed an estate in England, and claimed in virtue thereof to be an English subject, and to be tried

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by the laws of England. Had he continued in England, the power of the Earl of Derby could not have reached him; but it was not so in Man, where the Lord was paramount and had the power of life and death on judgment by the laws of the country. However the case may be *now*, when the Sovereign of England is the Sovereign also of the Isle of Man, (and it is a case on which judgment has been given only *ex parte*), in *those* days a writ of *habeas corpus*, could not run in the Isle of Man, nor could any order from an English Court of Justice have effect. Such a thing on the other hand as an appeal to the law of England, from the judgments of the Manx Courts by a resident native of Man was never heard of, and perhaps no one knew that better than Illiam Dhone, or would have been more jealous than himself of any invasion of the privileges of the Law Courts of his native Isle. Unfortunately for him he presumed upon the security which his English property gave him in England, under the King's Act of Indemnity, against any trial for treason against the Sovereign of England in the time of the civil war, and ventured his person in the Isle of Man, where, though that Act might have secured him against any proceedings on the part of the Crown of England for his rebellion against the King, no protection was afforded him against a trial for life on account of acts of treason against the Lord of the Isle.

As to the manner of proceeding against him we can hardly help coming to the conclusion that it was either based upon some particular spite which Charles, Eighth Earl of Derby, entertained towards him (on private grounds), or was carried out in an arbitrary manner in the Earl of Derby's name, by those who happened then to have the chief management of affairs in the Isle of Man, and who were opposed to him through jealousy of the power of the Christians, and who hoped to gain to themselves possession of his sequestered property should he be condemned as a traitor.

Insular tradition has always proclaimed Robert Calcot of the Nunnery as the great promoter of the prosecution which terminated in the execution of Illiam Dhone, and that he was anxious to get to himself the estate of Ronaldsway. The records of Illiam Dhone's pretended trial point in the same direction.

A mandate was issued from Lathom House in September, 1662, by Charles, Earl of Derby, in which, after declaring that he was "concerned to avenge a father's blood," he directed that William Christian (Illiam Dhone) should be proceeded against for all his illegal actions, *at, before, or after* 1651.

The indictment charged against him was, that "He was at the head of an insurrection against the Countess of Derby in 1651, assuming the power unto himself, and depriving her Ladyship, Lordship, and heirs thereof."

It is hard to see what Illiam Dhone could have to do with the shedding of the blood of the Seventh Earl of Derby, and why he should be made the scapegoat for Bradshaw, Birch, and Rigby. No doubt the execution of the Earl of Derby, after his surrender on quarter for life, was a political murder, under circumstances of great indignity which nothing could justify; but that execution had taken place at least a week before Illiam Dhone carried to the Countess of Derby the complaints of the Islanders. The acts of Illiam Dhone could therefore in no way have promoted the Earl's death.

In obedience to the order from Lathom, Illiam Dhone was seized and committed a prisoner to Rushen Castle. From the 3rd to the 13th of October various depositions were taken, in order to substantiate against him a charge of treason. By an Act of Tynwald passed in 1422, in the reign of the Second Sir John Stanley, who was at that date in the Isle of Man, it was ordained as consonant with the ancient laws of the Island given by the Deemsters to that



effect, that a traitor might be sentenced, without trial, to be drawn by wild horses, then hanged, and, after that doom given, be put in the King's hands, his head to be placed over the gates of Rushen Castle, and his body quartered and exposed to view in the four towns of the Island.

In the matter of Illiam Dhone after the depositions it was referred to the Twenty-four Keys, according to the practice in cases of doubt, to determine whether his case came within the law of 1422, *i.e.*, whether he should be sentenced without quest, or be handed over to the Criminal Court to be tried in due course of law.

Of the Twenty-four Keys only seventeen were present at this inquiry; the other seven appear to have been put out of the way, as likely to be too friendly to the prisoner. These seventeen remaining Keys, however, made their return that Illiam Dhone should be tried according to due course of law. Accordingly on the 26th November, the Deputy-Governor Henry Nowell with the Attorney-General Richard Tyldesley, and a guard of soldiers, proceeded to Rushen Castle to require Christian to appear at the bar to plead. He declined to be put upon trial, refusing to plead anything excepting King Charles' Act of Indemnity.

Hereupon the Governor demanded the law of the Deemsters. The Deemster John Christian brother to Illiam Dhone, together with his son Edward Christian the Deputy-Deemster acting for his father, perceiving the determination by any means to have the life of the prisoner, when the Court refused to admit of William Christian's plea of His Majesty's Act of Indemnity, made their protestation against these proceedings as illegal, withdrew themselves, and Edward Christian went off immediately to England to lay the case before the King and implore his justice. He was the bearer of a petition from William Christian himself, stating that he had appealed to be tried by His Majesty's laws of England where he many years lived and had an

estate, but it was refused. That whereas the said proceedings are without precedent and contrary to the laws within the Isle of Man, he most humbly prayeth the benefit of the laws of England, and in order thereto that His Majesty would be graciously pleased to command his being brought before His Majesty and Honourable Council.

The remaining Deemster Thomas Norris, not being disposed to give judgment by himself, craved the advice and assistance of the Twenty-four Keys. But it was felt by those in authority that this house was not as yet sufficiently packed to secure a judgment against the prisoner. Seven of the Keys, by an arbitrary and unprecedented stretch of power on the part of the Lord, were removed from their office, another was elevated to the Council, and eight new Keys were thereupon appointed, creatures of the Earl of Derby and enemies to Illiam Dhone. Hugh Cannell son of the late Deemster Cannell, and as we have seen son-in-law of Robert Calcot, was made Deemster in place of Deputy-Deemster Edward Christian. With such a Court, Council, Deemsters, and Twenty-four Keys, all against him, it was utterly impossible that Illiam Dhone could expect any justice.

The Court was constituted on the 29th of December, and the question put to the Deemsters and Twenty-four Keys, to be answered in point of law, was, "Whether any malefactor being indicted and denying to abide the law of his country in that course, notwithstanding any argument or plea he may offer for himself, thereupon being deemed to forfeit body and goods, may afterwards obtain the same benefit." To this question they the same day made answer in the negative.

On the 31st December Illiam Dhone was not *invited* as before, but *brought* to the bar to *receive judgment*, the sentence being "that William Christian of Ronaldsway be shot to death, that thereupon his life may depart from his body." All his estates were confiscated.

It will be observed that he was actually condemned without trial, for on the two so-called trials, answering to the English trials before the Grand Jury and the Petty Jury, no evidence for the prisoner was taken, and he declined to plead to any of the charges brought against him.

The grand mistake of William Christian was his refusing to acknowledge the right of the Law Courts of his country to try him. For though the Privy Council of England, in an appeal made by George Christian (son of Illiam Dhone) for the restoration of the estates which had been sequestered, reversed as far as they could the judgment of the Manx Court, yet in the opinion of one of the highest Manx legal authorities the case would not so be decided in the present day.

Christian however having been indicted for treason actually refused to plead. Hence he put himself in the position of a prisoner in England standing mute. The Law has been correctly stated, that in the Isle of Man a person wilfully refusing to plead, was formerly deemed guilty of the offence for which he was indicted. What the special object could be in packing the Keys in the case of Christian's pretended trial may not at once appear, for the Keys were not Judges in the Court of General Gaol Delivery, they were simply attendants, to give their opinion on points of law when asked it, and as the phrase was, "to pass on" the Jury's verdict. If the Jury gave a verdict of "Guilty" (in the case of Illiam Dhone there was no verdict of a Jury), the Keys could say whether it was a right verdict or not; if *not*, the prisoner was set at liberty. If the verdict was "Not Guilty," and the Keys decided that such a verdict was wrong, the Jury would be fined, but the prisoner nevertheless would go free.

It is therefore plain that the great object in packing the Keys was to secure a house which should determine that Christian, having once refused to plead, should not have

the opportunity of afterwards putting in a plea, but should be deemed at once to have forfeited body and goods to the Lord of the Isle.

Only two days were granted him to take leave of his wife and seven children, and prepare for death. The place fixed on as the scene of execution was Hango Hill or Mount Strange, at the Head of Castletown Bay; the former name, like those of so many places on this coast, being of Scandinavian origin, the latter derived from one of the titles of the Derby family.

In the Parish Register of Malew, just alluded to, after the date of November 23, 1663, occurs the following entry:—

“Mr. William Christian of Ronoldsway, late Recr., was shott to death att Hango Hill, 2nd January, 1662 (1663 N.S.) He died most penitently and most curragiously, made a good end, prayed earnestly, made an excellent speech, and next day was buried in the Chancel of Kirk Malew.”

The speech has been preserved. It enters very fully into an account of his proceedings, both in 1651 and subsequently, protests against the charge of treason brought against him by “a prompted and threatened Jury, a pretended Court of Justice, of which the greater part were by no means qualified, but very ill-befitting their new places.” It appeals to those present to bear witness how unjust the accusation was, and that “the rising of the people, in which he afterwards came to be engaged, did not at all, or in the least degree, intend the prejudice or ruin of the Derby family.” It declares that the agreement entered into by the Countess of Derby for the redress of grievances had been forced from him, and that “he stood there as a sacrifice, ready to be offered up for that which was the preservation of the lives and fortunes of the people which were in hazard, and that he stood between them and their utter

ruin." It then sets forth the sacrifices he had made for the Derby family, appealing to those present as to whether he did not "deserve better things than the sentence of his bodily destruction, and the seizure of his poor estate." It refers the confidence and assurance of safety with which he returned to the Isle of Man, to the terms of His Majesty's most gracious Act of Indemnity, "inasmuch as he was His Majesty's subject, and a denizen of England both by birth and fortune"; and it concludes with a declaration of his religious and political principles, and an exhortation to them all "to be His Majesty's liege people, and according to their oath of faith and fealty to the Honorable Lord Derby in all just and lawful ways to observe his commands."

After his speech Illiam Dhone fell upon his knees and for some time engaged earnestly in prayer. When the soldiers appointed by lot to be his executioners wished to bind him to the spot on which he stood, he said, "Trouble not yourselves or me, for I that dare face death in whatever form he comes, will not start at your fire and bullets." He then requested that a piece of white paper might be given him. This with the utmost composure he pinned to his breast, and, after a short prayer, said to the soldiers: "Hit this, and you do your own and my work," and presently stretching forth his arms, which was the signal to be given them, he was shot through the heart and fell.

It is said that a white sheet was placed under him to catch the blood, but as the wounds bled internally it was useless for that purpose. The popular sympathizers in the death of Illiam Dhone, in order to increase the odium against the authors of it, allege that an order from Charles the Second to stay the execution and to bring him up to London for trial, was actually received in the Island before his death took place, but was kept back by those interested in his destruction. There was no need to attempt to fix this additional stigma on a deed in itself sufficiently cruel

and unjustifiable. The charge however is altogether untrue. The order of the King, given at his Court at Whitehall, and addressed to the Earl of Derby, to send up William Christian to be heard before His Majesty and Council, as preserved in the State Paper Office, was not dated till January 16th, 1663, fourteen days after the execution had taken place. (See *Manx Society*, Vol. ix. page 152.)

The saying of the Seventh Earl of Derby in his famous letter to his son, that it "is safer much to take men's lives than their estates, for their children will sooner much forget the death of their father than the loss of their patrimony," appears to have been entirely overlooked by that son in the bitterness of his feelings against Illiam Dhone, for he took both his life and his estates.

The family of Illiam Dhone sought immediate redress by an appeal to the Crown of England, and they got it.

George Christian, the eldest son and heir, was enabled, after some delay, to bring his case before the King in Council. He was supported by his cousin Edward the Ex-Deputy-Deemster, son of Deemster John Christian the brother of Illiam Dhone. George obtained an order to pass and repass to and from the Island, and to bring with him such persons and records as he should desire to make out the truth of his complaint. He was accompanied to the Island in 1663, by Edward Christian, who not being furnished with a pass was detained there, and required to enter into bonds that he would not depart the Isle without license, and would appear and answer to such charges as might be preferred against him. George met with great obstructions in serving the order, and was obliged to make a second application to the King.

We ought to feel no surprise at the Governor, Council, and Keys of Man, making their protest against being summoned to the Bar of England, to answer for judgments to which they were responsible alone to their own Lord of

the Isle. They might plead in their own behalf the famous judgment given in Henry the Eighth's reign by the King's Council, that "the Isle of Man is no parcel of the realm of England. Nor did the Isle of Man belong to England by colonization or conquest."

Hence we cannot well see the justice of the decision afterwards given by King Charles the Second's Council, that "the Act of General Pardon and Indemnity did and ought to be understood to extend to the Isle of Man, as well as into any other of His Majesty's dominions and plantations beyond the seas, and that being a Publick General Act of Parliament, it ought to have been taken notice of by the Judges in the Isle of Man, although it had not been pleaded, and although there were no proclamation made thereof."

One of the most astute Manx lawyers of the present day, the Attorney-General for the Isle of Man, has kindly given to the Author his opinion upon this subject in the following words:—

"It is difficult to understand the decision of the Privy Council, for these two reasons—

"1st. The Act of Indemnity applied to Treasons, &c., committed by virtue or colour of the authority of the existing Government of England, Scotland, and Ireland, *and the Dominions and Territories thereto belonging*; and the Isle of Man is *not* a Dominion or Territory *belonging to* England, though it is a Dominion *of the Crown* of England. This distinction is one which is well recognized.

"2ndly. The Treasons, &c., referred to, must be considered as against the Crown of England. Persons in the Isle of Man might be guilty of Treason against the Lord of the Island independently of the Crown of England. If Christian was guilty at all, the charge against him was Treason against the Lord of the Island, not against the King of England."

The sorrowful ditty of Illiam Dhone, which professes to be a prophecy of what would befall the families of Calcot and Christian, was, as will be readily understood, composed some time after the execution of William Christian, and is a record of what had then happened to their respective families, and has been further singularly verified to the present day. The name of Calcot, it is said, has altogether disappeared from the Island, though there are some poor people of the name of Colquit, which perhaps is the same as Calcot under a different spelling. The Christians have continued in the highest offices, and the Ronaldsway Estate has descended in the same name by heirs male to the present time.

Though the death of Illiam Dhone may have been brought about *secondarily* by the covetous desires of Robert Calcot for the estate of Ronaldsway, we must really trace it up to the long and earnest struggles of the Manx-men against the Derby family for the recovery and maintenance of their deeply-cherished "Tenure of the Straw."

Note (24) page 105. "WITH SHOOTING OF ORDNANCE."

THE Earl and Countess of Derby appear in this to have been desirous of resuscitating the scenes of their earlier days, when they took part in the festivities of the Court of Charles the First.

In the Stanley papers published by the Chetham Society, part first, fol. xxix, page 55, we read the following account of their doings on such occasions.

"In 1630 Lord Strange acted at Court in Jonson's 'Loves Triumph through Callipolis,' being one of fifteen lovers, who ranged themselves seven and seven on a side, with each a Cupid before him with a lighted torch, the King being in the centre. The seventh lover, the secure, was



acted by Lord Strange, the ninth, the substantial, by his brother Sir Robert Stanley." (Jonson's Works, vol. viii. p. 93.)

In the same year and place, by the same author, was produced the Masque of Chlorindia; and Charlotte-de-la Tremouille, Lady Strange, was one of the fourteen nymphs who sate round the Queen in the bower, and whose dresses of white embroidered with silver are described."

Note (25) page 117. "THE DAUGHTERS OF GOVERNOR GREENHALGH."

JOHN GREENHALGH, (or Greenough) of Brandlesome, co. Lancaster, Governor of the Isle of Man, from 1640 to 1651, had by his wife Alice, daughter of the Rev. William Massey, B.D., Rector of Winslow, co. Chester, three sons, Thomas, Richard, and John, and four daughters, Alice, Mary, Helen, and Jane.

*Thomas* married Elizabeth, daughter of Dr. Henry Bridgeman, Bishop of Sodor and Man from 1671 to 1682, and son of Dr. John Bridgeman, Bishop of Chester.

*Richard* married Alice, daughter of Edward Rosthorne of New Hall.

*John*, who became D.D., Rector of Bury, and Chaplain to James, Seventh Earl of Derby, and ministered to him at his execution, married a daughter of Monsieur le Messure.

*Alice* married for her first husband Theophilus Holt, of Grizzlehurst, by whom she had a son and a daughter, Catherine and Posthumus. She married, secondly, Peter Heywood, Esq. of Heywood, Lancashire, by whom she left issue two sons and five daughters. Her eldest son Robert was appointed Governor of the Isle of Man in 1678, and died, aged 57, on January 7th, 1690. He was first buried in St. Mary's Chapel, Castletown, but the body was removed to Malew Churchyard, July 27th 1699. Her

youngest son Peter, born 10th June, 1662, married 1st December, 1685, Leonora, only daughter and heiress of Hugh Cannell, by his wife Margaret Calcot, daughter of Robert Calcot of the Nunnery. Peter Heywood was Attorney-General of the Isle of Man, and died 24th July, 1699. His grandson Peter John Heywood, Deemster of the Isle of Man, 1777, conveyed the Nunnery Estate to John Taubman, of Castletown, Esquire, the ancestor of the present owner.

*Mary* Greenhalgh, married Edward Rosthorne, of New Hall, son of the above-named Edward Rosthorne.

*Helen* married Ratcliffe Assheton, of Kenterden.

*Jane* married Richard Holt, of Ashworth.

Note (26) page 125. "THE BLACK LADY IN THE GATEWAY."

WALDRON has given a full account of this apparition in his Description of the Isle of Man, page 36, vol. xi. of the Manx Society:—

"A mighty bustle they also make of an apparition which  
 "they say haunts Castle Rushen, in the form of a  
 "woman, who was some years since executed for the  
 "murder of her child. I have heard not only persons  
 "who have been confined there for debt, but also  
 "soldiers of the Garrison, affirm that they have seen  
 "it various times, but what I took most notice of was  
 "the report of a gentleman, of whose good understand-  
 "ing as well as veracity I have a very great opinion.  
 "He told me that happening to be abroad late one  
 "night and caught in an excessive storm of wind  
 "and rain, he saw a woman stand before the Castle  
 "Gate, where being not the least shelter, it somewhat  
 "surprised him that anybody, much less one of that  
 "sex, should not rather run to some porch or shed, of

“ which there are several in Castletown, than chuse to  
“ stand still, exposed and alone to such a dreadful  
“ tempest. His curiosity exciting him to draw nearer  
“ that he might discover who it was that seemed so  
“ little to regard the fury of the elements, he perceived  
“ she retreated on his approach, and at last he thought  
“ went into the Castle, though the gates were shut.  
“ This obliging him to think he had seen a spirit sent  
“ him home very much terrified ; but next day relating  
“ his adventure to some people who lived in the Castle,  
“ and describing as near as he could the garb and  
“ stature of the apparition, they told him it was that of  
“ the woman above mentioned, who had been frequently  
“ seen by the soldiers on guard to pass in and out of  
“ the gates as well as to walk through the rooms,  
“ though there was no visible means to enter. Though  
“ so familiar to the eye no person has yet however had  
“ the courage to speak to it, and as they say no spirit  
“ has power to reveal its mind without being conjured  
“ to do so in a proper manner, the reason of its being  
“ permitted to wander is unknown.”

Note (27) page 218. “A SECRET PASSAGE.”

THE existence of an underground communication between the Castle of Rushen and the Old Abbey of Rushen, at Ballasalla, two miles off, has always been believed in by Manxmen, and many legends are told in connection with it. The entrance to this passage, at the Abbey end, is frequently pointed out to visitors beneath a remarkable portion of vaulting at the west end of the ruins of the Abbey Church of St. Mary.

The dark chamber under the southern Tower in Rushen Castle, was discovered in making some alterations, 1816,

and in 1863 another was discovered between the Portcullis at the entrance of the Castle and the Turnkeys' room, just under the present Court of Justice.

Note (28) page 227. "THE EARL'S CARTER."

THIS story is told by Seacome in his History of the House of Stanley, page 133, but considerable doubt is thrown upon it by the following statement in that singular work entitled "A Discourse of the Warr in Lancashire," edited by William Beamont, Esq., vol. 62, Chetham Society, page 6. At Manchester on the breaking out of the war in 1642, one of the malignants "out of a house discharged against a poore man (name unknown) and killed him. Another levelled against *Mr. Birch*, in the street, who escaped by *thrusting himself under a Carte of Gorseses*. This was the first blood that was shedd in the country in this warr."

Note (29) page 230. "VERE'S HEART AND CECIL'S HEAD."

The following is the Speech of Lord Derby on the Scaffold, as given by Mr. Bagaley in his Narrative of the Earl of Derby's Execution:—

"I come, and am content to die in this town, where I endeavoured to come the last time I was in Lancashire, and to a place where I persuaded myself to be welcome, in regard the people thereof have reason to be satisfied in my love and affection to them; and that now they understand sufficiently. I am no man of blood, as some have falsely slandered me, especially in the killing of a Captain in this town; whose death is now declared on oath, so as the time and place now appears under the hand of a Master in Chancery, besides the several attestations of a gentleman of honour in the kingdom, who was in the fight in this town,

and of others of good report, both in the town and country; and I am confident there are some in this place who can witness my mercy and care, for sparing many men's lives that day.

"As for my crime, (as some are pleased to call it) to come into this country with the King, I hope it deserves a better name; for I did it in obedience to his call, whom I hold myself obliged to obey, according to the protestation I took in Parliament in his father's time. I confess I love monarchy, and I love my master, Charles, the second of that name, whom I myself proclaimed in this country to be King. The Lord bless him and preserve him; I assure you he is the most goodly, virtuous, valiant, and most discreet King that I know lives this day; and I wish so much happiness to this people after my death, that he may enjoy *his* right, and then they cannot want *their* rights. I profess here, in the presence of God, I always fought for peace, and I had no other reason, for I wanted neither means nor honours, nor did I seek to enlarge either. By my King's predecessors, mine were raised to a high condition, it is well known to the country; and it is as well known, that by his enemies I am condemned to suffer by new and unknown laws. The Lord send us our King again, and our old laws again, and the Lord send us our religion again.

"As for that which is practised now, it has no name; and methinks there is more talk of religion, than any good effects of it.

"Truly, to me it seems I die for God, the King, and the laws, and this makes me not ashamed of my life, nor afraid of my death.'

"At which words, 'the King and laws,' a trooper cried, 'We have no King, and we will have no Lords.' Then some sudden fear of mutiny fell among the soldiers, and his Lordship was interrupted, which some of the officers were

troubled at, and his friends much grieved, his Lordship having freedom of speech promised him. His Lordship, seeing the troopers scattered in the streets, cutting and slashing the people with their swords, said, 'What's the matter, gentlemen? Where's the guilt? I fly not, and here is none to pursue you.' Then his Lordship, perceiving he might not speak freely, turned himself to his servant, and gave him his paper, and commanded him to let the world know what he had to say, had he not been disturbed; which is as follows, as it was in my Lord's paper, under his own hand:—

"My sentence (upon which I am brought hither) was by a Council of war; nothing in the Captain's case alleged against me; which Council I had reason to expect would have justified my plea for quarter, that being an ancient and honourable plea amongst soldiers, and not violated (that I know of) till this time that I am made the first suffering precedent, in this case. I wish no other to suffer in the like case. Now I must die, and am ready to die, I thank my God with a good conscience, without any malice, on any ground whatever; though others would not find mercy upon me, upon just and fair grounds; so my Saviour prayed for His enemies, and so do I for mine.

"As for my faith and my religion, thus much I have at this time to say; I profess my faith to be in Jesus Christ, who died for me, from whom I look for my salvation; that is, through His only merit and sufferings. And I die a dutiful son of the Church of England, as it was established in my late Master's time and reign, and is yet professed in the Isle of Man, which is no little comfort to me.

"I thank my God for the quiet of my conscience at this time, and the assurance of those joys that are prepared for those that fear Him. Good people, pray for me; I do for you. The God of heaven bless you all, and send you peace; that God, that is truth itself, give you grace, peace, and truth. Amen."

Seacome states that "his body was then taken up and stript as he had directed, and laid in his coffin." The Author of "A Discourse of the Warr in Lancashire," however says (page 85, vol. 62, Chetham Society) "With his clothes upon him he was put into the coffin there readie, which had abundance of seeds in it to receive the bloode, and he was carried away that night to Wigan (?) and from there to Ormes Kirke to be buried amongst his Ancestors."

Note (30) page 233. "BEYOND THE BOUNDS OF  
PROBABILITY."

THE imprisonment of the Countess of Derby and her family in the Castle of Rushen until the Restoration, has been affirmed by Seacome, who says, "Christian having prepared

"his countrymen for the execution of his treachery,  
"suffered the Parliamentary forces to land without  
"resistance, seized upon the Lady and her children  
"with the Governors of both Castles, and the next  
"morning brought them prisoners to Duckenfield and  
"Birch, who told her Ladyship that Christian had  
"surrendered the Island upon articles. She requested of  
"Colonel Duckenfield and Birch, but especially of  
"Christian, who had formed and acquiesced to those  
"articles, that she and her children might have leave  
"to retire to Peel Castle, from whence she proposed  
"she might in some little time get over to her friends  
"in France or Holland, or some place of rest or refuge,  
"But she was utterly denied that favour by her  
"heard-hearted and inhuman enemies.

"She and her children continued prisoners in the  
"Island until his Majesty's happy Restoration, (endur-  
"ing all their sufferings with a generous resolution  
"and Christian patience), and then expecting justice  
"against her Lord's murderers, her son restored to the

“sequestered estates of his father, and some compensation for the immense losses and devastations of her family; but failing of all, her great heart overfilled with grief and endless sorrow, burst in pieces, and she died at Knowsley House, with that Christian temper and exemplary piety in which she had always lived.

(See *Memorials of the House of Stanley*, page 154.)

We have seen already (page 256, note 23 *supra*,) that the former part of Seacome's statement, relative to the betrayal of the Countess and her family into the hands of Colonel Duckenfield by Illiam Dhone is without foundation; the latter part, though frequently reasserted by writers on Manx history, appears equally so from the following considerations:—

James Chaloner, who was Governor of the Isle of Man from 1658 to 1660, and had as early as August 17th, 1652, been one of the Commissioners for managing Lord Fairfax's affairs in the Isle of Man, and who wrote a full history of the Island, makes not the least allusion to the Countess.

He states, however, in his history published in 1656, that Sir John Huddleston was Curate of *Andreas*, which is *always* attached to the Archdeaconry, omitting altogether amongst the resident Manx Clergy the name of Samuel Rutter, Rector of *Andreas* and Archdeacon of Man from 1646 to 1660, when he was raised to the Bishopric. It is most probable, therefore, that at that time Rutter was off the Island. Now the name of Samuel Rutter appears as witness to the will of the Dowager Countess of Derby, Charlotte de la Tremouille, dated 2nd May, 1654. The *probability*, therefore, is, that he was still attendant on the Countess in his old capacity of Domestic Chaplain, and that *neither of them* was in the Isle of Man.

Most probably the Countess of Derby and her family, very shortly after the surrender of the Isle of Man, retired



to Knowsley under the sequestrating ordinances, and were allowed to live there in peace. She died there on the 22nd day of March, 1663, aged 57, and was interred in the Chancel at Ormskirk on the 6th of April.

We may further note the following as amongst other difficulties in our reception of the statement of Seacome. On the 7th day of August, 1656, Charlotte Countess of Derby presented Nathaniel Heywood to the Vicarage of Ormskirk. The original of the presentation is still in possession of a member of the family, and a *fac simile* of it may be seen in the "Life and Works of Oliver Heywood." To this her signature is affixed in a bold hand, not as "Charlotte de la Tremouille," but as "Derby."

Again, on the 26th of February, 1660, Charlotte Countess of Derby, "the true and undoubted Patron," nominated the Rev. John Greenhalgh, S.T.B., to the Rectory of Bury, having procured the resignation of John Lightfoot, the last Incumbent.

Now these do not look like the acts of a poor prisoner, confined, as it is said, for eight years in a dark dungeon of Rushen Castle with two of her children, who are stated to have there caught the small-pox, and at the end of the time permitted to wander about the Isle of Man destitute, and subsisting on alms. Can we believe that her son Charles, who during that time was undoubtedly living free and in the enjoyment of a competency, would have been so wanting in filial affection as to allow his mother to be in such absolute want, and suffering such indignities?

Unfortunately the *positive* evidences as to the residence of the Countess between 1652 and 1660 are still wanting; but the *negative* evidence is certainly very strong against the unsupported testimony of Seacome.

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